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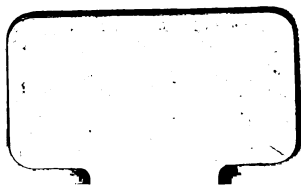
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1825

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SARAGOSSA.



A ROMANCE.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

SARAGOSSA;

OR, THE

HOUSES OF CASTELLO AND DE ARNO.

A Romance.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY

E. A. ARCHER.

War, fell tyrant, ravenous, inexorable !
How terrible art thou in thy vehemence !
How tremendous is thy devastating scourge !
He that is thy disciple, and who bears and wields
Thy gory weapons, may well, if he escape
Thy high-red furnace, be crowned with the immortal,
The immarcessible laurel !

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR

A. K. NEWMAN AND CO. LEADENHALL-STREET.

1825.

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PREFACE.



I SHOULD not trouble the reader with a preface, were it not that I apprehended he might expect a Spanish display, and think that I fell short in the representation.

I had no intention in "Saragossa" to delineate Spanish manners, Spanish customs, or even Spanish scenery; I must give locality to my personages—and Spain presented itself.

But though locality was necessary, specific time was not, as I was not desirous of marking the peculiars of a certain age: as that was not my wish, I have culled of what suited my purpose, and rejected the coetaneous things that did not.

If "Saragossa" had been any other than professedly a romance, I should have scrupled to have done this; for even in semi or historic romances, to bring together persons who existed at distant periods, or things or circumstances of distinct dates, are such departures from historic truth as are liable to lead the young astray, and to confuse the memory of the better read and more experienced.

For the obscuring cloud of misrepresentation—by eliminating cotemporaries—and by bringing upon the same stage of existence those who performed their past years far separated, there can be no apology allowable in any species of composition, no excuse admissible in any case; but of things, in a work which is professedly a romance, there is no such attachable culpability to the author—there is no

injury to reality to be feared ; and I have availed myself on the present occasion of the *licentiâ poeticâ* allowable in works of fiction, a permission which I have very readily and largely embraced, by selecting my colouring from inanimates the most likely to harmonize, and to preserve my piece in good keeping. And the dipping my pencil in these tints, will not, I trust, be imputed to me as a faulty bringing together those things which nature, or time, or distance, have separated—but a harmless commingling to please the eye, to amuse the imagination, and to excite and to delight the curiosity of the reader.

Were I to present a sober novel to the world, I would invest my fictions in the circumspect garb of reality, my personages should bear the titles and appellations that have been borne by those who have really

existed, and they should be adorned with those honours which have rewarded the heroes of the visible world, or rather of that nation in which it was my will to place them; and though the creatures of imagination, they should be indigenous whither they were appropriated, and costumed agreeably to the time of their career and of their country, that "he who runs might read" their kindred and their nation.

And now I have intruded upon the reader by way of preface, I would detain him another moment to say, that "Sara-gossa" would not have appeared before a discerning public with its innumerable imperfections, if sickness and debility had not rendered the author incapable of sufficient exertion and energy of mind to accomplish a less imperfect work. I am

fully aware that the incapacity or the inability arising from ill health, ought not in general to be pleaded as an excuse for a weak or inaccurate composition: those who write to enliven a sick chamber, or to relieve the hour of languor or of pain, have certainly no occasion to print—sufficient for their purpose is the manuscript characters they have formed. But the happiness of idle-writing was denied the author of “Saragossa,” who wrote not for amusement, nor published from the incitement of vanity, or from the love of fame. Stern necessity urged my pen; and if a pecuniary motive had not propelled me—if I had not written for bread, I should not have had the temerity to appear as an author before a British public of the nineteenth century. The immediate and the personal absorbed the intellectual—the

fear of numberless privations immersed the fear of literary condemnation; and what, in the single instance of sickness, would have deterred me from making, in the conjoined one of poverty is an inducement to make an appeal to that awful tribunal, which, though merciful, is just, and would not patronize a faulty production under the circumstance of vanity, or of ambitioning fame; yet will it the more readily overshadow with its protecting influence, one whom poverty has driven to write, and who acknowledges and respects its supremacy, entreats its protection, and deprecates the fierceness of its judgment.

SARAGOSSA.

CHAPTER I.

THE conde de Arno entered the saloon, leading a smiling little cherub, who stopped not to gaze at the dazzling brightness of grandeur; he saw not the carved and gilded dome, the crimson velvet, the variegated marble, but flew to embrace the condesa. Rodolfo St. Julian was no stranger; she had frequently, in her rambles, pressed to her bosom, and wept over the infantine resemblance of her husband.—“ I have brought this interesting little fellow to be in future considered as one of our family, and I leave him to you, my

love, to humanize and to polish. But how is it that you are such good friends?"

"I have long seen the beauty of Rodolfo, and his promise of good disposition. Towards me his first steps were essayed; that his snowy forehead might receive the kiss of reward for his prowess; since then, he has watched my passing, for permission to join me in my walk, or to present me flowers, fruit, or any thing that infancy values. Our Camila will be delighted with her new companion." She desired an attendant to bring the child.

A beautiful little creature, of three years old, made her appearance. The golden ringlets, from under her lace cap, fell in playful curls upon her snow-white neck; her azure eyes, shaded by the dark and silken lash, beamed intelligence; around her smiling mouth the rival dimples sported, emulous to add another grace, while her dazzling complexion and rounded, though slender form, completed her loveliness.

Rodolfo advanced to meet the infant beauty; astonishment chained his feet—admiration rivetted him to the spot; he had never seen such a combination of loveliness. The conde, the condesa, were beautiful; but they were not children: this child, two years younger than himself, so rich in native and acquired grace, her beauty heightened by the elegance of dress, decorated with costly ornaments; the brilliant zone, the bracelets, the necklace, the suspended cross, the loops at the shoulders, the richly-wrought and jewelled coral, the splendour of the little figure, all amazed and confounded him.

She walked towards him, looked inquiringly in his face, took his hand, gave a second look of inquiry, and, with “What is your name, little boy?” led him to a crimson ottoman.

The little rustic had by this time gained courage; his astonishment, his bashfulness, his awe, were forgotten, and he entered with all the animation and liveliness

of infancy into, what perhaps cannot properly be called, conversation.

The conde and the condesa silently enjoyed the scene. At length the conde observed—"Our Camila is more than delighted—her animation is irresistible;" taking her in his arms and embracing the little struggler, who wished not the interruption.

"We will have our lively Medina to complete the group," said the lady de Arno, "though he cannot add to the chattering."

The condesa de Arno soon after her marriage had met with Rodolfo St. Julian; and as she gazed upon him, and traced the resemblance to her beloved Enrique, she thought she saw the solution to his occasional absence, and, though momentary, clouded brow; and what she had, prior to her marriage, imputed to grief for the death of his brother, the condesa, and the ruin of his hopes of a lineal heir to their splendid fortune and titles, was a clandes-

tine connexion. And could it be possible that the conde, with all that impetuous ardour, that appearance of real and genuine affection, possessed only the appearance? and married perhaps from motives of prudence, being the last of his ancient and noble house, that the long and honourable line become not extinct. His introduction of the child confirmed her suspicions. But had not he continued his unvaried kindness? could she doubt the sincerity of affection that appeared, if possible, to increase? Might not this child be the offspring of an unpremeditated lapse from virtue, and not of affection? and if the woman who passed for the infant's mother was really so, it was more than probable.

“San Julian is not the name of his parents?”

“Rodolfo St. Julian are the baptismal appellations of the child,” replied the conde with emotion.

“He is very lovely; and it is not often that we see so noble an air, and ideas so

lofty, in the child of a peasant; I am most happy, my dear lord, that you have removed from the cottage, and from vassals, a child so superior to either."

The conde, crimsoning, falteringly said — "It gives me pleasure, my love, that his intended residence in the castle is so agreeable to you, and I hope he will merit all your good opinion, and that your prescience of inestimable qualities may be in the true spirit of mantology;" smiling, and pressing her hand to his lips.

The lady de Arno painfully observed the frequent uneasiness of her husband when Rodolfo was present; he would gaze upon him with a stern, with an indefinable eye; and when he felt the inquiring one of the condesa, (passing his hand as a shade to the one and to the other, and to the crimson that died his cheek, and unable to answer, or to bear the inquiry,) with visible emotion he would quit the room. — "Surely," thought the condesa, "there must be something very mysterious about

this child; a mere casual connexion would not occasion so much emotion. Who is his mother?" Her heart sickened as she mentally made the interrogatory.

CHAPTER II.

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EIGHTEEN summers had given to Rodolfo's figure the height approaching to that of mature years, the firm though no less graceful step, and was fast changing the soft down of youth for manhood's hardy graces. Beauty had stamped him with her fine proportion, and formed him in her finest mould; his noble and varying countenance displayed the sensibility of a heart ever alive to commiseration; his arched and gently-rising brow, gracing his fair forehead, moved with the mind's every emotion; his fine expressive eyes shone in splendid and intelligent brightness through

their black and lengthened lashes, shooting glory's ardours, beaming love's softest fires—pity's hallowed beam and sympathy's holy tear would give its sacred radiance: his Grecian features portrayed the greatness of his soul, which irradiated a countenance whose intelligence invariably and unequivocally spoke his heart; his mouth, in dimpled, smiling grace, with its pearly ornaments, gave interest to expressions that were breathed in harmonious tones through lips of vermeil brilliancy; and his auburn ringlets, dark and shining, imparted to his fine complexion a dazzling lustre.

Rural exercise had given him agility and strength far exceeding his compeers. Swifter than the mountain roe, he chased the wildest animal, ascended the rugged steep, and climbed the hanging cliff; his graceful limbs cut the rolling flood, beat the silvery wave, and rode the surgy billow; crossed in firmest grasping the youthful steed, nor heeded its prancing rearings; and as swift as the lightning's streams in

stormy skies, he pursued the boar, or followed the falcon in her windings: his youthful mind, stored with religious and moral virtues, shone with more than human lustre, displaying his Creator's fair resemblance.

War, the delight of the soldier and the horrifaction of thousands, reared his terrific head, breathing his pestilential breath, and uttering his ill-omened threats, over the late peaceful kingdom.

Rodolfo St. Julian, on hearing the, to him, pleasing intelligence, was day after day busily employed with the vizconde Medina in fitting on armour, in trying of sabres, and in examining trophies of victory which evinced the puissance, and decorated the hall, of the De Arnos. On war being declared—"I should like," said he, "I should like, my lord, with your permission, to bear arms; and as my country has called upon her sons, may I not repair to her standard?"

The conde de Arno did not reply di-

rectly to his request. But—"How old are you? and will father Iago say that you are sufficiently instructed in literature—that you have completed your studies? for the engagements of a military life will preclude the improvement of mental qualifications and the acquirements necessary for finishing the scholar."

"May I, my lord, mention your inquiry to father Iago?"

"Tell him to meet me in the library at twelve to-morrow."

Rodolfo was convinced that the father would not retard his departure, as he had frequently passed very high encomiums on his extensive literary attainments; and, in all the ardour of youthful imagination, he was immediately engaged in the ensanguined field—destroying the enemies of his country—returning with the laurels of victory—receiving the commendations of Camila. Ah, Camila! how should he quit the beloved Camila! and he almost repented that he had solicited to join the

army. The condesa—Medina—how could he leave—how could he voluntarily leave friends so dear? But could he always lead an inactive life? and his country too needed his services, at least they would not be unacceptable.

General the marques de Palencia with his son called at the castle de Arno to spend a few days on their way to join the army.

“Will you, general,” said the conde de Arno, “take Rodolfo under your protection, to be instructed in military tactics with the conde Romano?”

“Most readily; I shall be happy to have such a companion for him, and most happy to have one of your family for a pupil.” The conde reddened. “I shall esteem Rodolfo San Julian a valuable acquisition; he is a fine fellow, my lord—your lordship’s exact counterpart at his age.”

The conde, passing his hand over his face, quitted the room.

“The conde de Arno has not got rid



of his eccentricities," thought the marques.

The conde Romano's elegant figure, fine-turned limbs, and graceful movements, his dark eyes shooting the youthful fires of sensibility, his aquiline features, his smiling mouth, his glossy hair, in sinuous wavings, black as the raven's plume, and the crimson of animation, passing as flying clouds over his beautiful countenance, had already excited the admiration, and gained the preference of many a courtly maiden; but he had hitherto remained unmoved, nor beat his heart responsively, nor his bosom heaved in unison the gentle sigh. He beheld Camila, and was no longer indifferent—he gazed enraptured; but when he heard the silvery tones of her dulcet voice, and felt the imposing influence of her enchanting mien, when he felt the power of that indefinable simplicity and grace that pervaded every action, every movement of that certain indescribable whole, his enthusiasm knew no bounds;

he gazed, he listened, and drank of the ambrosial draught, till the pleasurable delirium captivated his senses and enchained his soul.

Indeed the beautiful vizcondesa de San Valos appeared a fit object for the adoration of love: lovely as nature had formed her, that loveliness was heightened by a magnificence of dress to which she had been accustomed from earliest infancy; the richness and brilliancy of the ornaments which she knew so well how to appropriate, that even those ornaments appeared a part of herself—so elegant and so natural the selection, from her exquisite sense of propriety and good taste, that they seemed the investments and decorations of nature; and her appearance was so fascinatingly imposing, that she was approached with the awe which is impulsively felt for a superior being, blended with the love for woman.

As the conde de Romano led the lady San Valos in the dance, the marques de

Palencia could not help expressing his admiration and his wish that so lovely a pair might one day be united; and as "they were formed for each other" was whispered through the room, the glistening eyes of Rodolfo betrayed his emotion.

He too sought the hand of Camila; but he was out of spirits, till the frequent reminding him of his errors, and gratitude to the lovely being who so patiently bore with his remissness, brought him to himself; and he again became the animated and attentive St. Julian.

The marques, at the entreaty of his son, in due form begged the honour of an alliance, at some future period, with the house of Arno, and that the conde Romano might now be allowed to breathe his wishes to the dearest object of them.

The conde de Arno knew not the man with whom he so much desired an alliance; and he should be most happy in the union of Palencia and De Arno.

Lady San Valos sighed as the condesa

made known her father's wishes, and silently, and for the first time, compared Romano with Rodolfo. She had loved Rodolfo as a brother; he, with Enrique, had enjoyed all the endearments, and kindnesses, and all the affection of one; nor had she any idea of a more tender union, till the condesa proposed the conde Romano, and then, without defining the sensation, she felt her heart beat in preference of Rodolfo.

"To-morrow I quit De Arno," said St. Julian sighing. "Dearest Camila, will you ever cease to love me?"

"Why the question, Rodolfo? are you not equally dear with Enrique?"

"Oh, Camila, would I could remain here for ever! Shall we never more ascend the height—wander beside the rippling rill—sweep our lutes, and sing our song of joy?"

"Dearest Rodolfo, you make me sad;" the glistening tear confirmed the assertion; "throw aside such gloomy thoughts, so

unfitting a warrior, for ideas of glory; bring to your prescient view your victorious return, decorated with the never-fading laurel—see the triumphal arch—the hard-won colours floating in the breeze—the captive's homage; hear the song of triumph, the greetings, the animating eulogy of those you love!—Let us seek mamma.”

“ My dear Rodolfo,” said the lady de Arno, “ you must chase away those tears with a soldier's smile!” her own fast falling from her pensive eyes, and the command increasing those of St. Julian, which bedewed her maternal bosom as he affectionately embraced her.

The sun had darted his first ray upon the mountain, brightened the time-coloured turrets of the castle, and gilded the convent's spire, when Rodolfo, borne by his prancing charger, proud of his burden, down the gently-declining steep, took a last farewell of the venerable fabric, the residence from time immemorial of the

condes de Arno; not unseen by Camila, who stood watching the fleeting form fast vanishing from her view.—“Heaven strengthen thy arm,” she mentally said, “guard thee in the hour of danger, and restore thee to us covered with glory! Oh, how long—how very long ere I shall again behold thee!” turning from the window in an agony of grief.

The preceding night Rodolfo had not even sought repose: he had wandered round the castle, retracing those steps so often trod with Camila—visiting each favourite spot, endeared by some little event that reminded him of her he loved. He gazed as the glimmering moon shot her beam upon the waterfall, and, ever and anon, sparkled in the dashing spray, while the wind softly sighed among the branches of the scarcely-waving pines that clad the rugged steep, and the bird of night in soothing melancholy tuned her song of wo.—“Ah!” exclaimed the child of affection, reviewing the scenes of his infancy,

"I have gathered from these pointed crags the rocky floweret for the little Camila, hung upon the arbutus's lucid foliage to cull for her its fruit—climbed that ramous cedar, towering to the skies, to take for her the scarcely-fledged eyas—swift as the fleetest hound crossed the glade—climbed the precipitous height, and leaped the hanging cliffs, in pursuit of, and to save from the herd, her petted fawn."

The wandering enthusiast paced the dewy vale, the river's sinuous bank.—  
"Often have I rowed the gentle Camila," he continued, apostrophizing the meandering current, "o'er thy gliding wave, listening to the harp's sweet sounds as they played upon thy undulating waters."

He ascended the downy hill, decked with ever-virent shrubs, whose florulent odours scented the midnight breeze: gaining the summit—"Here," he resumed, "has the delighted Camila expressed her holy joy, while her mildly-beaming eyes have wandered over the variegated land-

scape to the farthest verge of the horizon, where the ethereal veil conceals the widely-extended scene, blooming in nature's fairest garb. These are thy faint resemblance, thou sacred Power, that clothes in beauty soft and fair the verdant vale, and gives the wildest flower that blows a tint of heavenly die—decks with drooping foliage the rugged steep—peoples with the fleecy flocks the mountain's high ascent—pours into the channelled earth the silvery-rolling wave—fills the lake with the ever-flowing flood, and gives its sloping sides the pensile beach, the towering date, the majestic oak, firm as the stony rock, to bear the blast—the shady glen its luxuriance wild, and all the sweet variety, the various beauties of nature inexhaustible, their stamp divine. Thou great and wonder-working Power, that dost rule the fiery storm in its awful ire, and on the gentle gale in softest breathings whisper love!—thou sacred Power, ever pervade my heart, continue the holy peace, the grateful feel-



ing, that overflow the tongue, and rule the purposes of life !”

His eyes strayed over the beautiful scenery around as he trod the verdure-crested hill.—“ Thanks to thee, thou silvery orb, that kindly deignest thy pale and yellow light to guide my steps to wander over this scene beloved—to view what Camila oft with me has viewed,—there the convent’s massive pile rears its sacred towers—the castle’s frowning turrets in regal pride overlooking the wide domain, its noble owner rules—there the holy walls, where the bearers of the cross united, raise the voice religious, that in the rising incense ascends into the celestial courts.”

Descending, he strolled the winding shady path, overshadowed by the widely-spreading branches of immane and ancient trunks.—“ Here the little Camila rode the gentle Vivo, while I, the happy guide, held the lengthened rein.” Entering the thick grove’s solemn stillness, where Cynthia’s mild beam glimmered in doubtful gliding,

trembling on the undulating foliage, he pierced the sacred gloom, and seeking the lake's broad wave—"Dearest Camila," continued the youthful enthusiast, apostrophizing the idol of his affection, "oft in my little skiff have we skimmed across the deep and surgy flood—visited the peaceful islets, and made our rural feast. And here the wild and murmuring billow engulfed the infant Enrique; and on this mossy-velvet mound I received the embrace of the enchanting Camila for rescuing my more than brother."

The opening east warned the straying St. Julian; the glistening armour enfolded his well-proportioned limbs; and the nodding plume graced the young soldier's brow. The morning mists were fast dispersing from the variegated vale—the rising heights shone in the orient ray, and the tuneful birds cheered the aromatic grove with their matin song, as Rodolfo St. Julian, silent and thoughtful, riding by the side of his companions, wound

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— glimmered in doubtful gliding

# ANACONDA.

where: the undulating foliage he  
 pierces the gloom, and seeking the  
 air was—"Dearest Camila"  
 came the youthful enthusiast  
 feeling the ardor of his affection. At  
 the moment have we skimmed across  
 the sea and surgy flood—visited the  
 mountains and made our rural east  
 and west the wild and murmuring willow  
 water the infant Enrique: and on this  
 happy eve around I received the an-  
 nouncement of enchanting Camila for rescu-  
 ing more than brother."

The evening east warned the straying  
 the sun: the glistering armour enfolded  
 in red and purple-limbed limbs; and the nod-  
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through a picturesque and fertile country, pursuing for some leagues the sinuosities of a river, whose diversity of current sometimes attracted his eye and relieved his thoughts, which otherwise would have unremittingly reposed in De Arno.

The rapid flood fell in foaming torrents down the craggy precipice—its hoarse and murmuring roar resounded in the rocky caverns, and the cadence, borne upon the breeze, lulled with its melancholy soothing. In sullen moan the fretful wanderer (that, a few preceding leagues, had issued from the gaping aperture, through which she met the light, in sprightly, in joyous rising, and displayed her translucent waters in fountainous shouting—and in playful meandering commenced her tranquil roll) now, in the deep ravine, through rocky clefts made her mournful way, in gentle windings through the luxuriant valley, whose verdant pastures were rich in fleecy folds and lowing kine—gliding her pellucid wave in silvery pride, where the

peasants reap the yellow harvest—gather the luscious grape, whose golden and purple clusters promise the sparkling nectar. In rougher, hastier roll—flowing her silvery wave thwart the purple heath, shaded by the cedar's branching foliage, or the wild flowers raised their modest heads, arrayed in many a beauteous die to grace her verdured banks, she speeded, as a dutiful daughter, to throw herself into the bosom of her mother, to the grand reservoir of waters.

“ My young friend,” said the marques de Palencia, “ a soldier should not think too deeply, or feel too keenly : wherever he may be, there he should make his home : he should forget those who are dear to him, or have but a softened remembrance of them, till he again enfold them in his arms ; and you cannot imagine the redoubled ardour, the exquisite bliss he feels—in an instant return those sweet endearments, those pleasing sensations, that he has so long ceased to entertain, and return

with increased force. A soldier is ever gay, ever joyous, reaping delight from every scene, embracing the passing moment, enjoying its good: the world is to him a world where sorrows enter not, nor woes intrude. Romano too is silent, and wears rather a melancholy appearance; but we must allow him a few hours to recover himself after quitting a mistress so lovely and so beloved as Camila."

Rodolfo sighed, and wished to say—ought not a greater permission to be given me, who have known and loved this same Camila from my earliest recollection? My affection, unlike Romano's, growing with my growing hours, strengthening with my increasing years, lives in the inmost recesses of my heart, and can cease but with its beatings.

"You must indeed, my dear St. Julian," added the marques, "cast that gloom from your countenance, and deck it with brightening smiles, as I shall the day after the morrow introduce you to a very lovely

little creature, sister to the duque de Castello, who will join us for the remainder of the route."

"Beauty is always interesting," replied Rodolfo; "I shall be obliged to you for the introduction, and certainly will endeavour to make myself agreeable to the lady Isabella."

"There will not be much effort required for that, St. Julian," said the conde.

"I intended Romano for the lady Isabella," continued the marques; "but he has made his selection; and as his happiness depends upon the completion of his wishes, I do not control him. The house of Arno is as ancient as any in Spain, and if it bears not so high a title as Castello, yet it is noble: we should not wholly sacrifice our happiness to ambition."

"I feel obliged to you, my lord, for your affectionate consideration, for your kind compliance with my wishes, and I trust I shall ever gratefully remember your relinquishing your own views for my comfort."



“How old is the lady San Valos, Rodolfo?”

“Sixteen.”

“She is tall for her age: I did not imagine she was so young; though, in truth, while at the castle de Arno I did not think about it.”

“You were too much interested,” said the marques.

“I wish Medina had been old enough to join us,” resumed the conde de Romano; “he is a charming boy—very like you, Rodolfo. The condesa de Arno is the most lovely woman I ever met with——”

“Except one,” interrupted the marques.

“Yes—no; the condesa is undoubtedly the most pleasing woman as a wife, a mother, and a friend; but the beautiful, the fascinating vizcondesa, exceeds all I have even heard of. I admire the conde very much; but something affects him—something upon his mind—on a sudden he appears to feel too acutely. Did you ever hear the reason of it, San Julian?”

“ Never : I have frequently observed it, and it has often made me very uncomfortable.”

“ He has been subject to it for years,” rejoined the marques; “ it cannot be accounted for, I believe : I knew him a very young man, always in charming spirits, and beloved by every one ; and excepting this little eccentricity, which sometimes deadens his vivacity, he is a most charming companion, and is still admired and esteemed.”

## CHAPTER III

"THERE are the turrets of Castello," said the conde Romano; "prepare your heart to receive an impression, St. Julian."

The lofty towers of the castle crowned an eminence which commanded an extensive view of a most beautiful and romantic domain. As the travellers ascended in gentle pace, Rodolfo had an opportunity of enjoying the surrounding scene. Though the military made gay the immediate vicinity of the castle, yet they suggested to the mind ideas of war; but the rural environs appeared the residence of peace. The wild scenery was in unison with his feelings, and he listened with a something of sympathy to the spontaneous song of the goatherd, as he reclined upon the shrub-covered rock, while his skipping

flock leaped from crag to crag. And as a winding in the meandering path gave him a view of the shepherd resting under the shade of the sycamore, tuning his vocal to his fleecy charge, whose snowy white enlivened the green pasture, he thought—happy the fate of him who could ever enjoy domestic life! he quitted not his mistress—day after day was alike spent in the society of her he loved. They rode within a little distance of a herd of deer, that were too fearless, or too confiding, to heed their approach or their passing; the antlered animals grazed without quitting their calm resting-place. The beautiful creatures appeared to enjoy the spot they had chosen, and it was a spot of peculiar eligibility: their couch and their food were the mossy turf that in gentle divergence met the silvery brook, that meandered in babbling flow its translucent waters, which here and there were shaded by majestic trees; and though the diminutive white cottage of the peasant, peeping through

their undulating foliage, formed a contrast to the stately convent, whose massy walls overrun the vale, yet the placid smile of content gave its joyous calm.

"Beware, St. Julian," said the conde Romano, laughing, as they entered the gates of the castle, "beware of the witchery of the fire-flashing eyes of Isabella!"

"I fear not; my heart is steeled; the enchantments of the finest eyes in the world cannot pierce it."

"Be not too sure," replied the conde, as they leaped from their horses.

"The lady Isabella is indeed, Romano, a very lovely creature," said St. Julian, as they strolled the roscid lawn; "her figure is extremely elegant; she says and does every thing with so much grace, and her manners are so engaging, that she really is a very fascinating little being."

"I hope, my dear friend, you have lost your heart: I do not know where you could have disposed of it so well."

"Isabella is very lively, but it is a live-

liness so modestly feminine, that it must ever please. She is tall, I think, or her slender form gives the appearance of tallness."

"I wish you success—though I need not do that, for she must be more or less than woman, who could deny her heart to Rodolfo St. Julian when he pleaded for the sacred gift."

St. Julian sighed and continued.—"Her lively dark eyes so full of expression, the delicacy of her complexion, of which the mantling blushes heighten the beauty and the raven tresses make more fair, the ruby lips, the animation of her varying countenance, render her altogether very, very charming."

"Yes, she certainly is very beautiful, and you, as certainly, have lost your heart. What do you think of the duque? he is a handsome man."

"Yes, more than handsome, very like his sister, the same eyes, the same hair, and the same features; though his are

much stronger delineated, and his complexion is darker; he has a sternness I never met with in any one, and a fascination in his smile almost magical; he possesses a nobleness that would please, were it not blended with so much austerity; he is courteous in good society, and far from complaisant out of it, and he appears to be formed of discrepancies; he has a great deal of hauteur and family consequence."

"Yes; but you must allow that is very natural in a man of his rank. The marquis de Palencia says he is an excellent soldier."

"I hope we shall profit by his example. The duquesa appears very amiable; she has a very young appearance; I should not suppose her old enough to be the mother of the duque, for I imagine him to be twenty-six or eight. How long has the duque his father been dead?"

"Ten years; he was a brave warrior and an experienced statesman, as you must have heard."

"The night is hastening her noon, and the moon withdrawing her pale ray; the chilly hour is fast approaching," drawing his cloak around him, "and warns us to seek the sheltering walls of the castle. Pleasant dreams attend you, my friend," closed the retreating Rodolfo, retiring to his chamber. "Ah! perhaps Camila is at this moment dreaming of him whose every thought is hers."

The brilliant tears glistened in the eyes of Isabella as she bade St. Julian adieu; and if they were reflected in his, and fast fell the sympathizing drops, it was alone the result of grateful feeling.

The military party pursued their route through an ever-varying country; sometimes resting a night in the towering castle, in the holier convent, or within more humble walls; sometimes in the busy city, or in the retired forest, on the magnificent height, or in the romantic glen, enjoying as they rode along a rational conversation, enlivened by appropriate wit and local remark.



The martial scene which head-quarters presented was entirely new to St. Julian. The bustle of a military life, the avidity with which pleasure was pursued and embraced, the clashing of swords, the clang of armour, the hurried, though regular removal of troops, the military discipline, the instantaneous obedience, the simultaneous movement, the astonishing activity, the cheerful bearing of privations, of fatigue, of toil, and the lively sallies of social mirth, astonished and amused him. But in the midst of gaiety, in pursuing his military duties, or in momentary retirement, his thoughts would wander to De Arno. He mentally views the lovely Camila engaged in her usual studies, her amusements; hears her read the poem made more poetical by her dulcet tones—the harp's sweet sounds her fingers draw, her harmonious voice in unison with the heavenly strains; beholds the canvas her tapering fingers trace, bright in glowing life; sees her hold with tightened rein her

little favourite palfrey, which over the plain would bound, her companion the gay, the youthful Medina; sees her with her mother enter the dwellings of the vassals, hear their tale of sorrow, and administer comfort, and with the conde and Medina visiting their richer neighbours; or alone, he beholds her strolling in the beautifully-rural grounds of the castle; she culls the amarylis, the grandiflora, the jasmine; her little fluttering pensioners fly around in their sacred grove, and greet her with their melody—the beautiful plumage of her favourite abejaruco attracts her affectionate gaze; his imaginative eye follows her through the wilderness—the flowery ground that the infantine hand had planted, and which had since received its decorations from the more graceful taste of youth; she enters the bower reared by Rodolfo, she looks around, as if in search of him who twined the blossomed tendrils, and fast fall the brilliants from her azure eyes; then, resting on the rural seat, she

listens to the rivulet's gentle moan; she rises, carefully views the grot, examines every plant, gives support to the tender stem, raises the drooping head, and gathers the faded leaf; her eyes that tears bedim, again survey the roseate bower, and waving her snowy hand in silent adieu, she turns toward the castle.

The enemy were advancing; the marques de Palencia waited not their approach, but in forced and rapid marches hastened to meet them. He encamped upon a very favourable height, and intended there to await their attack. They drew near, but finding they were not inclined to ascend, he met them upon a broad and lengthened plain.

As if both parties wished to terrify each other with apprehensions of the future warfare, they seemed determined the first essay should be particularly sanguinary, and they rushed upon one another with a furious eagerness. They buried their glistening blades in the hearts of their foes,

and the thirsty ground drank the flowing crimson. The shattered armour harshly sounded to the stroke of the battleaxe, and the hardy sabres strewed the plain with headless trunks and life-warm limbs. Twice the troops on either side gave way; but rallying, and it would seem, for the momentary defection, met with greater fury.

St. Julian fought with the bravery and the coolness of a veteran; his nervous arm laid the noble warriors with the slain, and raised around him a monument of glory. He saw the duque de Castello surrounded by a party of the enemy, and, though fighting as the angry lioness to protect her young from the hand of the spoiler, numbers overpowered him; he flew to his assistance, and, cutting his way through to the duque, hewed, swift as the lightning's flash, the astounded foe. There was no time for the rescued Castello to return his thanks; each sought his post. The last rays of the setting sun gleamed upon the

burnished armour, and the battle continued with unabated rage. The evening's sudden darkness veiled the scene of blood, and the exhausted combatants retired.

The drums sounded the *reveillie*; awake! awake! echoed through the canvas walls, and the sleeping warrior still sought repose. His bruised and weary limbs, after the toil of the preceding day, desired rest; his fatigued eye, that saw nought but death and carnage, wished a lengthened close. Awake! awake! the noisy drums resound: he leaves his turfy couch, repairs to the glowing colours floating in the breeze, and joins his comrade in the matin hymn, and echoing mountains, woods, and vales, reverberate the joyous strains.

The great portals of the east seemed unwilling to draw aside, and let the morn approach—the morn unwilling to remove her misty veil, and expose the bloody field; the dew hung heavy upon the pensile foliage, nor glistening gleamed—the sun shot not forth his golden ray, nor gave

the day its joy. The warriors hastened to the ensanguined plain, so lately busy in the stroke of death, so lately deafening in the battle's clang and music's warlike sounds. Nought now is heard but the groans of wounded and of dying soldiers—the sullen growl of retiring fleshed-gorged wolves which have made their nightly feast—the shrieking of vultures that have not yet finished their morning meal of blood: they had watched the warrior's furious plunge and death-giving stroke, nor had sought their nocturnal home, but waited the first beam of the morning to eviscerate and to pluck out the eyes of the dead and of the dying.

A herald, bearing a flag of truce from the enemy, begged to remove their dying and to bury their dead, which the marques de Palencia granted.

The warrior feels not in the hour of carnage—he scarcely views the headless trunk his hand hath made—he sees not in that dreadfully-busy scene of death the

horrors he is heaping round; but commiseration gleams in his tear, and beats in the throbbings of his heart, as he removes his wounded comrade from the field of the slain.

The dead were piled on heaps, and the, till then, unsullied mould shrouded them from their brethren, or fire consumed the heaped pile, while the suffocating effluvia ascended and told their horrid tale.

The enemy retired; the Spanish troops were not in a fit state to pursue them, and the marques de Palencia was obliged to permit a retreat without molestation, when he would gladly have followed up his advantages.

Rodolfo sent a messenger to the castle de Arno, to assure its beloved inhabitants of his safety. He gave the conde a regular detail of the action, the advantages Palencia had gained, and a list of the principal killed and wounded.—To the condesa he wrote his duty, his filial affection, his hope for her happiness, for her health, and

the pleasure he should have in acquainting her.—To the visconde his regret that he was not in the field where the mastery was so long contended, so long fought for, and where all were heroes.—To Camila, not of martial sports, of bloody field, of sanguinary foe, but of love, of tenderness, of past delightful occupations, amusements, joys; of the hoped-for, though distant, meeting, with all its attendant enjoyments.

By the same messenger the marques de Palencia addressed the conde de Arno, and Romano his beloved vizcondesa; he wrote with all the ardour and delicacy of true affection, and he painted that affection in tints of glowing brightness; he wished to impart his own feelings, and in return to hold those of Camila captive.

Another engagement took place equally sanguinary with the former, but more decisive; the Spaniards were not only masters of the field, but pursued the flying foe.

Quietude succeeded the turmoil and



incertitude of battles; and in this moment of reposing warfare, the marques de Palencia gave the duque de Castello, the conde de Romano, who was slightly wounded, and Rodolfo St. Julian, leave of absence.

Joy shone in the countenances of the youthful warriors. The conde talked incessantly of Camila; and though words expressed not the feelings of Rodolfo, his pleasure-dancing eyes evinced that the same object filled his heart. They hastened on the duque de Castello; they longed for the moment of entering the castle de Arno, and they thought every hour of delay an age of impediment to the folding their beloved to their affectionate bosoms: they were to remain one night only with the duque at Castello, and then continue their journey.

CHAPTER IV.  
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THE unexpected arrival of the soldiers threw Isabella entirely off her guard, and she fainted in the arms of Rodolfo.

The duquesa de Castello imputed the sudden illness of the lady Isabella to the return of her brother, and relieved her daughter by the timely suggestion, whose returning blushes and heightened emotion needed the consolatory excuse.

Rodolfo loved the too-sensitive Isabella as he would the sister of Camila, and was gratefully pleased with every little kindness she shewed him; and certainly, next to Camila, she was the most lovely creature he had ever beheld. He sought not to define her partiality, nor did it strike him that it was particular. If he had thought any thing about it, he would have

imagined that chance threw him more frequently in her way than Romano; but Romano might be equally esteemed.

The duque de Castello at first thought the continued eulogies of Camila from the delighted conde, were but the natural consequence of the overflowings of youthful imagination, and of the exuberance of affection in a young man, whom a freedom from military duties, and from the eye of a father, had rendered too communicative; but more attentively observing the character of Romano, he became convinced that he was a sensible, though a lively young man, who though in colloquial friendliness almost naturally and without consideration imparted his feelings, and portrayed, perhaps in heightened colouring accompanied with too exalted encomiums, the resemblance of those he loved, yet the portraitures were sufficiently correct to be immediately recognised, and he began to listen to what he before had concluded not worth a moment's attention; and at last

was determined to behold her who had raised such commotions in the bosom of the conde, and of whom the expected sight had rendered wild with joy. He was not unknown to the conde de Arno; he had frequently met him in the capital, and had been with his father to De Arno; the conde had visited at Castello—once spent some weeks there. He requested the young gentlemen to remain a few days, and he would accompany them to the castle de Arno.

The conde de Romano could ill brook the delay; his heart was with Camila, and when he conceived that he had an opportunity of being with her, the, what he did not scruple to call, whim of the duque prevented him; he had never calculated upon the delay, and he was inclined to set off without the duque and Rodolfo.

Rodolfo's heart was with Camila; he too would be glad to fold her in his affectionate arms; but he had more command over his feelings than the conde, and what

was inevitable he endeavoured to bear with fortitude.

The following day the duque informed them he could not set out so early as he had expected, as there was a difference among his vassals he wished to adjust. The conde de Romano replied, that he should set off immediately, and Rodolfo San Julian could follow with his grace de Castello.

Rodolfo's first impulse was to say, "I too will go;" but he knew that he should offend the duque and the conde de Arno, and he quietly acquiesced. He sighed as his eye followed Romano and his attendants, and thought, "dearest Camila, I know you will think I have acted properly by this self-denial."

He now became the sole companion of Isabella in her walks, in her rides, and in sketching the romantic and bold scenery of Castello, and again, on the vivid canvas, creating the natural beauties in their fair resemblance. He read to the ladies; or

they together formed a little concert; his mellow tones joined in softened harmony the silvery symphonies of the duquesa and of the lady Isabella: He was a great favourite of the duquesa; she had never met with a young man she so much admired; indeed Rodolfo was a general favourite; his good sense, his good nature, his liveliness, gained him friends in the dazzling parties of rank, in the martial field, and in the cottage of the poor, for there he would enter to meliorate their dependent state, their sickness, their wretchedness.

Visitors every day crowded to the castle to pay their respects to the duque de Castello, to congratulate him on his return, and on the victory he had been so instrumental in gaining.

The heart of the vassal was made glad, the song of the peasant resounded in the hall, and the minstrel swept the harp to victory. All was mirthful delight. The vaulted roof reverberated the pleasing

strains, while manly forms and feminine beauty moved with aerial grace in the festive dance. Beauty's first sigh of affection would rise as she viewed the graceful warrior; but Rodolfo appeared not to have a favourite; he was alike attentive to all; he sung with, danced with, complimented, and pleased all.

Three weeks passed away—to the susceptible Isabella a dream—a dream of waking bliss. The maiden's whole heart, with all its desires, its wishes, its feelings, was Rodolfo's. She thought not of the impossibility of ever becoming his; she thought not of his, in respect to her, mean birth, at best but a dependant and distant relation of the conde de Arno, but probably his illegitimate son; for among those who had lately visited at the castle, were some who were personally acquainted with the conde, and who had remarked the great resemblance.

The duquesa saw not the prepossession of Isabella. She regarded Rodolfo St. Ju-

lian as a son; she enjoyed his society, and it appeared not strange that her daughter should; she esteemed him as a friend, and doubted not Isabella did the same: she had not an idea that the lady Isabella could entertain a greater affection for one unknown in heraldic registeries; she had lately dismissed suitors of very high rank, who would be desirable even for the lady Isabella; but then she had dismissed those of equal advantages before she knew St. Julian. The duquesa had acquiesced with her wishes, as she was willing Isabella should make her own election, and doubted not it would be suitable to a daughter of the house of Castello.

The duque would as soon think of his sister falling in love with one of his vassals as with Rodolfo St. Julian, the illegitimate son of the conde de Arno, consequently he saw not, nor was it probable that he should see, her predilection.

The unconscious St. Julian knew not, imagined not, how dear he was to Isabella;

he was proud of her good opinion, and exulted in the friendship of a being so superior to the greater part of the world; he was happy in her society, and naturally, and without effort, sought to amuse, to entertain, and to please her.

The duquesa in appearance bade the same tender adieu as the lady Isabella, and Rodolfo St. Julian with equal affection pressed both to his bosom.

CHAPTER V.

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SAN Julian had received the embrace of the conde Medina, and the condessa de Arno had folded him in her maternal arms: but where was Camila? she had not welcomed his return. He sought her through the apartments of the castle; he thought she might be feeding her favourite birds, or listening to their wild melody, and flew

to the little grove; but Camila was not there. With hasty step he continued his search through the grounds, nor loitered, as he would have done at any other moment, to admire the so often admired beauties of the scenery, when through a vista they broke upon his view, or individually on the more immediate spot. He followed the river's silvery wave that rolled in gentle and in pleasing moan over its pebbled bed, now and then impeded in its gentle course by massy stones and peaks of rocks that reared their rugged heads, coronaled with many a gaudy floweret, its mossy banks in gay attire, and here and there a pensile willow shading the pellucid stream. He enters the fragrant bower.—

“ Camila !”

“ Rodolfo !”

“ My dearest, dearest Camila !”

“ Dear Rodolfo, how happy I am to see you ! Have you seen mamma, papa, Enrique ?”

“ Yes. Oh, Camila, this is a happiness !

How long have I sighed to behold you! but thus, thus to fold you in my arms, repays me for all I have suffered! oh that I could embrace you for ever!"

The duque de Castello could hardly refrain from expressing his admiration of the lovely vizcondesa; he gazed at her perpetually; he could neither recall his eyes nor his thoughts to enter into conversation with any one else; he made a thousand mistakes, gave strange or opposite answers; he heard, he saw but Camila. He was conscious of the rudeness of an observance so particular, and he removed from the beautiful attraction; he turned aside—averted his enamoured eye—retired to the other side of the saloon; but he was continually turning towards the object of, and betraying his admiration. His impatience waited not the hour of ceremony; he was with the conde de Arno the instant he left his chamber.—“Pardon me, my dear conde, for this early intrusion—the lady San Valos must be my excuse;

her loveliness in a moment made an impression that years cannot efface. I entreat, I beseech you to give me your sanction to her favour. I need not as an inducement remind you of my rank, extensive domain, and numerous vassals, my military fame and favour with the sovereign—these are well known to you; but I wish to represent to you that I require no dower; that I decline any, and that the settlements shall be in your own hands—make them what you please; my fortune will answer them.”

The count paused for a moment; he had observed the duke's entanglement on the past evening; he had promised Camila to the marquis for his son; but the duke's rank, immense wealth, and court influence, exceeded the marquis's. He wavered; at length he replied—“My dear duke, you cannot think for a moment otherwise than that I should prefer your grace to every one for a son-in-law; but I have engaged the lady San Valos to the

conde de Romano: it is unfortunate, very unfortunate that you beheld not her ladyship before."

Anger agitated the bosom of the duque; he was not prepared for disappointment; he was going to answer warmly, but restraining himself, walked to the window; turning—"Cannot you break your engagement with the marques? must the boy Romano have your lovely daughter? I thought you knew better, conde; I should think a ducado, not only unencumbered, but exceedingly rich, would be properly estimated."

"It is, it is properly estimated; but can I break an engagement into which I voluntarily entered? I cannot."

The duque again turned towards the lattice; he combated for some time with his rising ire, and again he repeated his anxious inquiry—"Then you cannot, my lord, set aside this foolish compact?"

"I cannot. I have been ridiculously hasty—I deplore it as much as your grace—and I hope ever to enjoy the friendship of the duque de Castello."

The duque gave his hand, appeared satisfied, and retired. But disappointment rankled in his bosom, and he at first thought of quitting De Arno immediately; but at length he determined to remain till it were necessary to join the army; and he doubted not of gaining the vizconde's affections. Did not his person at least equal Romano's? his rank and title exceeded; and as to military fame, Romano had none; then certainly he should not scruple to attempt a clandestine union.

He immediately sought the lady San Valos, and with the most passionate ardour declared his predilection. He met with a polite, though what she intended as a decisive negative. It astounded him. And was the boy Romano, who had served but one campaign, to be preferred to his general—one high in military honour?

She begged to undeceive him; she had no preference for the conde de Romano; it was her father's will alone that gave him the footing of a suitor in the castle de Arno.

The duque entreated the liberty of now and then pouring forth his passion.

"No, no, no!" she repeatedly said; but he was resolved, as Romano had not her heart, to seize every opportunity. And the wily duque saw enough of the heart of the conde de Arno, to see that he would not be displeased at his gaining the affections of his daughter.

St. Julian had understood that the conde de Arno had given the conde de Romano permission to plead his passion to the lady San Valos; but knew not, till now that Romano informed him, the extent of the engagement into which the conde de Arno had entered with the marques; he knew not that the vizcondessa's affections were not to be consulted; but on his twenty-third birthday, if his professional duties would allow, the conde de Romano was to espouse the lady San Valos.

It had struck neither the marques nor the conde that Catala could possibly have any objection to the conde de Romano;

indeed; she did think highly of the conde; he was very amiable and very beautiful, and had not St. Julian been beloved, it was more than probable Romano might have been her choice.

Rodolfo felt in an instant the whole extent of his misery; he felt that he loved Camila above every human being—that his happiness depended upon her. He saw nothing but despair; he had been happy in his affection; it had formed the chief delight of his life; and now, what was it to form? He would seek the lady San Valos—he stopped—perhaps she had been more prudent, and entertained for him only the affection of a sister; and ought he not to wish it for the sake of her whose peace should be his first consideration, and whose happiness should be dearer to him than his own?—he could not. It was not improbable that she loved Romano; the conde was a man likely to gain any lady's affection; but he had told him he could not find that he had made



any impression on the heart of Camila: she might have dissembled with the conde; and yet he thought Camila had too much candour, too much singleness of heart, to dissemble with any one, even in affairs of the heart, in which it was generally considered allowable. But how had he been bewildered—how had he suffered himself to be entangled in a passion that he could but see ought to be hopeless! Dare he, of plebeian birth, aspire to the daughter of the conde de Arno, to whom he was indebted for every thing that was desirable in life? How dishonourable it would be in him to seek to gain the heart of the vizcondesa de San Valos!

He had hitherto loved innocently—for was it possible to live with Camila and not love her? But if he were to attempt to possess her affections—the affections of the daughter of his benefactor, what a guilty wretch he should appear to the world—what a guilty wretch he should feel himself to be! He would never declare his

passion, though it were to consume him.

It was impossible for him not to love Camila; he would sooner give up every thing desirable than his affection; it was the very food of his existence, the well-being of his life; yet this first of delights must become his torment—this highest bliss his destruction; for never would he so depart from virtue, so deviate from integrity, as to breathe his passion to her, who by him ought to be held sacred. Ah, what would the condesa think of the son of her adoption, if she could read in his heart the dishonourable passion that filled it!

Rodolfo imagined himself wretched; but he was determined not to involve Camila in his wretchedness; he adhered to his virtuous resolution, and he no longer sought her society, though it possessed for him an inestimable charm: not so the duque and Romano—they appeared to watch her every movement, that they might find her alone, to breathe into her

ear their affection. She seemed aware of their intention, and was always engaged with the condesa or with visitors; she confined herself to society, and was never to be met with without a companion.

The duque de Castello, the conde de Arno, the conde de Romano, and the vizconde Medina, went to a neighbouring castle to a boar-hunt. St. Julian excused himself from going, as he wished to see a horse which was that day to be brought to him, for his approval for a charger, as his had been injured in the last engagement.

There was now an opportunity of enjoying, without molestation, the desired society of the beloved Camila: but love dwelt in the heart, and was ever ready to prompt the tongue of the lover, and the prudent though restless St. Julian sauntered alone over those grounds, every part of which recollection had endeared—thinking of Camila: he might think of her, though he might not declare his passion.

Pursuing his solitary ramble, on a sud-

den he heard the rush of an animal in hasty run, as if pursuing or pursued, followed by a shriek.—“Merciful Heaven! the shriek of Camila!” He flew to the spot whence the sound proceeded—he saw Camila flying from an enraged, a hideous boar; he rushed upon the furious animal (bleeding from many a gaping wound, made by the spear of the hunter and the teeth of the dogs), and stabbed him to the heart. He hastened to the lifeless girl, took her in his arms, and conveyed her to a not far distant stream, and bathed her lovely face, now pale as death. He laid her inanimate frame upon the mossy turf, and gently raised her drooping head. Life appeared fled for ever. He pulled off her shoes and rubbed the soles of her feet—chafed the palms of her icy hands—took off her veil—unfastened the brooch that confined her vest, and loosened her brilliant zone. All was in vain. He redoubled his exertions, though so hopeless. A heavy sigh assured him life still linger-

ed : he again raised her drooping frame to the breeze—another sigh confirmed his hopes—tears in quick succession chased each other down her pallid cheeks. He re-bathed with the stream's pure water her till now balmy lips. She opened her dim and sunken eyes—they closed—and the lifeless Camila was unconscious of his exertions and of his despair.

Taking her in his trembling arms, he again sprinkled her face and bathed her lips. Again the hard-drawn sigh, the trickling tear, relieved his fears. Once more her opening eyes sought the light : he gently bore her to the strengthening breeze—seating himself with his lovely burthen in his arms, he held her to the refreshing gale. She turned towards his anxious bosom, and a violent fit of tears eased her swollen heart : she gradually became calm ; her happy deliverer soothed her agitated bosom, kissed her fair forehead, and mingled with hers his consoling tears. The still trembling girl endeavour-

ed to express her grateful acknowledgments.

“Hush, hush, my beloved! not a word, not even from Camila, whose voice must ever delight my ear, and vibrate on my throbbing heart.”

Thrown from his guard, in the transport of his joy for her safety, he poured forth his ardent affection; and in return received, in the moment of gratitude, from the grateful Camila an avowal of reciprocal tenderness. Modest affection gleamed from the azure eye, and mantled on the late pale cheek of Camila; while joy, ecstatic joy, glowed upon the countenance of Rodolfo, and lighted with its sparkling fires his love-illumined eye. It was the sweetest moment of his existence: he gently pressed the adored Camila to his bosom, while his lips sealed the vow of eternal affection.

As they slowly proceeded to the castle, she leaned upon the supporting arm of him whom she had made happy—of him.

whom she had raised from despondency to ecstatic bliss—that bliss which hope's brightest rays illumine.

The lady de Arno bathed her daughter and St. Julian with her tears, pressing them, separately and together, repeatedly to her bosom. She shuddered at the terrific danger, and wept at the providential deliverance of Camila, and again and again folded them in her maternal arms.

The hunters had wounded the boar, which baffling all their skill, made its escape. Immediately starting another, they did not continue the pursuit of the wounded, but followed with delighted eagerness the fresh-sprung animal, which they eventually killed.

The conde de Arno and his companions did not return to De Arno till the next morning. He eulogized the courage of his *protégé*, and admired his intrepidity; never did the conde (though at all times courteous) appear so sensible of an obligation; he overwhelmed the sensitive Ro-

dolfo with his gratitude, and wept tears of grateful joy upon the bosom of his beloved daughter.

The affectionate Medina embraced his sister, Rodolfo, then his sister, in hurried succession, while his faltering voice and brilliant tears portrayed his fraternal heart.

Both the duque de Castello and the conde de Romano shuddered at the narrow escape of the vizcondesa; each wished that he had been the fortunate rescuer, and congratulated and embraced her with transport. Castello praised St. Julian for his puissance, and Romano thanked him a thousand times for preserving his Camila. They viewed the boar, and doubted not that it was the one they had wounded; he had made for the De Arno domain as soon as started, and they had wounded him not far from the spot where he met his death.



CHAPTER VI.  
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THE duque de Castello was determined to persevere, though Camila still continued the cold, the insensible Camila—giving no hope. Business of importance called him to Castello; but not being willing to lose a moment that he could appropriate to lady San Valos, he visited his castle for a few days only, and those few days he regretted as lost.

Her ladyship felt relieved by his absence; he was so importunate, that only by shielding herself in society, could she avoid the continual hearing of a passion that she could not return, and which became an annoyance.

The conde equally watched her steps, and was equally ready to importune. But though she was far from being pleased

with his attentions or his passion, she felt not that repugnance; yet she wished not to experience its ebullitions; and shunned him as a lover; whom as a companion she might have sought.

Rodolfo was more happy in opportunity, every part of the castle, of the grounds, every haunt of Camila, being known to him. They lived in a dream of delight; satisfied with the affection of each other, they were unwilling to enter into disagreeable subjects, or even to think of them. They thought not, they wished not to think, how soon this delightful interchange of affection was to pass away, was to cease for ever. They knew that Rodolfo was soon to join the army; but Camila knew not that when he again returned she should be the wife of Romano. Her father had commanded her to receive the addresses of the conde; but she knew not his wishes respecting the time of her becoming the condesa de Romano, and she had set a far distant period; but now that

she was convinced of the more than fraternal affection of St. Julian, she could not think of ever being the wife of Romano, though she knew not how to prevent it.

St. Julian's better sense was clouded, and his reason usurped by love: he saw not the dishonourable path he was treading—he saw not the horrible ingratitude of fixing the affections of the daughter of his benefactor in his own bosom, when they ought to rest in the bosom of another. Every duty but the chimerical one of love was forgotten. His conscience, hitherto so alive to right and wrong, now slept in happy security; for was it not his duty—was he not bound by every honourable tie—did not gratitude demand of him, to love that generous being who had selected him from the whole world, and given him her whole heart? Ought he not to devote to that being every feeling of his soul, every emotion of his heart?—ought he not to dedicate his whole life, with its wishes, its motives, and its actions?

The duque de Castello saw that St. Julian was as much beloved by the vizcondesa de San Valos as Medina, and to conciliate her, treated him with the greatest friendliness, and lost much of his hauteur towards him. And as her ladyship had no preference for the conde de Romano, he did not excite his grace's jealousy; of consequence, he continued to him his usual manner.

Three months of importunity had elapsed, with only the occasional short absences of the duque, and he could not find that he had made any impression on Camila. The time was arriving when he must necessarily repair to the army: he became impatient; he could not help blaming her for want of sensibility or discernment: he did not believe that there was another lady in Spain who would have treated his passion with coolness. Then why not resign Camila, and seek one who would appreciate his feelings and return their warmth? No; she was indispensable to

his happiness; and as soon as his duties as a soldier would permit, she should become his, if it cost him his ducado!

His adieu was full of passionate ardour; he kneeled at the unbending beauty's feet, and bathed her hand with his tears; he poured forth his affection in all the eloquence and graceful language of love; or in haughty anger at her coldness, would turn aside, and with hasty strides pace the room: again melting into tenderness, would portray his passion in elegant, in vivid, in almost bewitching colours, while his black and fiery orbs darted their lengthened streams of light, mildly beamed the softest fires, or rolling in liquid brightness, express his lovesick soul. He left Romano and Rodolfo to follow, and to join him at Castello.

The conde, in all the ardour of twenty-two, besought the affection of her he loved,—“My happiness, my very existence depend on my Camila. I hope—oh, ecstatic hope!—to have the highest of felicities;

I hope in a few months to be the husband of Camila: but were this expected bliss to be clouded by her indifference, it would be more than I could endure.—Dearest Camila, do have pity upon him who loves you above all created beings—whose very life is yours! If you persevere in this cruel indifference, what will, what must be my distraction—that which I expected to be the source of blissful delight, to be the source of the greatest misery! Then, dear Camila, be compassionate; you are kind to every human being but me!”

“My dear conde, you wrong me; I respect, I esteem you: our affections are not entirely under our own control, or why, my dear conde, do you not fix yours where they would be returned?”

“I do not say that our affections are wholly in our own power, but certainly, my dear lady San Valos, you could be compassionate, you could pity, you could in some degree return the passion of the man who adores you.”

“ I regret that I am the unfortunate object of your lordship’s attachment, and I regret that I cannot return that attachment ; I acknowledge the honour you do me in the selection ; but indeed, my dear conde, I can never have that affection you ought to expect in a wife.”

“ Say not so, dearest, best beloved Camila ; why should you not, if you are disengaged ? Surely the duque de Castello

The crimson played upon the transparent cheeks of Camila.—“ Oh no.”

“ Then why, my dear vizcondesa, are you so sure you can never return my affection ? Is there any thing in my conduct, in my habits, to which you are repugnant, or that you would wish changed ? Say, is there any alteration I could make, any thing I can do, would make me acceptable to you, would conciliate your favour, or render me more pleasing—would create your susceptibility, your love ?”

“ No ; I esteem you ; but I can do no

more. Would to Heaven that *you* would have the compassion you wish to excite, and give up the fruitless endeavour of gaining my affections! And then, ah then! your friendship would be most acceptable to me; I should indeed gratefully esteem and honour you. My dear, dear conde, be generous, be compassionate; and notwithstanding my father's engagement, which, be assured, I can never enter into, give up the idea of ever becoming the husband of one, who cannot, who never can give the affection of a wife."

"Dear lady San Valos, what do you, request? you ask an impossibility—re-sign the warmest, and, except your entire affections, the only wish of my heart! no, never. When I have the supreme felicity of possessing the lovely Camila, I will, as now, strive to gain that love which would be my greatest happiness: I will exert every power of mine—I will watch every wish of yours, even before it be uttered: I will, as now, dwell upon your

voice; and live in your smile. You must love me—no power on earth shall prevent it; my dear, my own Camila, you must love me; for every thought of mine, every effort, shall be for your happiness!”

“Leave me, my lord; for neither my inclination nor my spirits will allow me a longer attention.”

“You will bid me adieu, lady San Valos! If you will give me no token of esteem to wear in my helmet, on my arm, no memento of affection to sooth by its gentle pressure the beatings of my unquiet heart—no silken scarf to cross my shoulder, and to declare by its vivid tints my fair mistress, that might guard me in the hour of carnage, and stay my foeman’s steel—nor wish my return—yet, Camila, you will bid me adieu!”

“Adieu, my lord; may strength nerve your arm, and skill shield your heart, and may victory crown your endeavours!”

“Thank you—adieu! Sometimes think of him who will ever think on his beloved;

and on these bewitching fingers," pressing her hand to his lips, "I vow, dear Camila, that I will never resign my highest hope—I vow that I will never cease to love you: Adieu! Heaven preserve you!"

The lady San Valos retired to one of her own apartments, that she might indulge her tears. The conde, not less affected, sought the evening's placid coolness, to calm the storm within. How unfortunate that he should love almost the only woman that would not return his affection! He had experienced the unasked-for preference of many beautiful and excellent women; but Camila, the only one he ever loved, ever could love, to treat his passion with the most frigid indifference!

St. Julian had been everywhere seeking Camila, and at last he knocked at the entrance of the room into which she had retired. He found her bathed in tears, and soon learned the cause: he could offer no consolation; he was as much distressed as she, and as if he had but just heard of the

fatal engagement—the destroyer of all their hopes.

“ I must endeavour, dear Rodolfo—I must endeavour to love you less—to forget you : I cannot act in opposition to my father’s wishes : I must eventually be the wife of Romano, and will then my affection be guiltless? No; you must be to me, my dear Rodolfo, as a brother, as Enrique : you must forget me.”

“ Ah! beloved, best beloved Camila, is it you that desire me to forget you ! I can never, not even at the bidding of Camila, I can never cease to love her; but as she can so soon forget, so soon, so calmly, and with so much indifference, cease to behold me with affection, I will bid her adieu for ever : yes, my ever dear Camila, I will never again obtrude upon your sight. One last adieu !” taking her hand. “ Good Heaven !” Cold and deathlike, her pale cheek rested upon the marble of the apartment.—“ Alas! what have I done? My impetuosity has destroyed the

only being that could raise it, or for whom I would wish it suppressed.—Oh, best beloved! once more smile upon him who would die for his Camila, who lives but to do thy will! Open those eyes of joy, of bliss, to him who exists but in their beams!” He bathed her lifeless temples with his tears, till their throbbings assured him of returning animation.

In soft and melting tones he breathed his affection, his unalterable affection, and his submission to her will, even if that will were to his own misery, even if it were to the blasting of all his hopes.—“Forgive, dearest Camila, my impetuosity, so unwarrantable—oh forgive, though I can never forgive myself!”

“Dearest Rodolfo,” faltered the tremulous voice of Camila—“dearest Rodolfo, if it will give you pleasure, I will say that I forgive, though I have nothing to forgive: I was distressed, I was unhappy, perhaps vexed—certainly wanted spirits, or I should not have been so weak. You

too must pardon, and I will strive in future for more fortitude."

"How kind you are, my dear Camila! I cannot, I am afraid I cannot return to our first subject; you must act: I cannot say otherwise (if necessary) than as you said, and I will endeavour to bear every thing you wish me to bear; you shall ever find me the creature of your will; for, how distressing soever, it must be mine."

Exchanging the chains of gold that hung about their necks, and the brilliant circlets that graced their fingers, they bade adieu, again and again embracing, till Camila tore herself away to weep, unobserved even by Rodolfo.

The revivifying rays of awaking Phoebus, rising from his orient bed, found St. Julian still pacing the dewy lawn. He had attempted to tranquilize the turbulence of passion, to calm the tumult of his soul; but the morning found him without quietude. His love for Camila, he was convinced, could never know diminution;

but he feared, both to her and to himself, their affection was likely to be productive of misery.—“ Yet, have I a consolation,” he mentally said—“ a salutary balm to my wounded heart, in the love of the angelic Camila; and will you, dearest Camila, find the heart-relieving antidote in the love of St. Julian?”

He had watched, or rather seemed to watch, the pale moon as it silvered the turrets of the castle, or played upon the glistening ivy, trembling in the midnight breeze; and as he leaned against the trunk of an old oak; his eye, though unobserving, had wandered down the stream, or rested upon the moonbeam that illumined its slightly-ruffled wave.

The soft and gentle hum of waving foliage, the sweet bird of night, in prolonged note; warbling its plaintive strains; the serenity that reigned around, would have soothed the perturbed bosom of St. Julian, if the perturbation of love would admit of any but love to be its soother.

The conde de Arno and the vizconde Medina accompanied the young warriors to the castle de Castello.

CHAPTER VII.

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"I HAD no idea of the great beauty of Isabella," said the vizconde Medina to St. Julian, "though you had described her as so very beautiful: she is almost as lovely as Camila; do you not think so?"

"Certainly I do."

"I have been thinking that the lady Isabella possesses your best feelings: I have frequently, since your return from your campaign, observed a melancholy wavering on your brow. Come, let me for once be your confessor, if you will not give me a friendly confidence."

"Indeed, my dear Medina, if it were so, I would most willingly give you my

confidence. No one can more admire, or have a greater esteem for, the lady Isabella than I; but, I assure your lordship, she has not my heart's best affections."

The conde de Romano joined them.—  
"Your conversation appears serious; do I interrupt you?"

"No—No," they both exclaimed.

"Then I will tell you the subject of it—Isabella."

"Indeed!"

"And how did you guess so truly?"

"Why, I thought St. Julian had been entertaining you with his love for Isabella; for love her he certainly does, though I warned him of losing his heart before he saw the lovely fairy with her magic spells."

"Ha, ha! for once you are on a wrong scent, my quick-scented Romano! Rodolfo is too circumspect, or too something, to fall in love."

"I do not plead the circumspection, Medina; but surely one may see a beautiful woman without a necessity of particular regard."



The duquesa and the lady Isabella de Castello much admired the visconde Medina, and were extremely delighted with that air of frankness which was so perceivable upon his fine countenance, in spite of the arch smile that frequently beautified his beautiful mouth, and brightened his brilliant eyes; and they were pleased with his dively wit, and the candour with which he made his remarks.—“He is an amiable boy,” observed the duquesa; “and very like St. Julian, both in his person and habits: he appears to think exceedingly high of him, and to set him up as an example worthy of his imitation, which accounts for his amiability.”

Isabella contrived to have a few strolls with Rodolfo alone, though with difficulty, for Romano and Medina joined her every moment of opportunity; but they were mere moments of opportunity. The castle was incessantly filled with the rank and the fashion that resided in the vicinage of the Castello domain, that neither at noon,

nor at midnight, was leisure to be found, or cessation from music, dancing, or rural or martial sports. Day had scarcely dawned, or twilight thrown aside her misty veil, when the trumpets loud clangour proclaimed a tournament. The trampling of horses, the rattling of sabres, and the clang of armour, banished repose from the expectant warriors. The young men were soon in the delightful bustle: the sons of the nobles around had remained at the castle de Castello the preceding night, to be in readiness to enter the warlike field; and they were now essaying their arms, and viewing the attire of their horses, whose martial movements excited their enthusiastic ejaculations.

The lady Isabella viewed from her lattice the tall and graceful figure of Rodolfo among the group; he appeared a superior being (his chestnut ringlets sportively waving in glossy pride upon his fair forehead; his smiling mouth varying in playful dimples—his fine dark eyes dancing in

the brightness of pleasure at the preparation for mimic warfare), while he gave, in mild and manly tones, a thousand approvals, or answers to inquiries from the youth around, who sought his direction, or his approbation of their arms, their armour, and their war-horses.

The ladies, who were to grace the tournament, and who were to present the reward of valour, or whose brilliant eyes would smile a magic charm of strength and skill, to the youth who sought their favour, were not less delighted in the anticipation of the expected display of martial prowess.

The lofty-sounding trumpet and the winding bugle had assembled the horsemen into the field, and the numerous spectators around, and the ladies had taken their seats in the galleries erected for the occasion, when the warlike strains again reverberated, and were seen in martial splendour the two knights that were first to engage, attended by their esquires.

The band struck up, and in loud and prolonged sounds welcomed the warriors, who were entering the arena from opposite parts of the field.

The knight with the white and crimson plume had a slender, graceful form, and though a very youthful, yet had he a soldier-like appearance; he bore a splendid shield, on which was beautifully represented Minerva, presenting a sword to a boyish figure, costumed in the prætexta; the motto was appropriate to the years of the warrior—"The energies of youth, if well directed, may achieve glorious deeds."

The sable-plumed knight was not so youthful as his opponent; but his black eyes sparkled with military ardour, and with pleasurable glances that seemed to anticipate the victory. He bore on his shield a lion rampant, and in the background a tower upon a rock; and "Strength and valour are invincible," circled the defensive and beautifully-wrought steel.

The challenge having been given, the

warriors rode in rather quickened pace, and as they met, surveyed each other with inquiring eye. The onset seemed rather in boyish idleness; but a well-directed thrust from the white and crimson knight awakened the black plumed, and he evinced his strength, and something of science, by an assault as well given but better met.

"Ah, what a plunge!" exclaimed the princess de Castile to the duquesa de Castello; "none but the Minerva shield could have so received it."

The combat continued nearly equal, till a thrust, preceded by a feint, from the knight of white and crimson was received in his adversary's side, who intended to return it with twofold advantage; but his foeman seeing his intention, and parrying, he missed his aim, and striking his lance upon the pavement, it broke, and he fell upon his horse's neck.

"The valour-gifted knight," continued the princess, "appears to have lost all self-possession—the impetus with which he

strikes leaves him unguarded.—The coolness of his opponent is admirable.—Ah, Minerva will triumph!—Minerva triumphs!” exclaimed her highness, as the knight of sable was unhorsed.

The clashing sabres gleamed each other's brightness: the combatants closed—they reeled—the black-plumed knight met the ground with horrid crash.—The trumpets sound a victory.

“Such a stripling! so much strength! what superior talent!” issued from every mouth, as with graceful step the victor claimed the prize—pulled off his white and crimson plumed helmet, and discovered the vizconde Medina!

“Valour and strength may be overcome if impetuosity betray them,” said the duquesa de Castelle, addressing the conde de Arno.

“Your grace rightly estimates coolness—it is the best guard of the warrior,” replied the conde.

Again the war-trumpet announced the

champions. The sun shone upon the glistening armour of the manly and martial figures, and heightened the dazzling brilliancy. They rode in slow and measured pace—made the challenge—and in cool and skilful manœuvre displayed the science of arms.

The combatants were so elegant, so graceful, and so warlike—their armour, their shields, their arms, so dazzlingly beautiful—their helmets, their plumes, so martially imposing—their eyes so bewitching, that it was hard to determine which excelled. At last the unanimous voice was in favour of the knight with the white plume, whose device upon the splendidly-embossed shield was the meridian sun with a rising eagle, whose ardent and daring eye intensely gazed at the golden luminary, with “I aspire to glory.” The tastefully-caparisoned steeds, pleasedly champing, proudly bore their magnificently-accoutred riders, and with delighted eagerness rushed forward at their bidding, fiercely

reared, or obediently fell back. The glittering spear evinced the strength and the science of the contending warriors; the plunge of the successful lancer shook his opponent on his well-clasped charger; the deadly spear was turned aside with a dexterity that excited the shouts of the spectators, and claimed their applause. The glittering sabres rattled upon the polished armour, whose coruscation would alone evince the fierce strokes of the hardy blades which echoed through the castle. The clang of the blue-gleaming steel sounded harshly in the ears of the females, and they fearfully viewed the opposing weapons, though in imitative warfare.

The knight of the green plume, in spite of the confidence he displayed on his lustre-darting shield, which bore Venus, with her attendant Graces, presenting a chaplet to an armoured warrior, with "Love overcometh," began to falter, his arm to lose its accustomed strength; the strong and vigorous strokes he had received had weak-



ened his nervous limbs and warrior frame, and unable to parry the thrusts of his antagonist, or to guard his weighty blows, he maintained his ground with difficulty.

“ I fear the affection of his mistress is not to be depended upon,” said the duque de Cadiz to his best hope, who graced his side.

“ Should he not act under the influence of his own affection, and not the affection of his mistress? It is his surely that must give the stimulus.”

“ It is his affection, certainly, that enables him to estimate his señora's, and, of consequence, it is his that excites his endeavours; but hers is the reward,—her affectionate approval the invaluable he wishes to obtain.”

“ The aspirer to glory quickly seizes every advantage, and he must ultimately conquer. I regret that love is no better guard; I would that affection equalled glory, for the knight who confesses love's immediacy really seems an adept in arms;

but he must yield to superiority, and I fear he will apostatize, and in future acknowledge glory alone for his inspirer."

"These woundless weapons," resumed the princess de Castile, "these mockeries of war, are ever too much for my spirits—they remind of the horrors of embattled field. Happy I am that your grace is not a soldier; you cannot imagine, my dear Cadiz, what I feel when you are in your coat of mail, with the gorgeous breastplate and emblazed shield."

"And what does your highness fear? can I be vulnerable when guarded by affection's gift?" The blushing rose upon her highness's fair cheek betrayed who was the presenter of the valuable, the magical defence. "And I enter only these bloodless exhibitions, where strength and skill in mock encounter exert their highest efforts, display their power, to gratify the affection of the beloved mistress, or of vanity: though not in vain are these imitations—they elicit a puissance, an agility, and a

promptitude we should otherwise never evince—they prepare and perfect the youth for single combat, and the warrior to fight the battles of his country.”

“ I see no token of his mistress’s love,” said the youthful heir of San Sebastian to his father, “ none, none to answer his motto; well may he strive in vain—depend upon it, my lord, he is not assured of affection, he has not had her good wishes. I wish your grace had permitted me to answer a challenge.”

“ You doubt not then, I may infer, the good wishes of your adored, nor the invulnerability with which she would invest you,” replied the duque de San Sebastian : “ but it is time enough yet—your lordship must practise some time longer ere you exhibit in public, or, notwithstanding the enchantment of affection, you may receive a check you would hereafter regret.”

“ There are some younger than I destined to-day to give the rein to their chivalrous spirit. It is intended, when the

herald gives the conde de Reperda's challenge, that the marques de Modina shall advance to meet him; and you know, papa, they are both, I think they are both, younger than your aspiring son—Modina is I am sure."

"I thought the marques de Castanos would wish to engage men, and not babies. Children may amuse themselves with children; but think you the spectators are entertained?"

The marques was silenced—a blush only evinced that he felt the implied compliment.

The generous combatant with the snowy plume was no sooner master of the field, had no sooner gained complete advantage, and was acknowledged conqueror, than the pleasurable feelings arising from victory were suppressed by those charitable ones excited by compassion for him who had contended for the laurel; he sheathed his sabred steel, and took the humiliated conde de Romano by the hand,

who experienced the consolation of having been subdued by a union of puissance and science which was irresistible.

The ladies, the gentlemen, greeted the victor with enthusiastic feeling, with long-echoing plaudits, and wished that in every contest, whether real or fictitious, he might thus have the advantage—might ever be crowned with victory. They extolled the conde's military talent, and assured him it was what every warrior might be proud of, and though the fictitious foeman had had the advantage, they doubted not it would be his when he contended with the real foe, either his own or his country's.

No glistening armour's bright disguise or warrior's helmet could conceal from Isabella's love-sharpened eye the graceful Rodolfo in the knight of the white plume. She had watched with palpitating heart and breathless bosom every manœuvre, every feint, every cutting crash ; and when the trumpet's clangour sounded the victory, and the loud and harmonious band

saluted the youthful conqueror, her still heart and motionless eye would have betrayed to the lovely Isabella her feelings, had she not long before sighed over their haplessness. She recovered sufficiently to present, in the scarf, tinged with the vivid dyes of iris, the memorial of victory, and, in a low and trembling voice, to compliment him on having gained the palm.

Bowing, he kissed her snowy hand, and kneeling, begged her to invest him with the silken folds, which he should esteem as the valued gift of the lady Isabella.

"Your grace's young friend is the victor," said the princess de Castile. "It is well," continued she, smiling, "that my heart is occupied by your grace, or it is more than probable this San Julian would take possession."

"I must beware lest he supplant me!"

"No fear of that—your grace is too firmly rooted to be averruncated, even by him who appears to excite the admiration and the good will of all."

“I shall not witness another engagement—will your grace assist me?—My dear duquesa de Castello, are you competent to witness another combat, or will you retire with me to recruit your spirits?”

The duque de Cadiz presented his arm to the duquesa de Castello, and they quitted the gallery.

While refreshments were handed round, the merits, the ability, the excellences, and the deviations of the warriors were descanted in animated, and, on the part of the gentlemen, scientific conversations, till again the brilliant armour glanced its brightness, and the hoofs of the war-horse resounded on the plain. Contest succeeded contest, until the last rays of the setting sun crimsoned the high-wrought steel.

The festive board was laden with delicacies and with the spoil of the hunter. The warriors of to-day had been the sportsmen of yesterday, and had given proof of their destroying skill.

The table was cleared of its ponderous

load of enticing viands, and the glowing juice from crystal goblets sparkled upon the ruby lips of the warriors and of their fair mistresses; the exhilarating nectar excited their spirits, and the pure and innocent mirth of youthful gaiety floated round, while they enjoyed the choice productions of the vineyard, of the orangery, and of the orchard.

The warriors were no longer encased in the attire befitting warlike field, nor their lengthened glaves clashed the marble pavement; but enrobed in the courtier's soft and elegant costume, their hand no longer wielded war's hardy weapons, but gently held the ladies' slender and delicate fingers as they led them in the sinuous measured step to music's lively strains. No more their feet, graced with golden spurs, paced the variegated marble in firm and martial tread; but, in glowing slippers ornamented with brilliants, moved to softened sounds, and lightly struck the gay saloon's decorated floor. Their eyes



darted not now the fiery ardours of contending emulation, but beamed love's mild glances, while in mellifluous tones the entranced warriors breathed the language of tenderness.

Isabella continued to feed her incipient passion; she listened with gratified pride to praises that glided round of the animated, the graceful, the accomplished St. Julian; she saw the eye's more brilliant gleam, the cheek's deepened die; she heard the admiration of each disengaged heart in animated though soft accents proclaim his eminence; she dwelt upon the mellow tones of his bewitching voice till no other sounds were heard; and if for a moment in the mazy dance his hand unconsciously pressed her lightly-held fingers, her trembling frame confessed her heart's best secret.

"I do not think that I ever wished to be older until this evening," said the marques de Castanos to his father.

"And why do you wish it this even-

ing?" inquiringly replied his venerable sire.

"Because, my dear papa, were I not so young, I could, without presumption, beg the hand of the lady Isabella de Castello—and now so many older than myself think they have a better right."

"And where is the little Viana? I thought she was the reigning favourite of the marques de Castanos!"

"Yes, yes," returned the blushing boy; "but I have danced so many times with her, and she is now dancing with captain San Julian; besides, the lady Isabella is taller—and—her ladyship," he hesitatingly proceeded, "presented the rewards."

"Ambition shews itself even in the youngest of us, and, I may add, the vanity of display. Well, well, Castanos," continued the duque de San Sebastian, smiling, "doubtless you can have your gratification without your years; come with me—the lady Isabella will condescend to dance with one a little shorter than herself, par-

ticularly as it will oblige so impassioned an admirer, who is more than sighing for the honour."

"Do you know that I am half jealous of you, San Julian!" said the duque de Cadiz.

"Your grace does me a greater honour than I merit; but the good opinion of the princess de Castile is too valuable to be lightly estimated, and I wonder not at your grace's tenacity, deserving of it as is the duque de Cadiz; yet, though her highness can have but one idol of her affections, there need be no limitation to the number of her friends, whom she will honour with her esteem—and am I one of those who desire to be among the so favoured."

"And you are one of those—the friend whom the duque de Cadiz deems so estimable, must ever be particularly valued by the princess de Castile," said her highness, presenting her hand.

CHAPTER VIII.  
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At the entreaty of the conde de Arno, the duquesa and the lady Isabella consented to accompany him to De Arno: he assured them as probable, that the condesa and the lady San Valos would return with them to Castello, and it was an inducement they could not withstand.

Isabella anticipated a melancholy pleasure in viewing the haunts of Rodolfo, in strolling where he had strolled, and in listening to anecdotes that displayed his soul from infancy to riper years; she should never be fatigued by attending to so pleasing a theme; but would Camila be as ready to relate—would she not be thinking of Romano?

The morn of separation arrived; the

duquesa de Castello and the lady Isabella bade their kindest adieu, and with the conde de Arno and the vizconde Medina commenced their journey; while the duque de Castello, the conde de Romano and St. Julian, took their route to join their military friends, to be again engaged in war's sanguinary toil.

The marques de Palencia welcomed them to the busy scene of preparation, and informed them he should very soon find plenty of employment for them, and for all who were with him or should hereafter join him. He intended, in the first instance, to penetrate some leagues farther into the enemy's country, turn towards the ocean and besiege the city of —, which, if he should succeed in taking, would enable Spain to overawe, from the strength of the fortress, the immediate sea, and to keep possession of the adjacent country, while he made a farther progress, for which he doubted not he should be efficient. His success in over-

running the country depended much on the number of troops that would be brought to oppose him; hitherto he had found them good soldiers, and he might thence infer their future reinforcements would be as capable to meet him; but their own troops in a very short time he imagined, or they would be exhausted, must be assisted by mercenaries—of consequence he could not estimate their force, their discipline, or their valour.

In a few days the Spaniards moved forward. St. Julian's feeling heart sighed at the devastation they spread around. Many now weeping families had lost their shelter and their home; happy in the affection of each other—happy in the cultivation of their lands, they dreamed not of ill; in an evil hour the spoiler came, burnt their habitation, devoured their flocks, laid waste their blooming fields, destroyed their felicity, and drove them among the beasts of the forest: he saw with pitying eye the weeping mother press her helpless

babe to her bosom—her elder children, pale with affright, hand in hand, now running before—now walking by her side; he saw her miserable husband leading an infant boy, who in vain made his lisping inquiry of “Why this sudden destruction?” the unhappy father, too wretched to reply, turned, with glazed eyes, to the late beautiful and peaceful spot, now marred, and blotted, and mingled with the ruin that reigned around; he saw the maiden who, yesternorn, blushing in the pride of female loveliness, was happy in her little cottage, blessed with the kind approvals of her affectionate parent, blessed with the endearing smiles of him she loved, to-day pale and trembling, seeking an asylum from the ferociousness of men in the gloomy wilderness, and in the shade of its foliage a mantle to her loveliness: she views for the last time the light-green branches of the chesnut, that veiled her and her beloved from the scorching ray of the noontide sun, or under its umbrageous

canopy the breeze of evening would waft its refreshing coolness, while the melodious pipe, tuned by the breath of love, breathed its hallowed strains. No more shall the soft notes float upon the gentle gale—no more shall the soft notes meet her ear; he that created those dulcet tones to charm her heart, was gone—gone to plunge his weapon in the breasts of the despoilers, or—oh Heaven! to receive theirs in his so pure, so faithful!

The marques de Palencia divided his army into three divisions; one immediately to commence besieging the city, the second to engage the enemy who were fast advancing, and the third, as the situation of the place was so favourable for the occasion, to form a corps of reserve, to be in readiness at a critical part of the action to reenforce the engaged troops.

The Spaniards succeeded beyond expectation: the enemy were totally destroyed or routed; and Palencia, with the small remains of his lately-engaged army,

joined the troops before the city, which, in consternation and despair, surrendered.

The conde de Romano had been detained beyond the anniversary of his birth; nothing but military duties could have reconciled him to the delay, and, the first moment of respite, he flew on love's swiftest wings to his beloved Camila.

Rodolfo felt all the torments of a man without hope. He heard the transporting exclamations—saw the joyous emotions of Romano with an aching bosom; he saw him depart with dismay, and when he ceased to attract his sight, he was almost in despair. He uttered to the moaning wind's wild sighing among the clefts of the rocks his misery, his wo.—“Alas! dearest Camila, must thou indeed be the wife of Romano?—Happy Romano!—My best beloved, may I never again behold thee—never gaze upon the loveliest of created beings? No, no, the ill-fated Rodolfo dare not behold the wife of Romano! Oh my—no, not my Camila!” In the

agony of hopeless affection, he continued to apostrophize the far-distant girl.—“ Oh, best beloved, I pity, more than pity thee! thy feelings must, if possible, exceed mine—thy agonized heart be torn more than my own! oh fatal, fatal love! I almost wish, dear Camila, that thou lovedst me not; yet how consolatory is that love to thy adoring Rodolfo! I cannot, forgive me, sweetest girl, I cannot wish thee not to love me! oh no, the very bliss, the very life of my existence is Camila's love!” He climbed the rocky acclivities, and strained his azure eye to follow the conde de Romano in his joyous haste, as though the sensible and anxious vision could pass through the distance that separated, or pierce the floating ether that veiled him from Camila.

The grand magnificence or beautiful simplicity of the surrounding scene made no impression upon the wretched St. Julian; the rocky turrets in bold sublimity overhung the restless ocean which beneath,

in angry roar, threw its briny spray against its stony barrier. The whitened foam caught the last beams of the setting sun, and glistened innumerable brilliants, while the silvery billow, crimsoned by the western brightness, seemed a rolling fire, and the gently-tossed bark ever and anon caught the glowing rays.

The vast and mighty ocean—immense expanse of waters, whose immeasurable distance the prying, inquiring eye would trace, did not the drapery of clouds, in pity to that weak though daring eye, veil it with their ethereal shade.

The aged and stately forests in extensive plains and rising hills in vain displayed their variegated foliage, mantling to the breeze; there the royal cedar spread her broad arms, the pensile beech edged the mountains, and entered the blue mists of floating vapour, or higher still the loftier pines crowned their aspiring heads, and waved their feathery branches in the purple curtains of the clouds.

In vain, to the absent eye of the love-stricken youth, presented its uberty the fruitful vale, scattered with the white cottages of the late happy peasantry, embosomed in odoriferous trees which mingled their blossomed dies with the green of the trembling foliage—the little hills here and there rose in verdured beauty, the myrtle-scented glens and floriferous plains were fertilized by the undulating waters of a river, which meandered its peaceful course through golden corn and waving blade, its pellucid waters reflecting the flocks and herds that cropped its banks, sometimes in narrow channel, arched with drooping verdure, or, as the broad lake, in wider bed it rolled the silvery waves.

The distant mountains in terrific grandeur reared their eternal snows that supplied their ever-flowing streams, which from nearer precipices rushed in continuous pour, tumbling their white foam in ireful fling down the sharp declivity, and in hoarse roar, in sullen wind, in howling,

rustling moan, which echoed through the winding caverns of the rocks, and in cadence wild and sad, wandered the pathless tract far secluded from the habitable world, yet awakened not the hopeless lover from his musing.

The magnificently wild scene, with its sonorous cataracts, at any other time would have filled the mind of St. Julian with awe, and excited a melancholy feeling, from which would have arisen devotional ardour to Him who created the snow-covered mountains, and the floweret that adorns the verdant hillock of the vale.

Troops were perpetually arriving to reinforce Palencia's army, to assist in the discipline of which daily engaged St. Julian, that he had not a moment to meditate upon his misery; but the retirement of night gave the wished-for leisure and range for meditation; then the mistress of his soul in all her loveliness would rise before his mental view; he again enjoyed those blissful sensations which overwhelmed his

bosom when her soft and tremulous voice, in broken sentences, made known her affection, and the mantling crimson, in deeper die upon her lovely cheek, portrayed her heart. Starting from his reverie of bliss, he sees this beauteous, this interesting being, the wife of Romano; and in an agony of love-fraught wo, would rush into the forest's thickening gloom—wander beside the briny flood, that, rolling its curling wave, dashed its cooling waters upon the love-torn wanderer.

The refreshing sprinkling, the saline breeze, the night's silvery calmness, would restore to his enervated mind its accustomed vigour. He beheld the greatness of the Supreme in the magnificence of the world of waters, the immensity of Him who gave the rolling waves their vast dominion—the immediacy of that almighty power that restrains their surgy mountains, their angry fury, and their tumultuous evagations with the pebbled strand—and beholding, he would adore—give

himself to his guidance—receive comfort, and again enjoy the serenitude of peace.

CHAPTER IX.

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THOUGH time to the desponding St. Julian moved heavily, and each successive hour brought but a continuity of wo, yet day succeeded day, week was added to week, and the months were fast numbering—and to the tranquil time passed easily; to the joyous it flew on “eagles’ wings,” and to-day appeared but the posting harbinger of to-morrow. Whether the conde de Romano found time as an idle loiterer, hovering over every foliaged branch or rocky peak that presented a resting-place—or as the hastening dove on her migration, with fast-sailing wing, nor allured by ease, nor interrupted by intervening impediments—speeding to her de-

sired asylum, his leave of absence was expired, and he was hourly expected at the rendezvous of armies.—“ Ah! he still lingers with his beauteous bride!” said the sorrowing St. Julian. “ Oh Camila!—oh, I dare not, dare not think!”

He saw the conde riding slowly towards the city: the contrast was striking to the joyous and quick pace in which, a few months before, he had quitted it: he drew near; he appeared pale and care-worn.—“ Good Heaven!” exclaimed Rodolfo, “ Camila is dead!” rushing from Romano: he had not gone far when he recollected the parting with Camila only might occasion his pallid appearance, and returned.

Ah, could he welcome the husband of Camila! Ashamed of the meanness of the thought, he held out his hand—“ How is—how is the condesa de—how is Camila?”

“ Not very well; she has been ill; but she is better—a vast deal better;” the tears straying down his cheeks.



St. Julian's fell fast, and his eyes besought, what language at that moment could not, a more explicit account.

"I cannot enter into particulars just now—I must see my father, and will seek you when I am more calm."

After a few hours rest the conde de Romano sought St. Julian, who was gone for his evening's ramble, which prevented him from seeing him till the ensuing morning. Rodolfo's meditation turned, as usual, upon Camila; her illness, he thought, was most probably occasioned by the affection she bore him. Unfortunate affection! She was now the wife of Romano—and what remained for him? misery beyond endurance: he was now entering into manhood, and what was the prospect of his future life? It was a gloomy chaos, without a tinct of joy, without a brightening bliss, and without a ray of hope. No endearing domestic tie to illumine the darkness, no sweetly-soothing affection to soften the hour of calamity, to smooth the care-

ruffled brow, to impart consolation to the sighing bosom, to tranquillize the tumultuously-beating heart.—“ And in the hour of sickness, where will be thy relief, Camila?—where will be the bosom that would have pillowed thy aching head?—where will be the anxious arms that would have supported thy drooping frame?—Ah! he that would have given the tenderest care, will be far, far from his Camila.”

But still Camila had a consoler in the condesa, a sympathizer in her maternal breast; and had she not an affectionate husband?—could she not repose on the bosom of her lord?—“ Oh Heaven! can she whose best affections are immersed in the heart of another, confide her griefs to the bosom for which she feels no sympathy, and to which she is as cold as the marble that environs the dead? Ah! she cannot—dear, dear Camila, she cannot. And have I seen thee, thou sweetest of human excellence, for the last time!—

must these eyes no more behold the being that taught them every soft and brightening beam?"

The morning found the solitary wanderer upon a craggy turret of a tremendous rock, from the spiral height of which fell a vast cataract, whose roaring, as the rolling thunder, appeared to shake the foundation. The white foam, in immense heaps, scattered the black or silvery surface, as its deep waters were shaded by the hanging cliff, or beams of light glanced upon its hurrying wave.

"My dear St. Julian," said the conde, "you look very ill; you must have had a great deal of fatigue in my absence—or what has disordered you?"

"I am not very well; I have not been well: you, my dear conde, look better after your repose; you appeared yesterday very much to need it. But how is—how are the De Arnos?"

"I left them very well: I am laden with remembrances to you, and letters

from the condesa and Medina; here they are," presenting the letters. "You can conceive, my dear St. Julian, the haste with which I pursued my journey, having in view, after the completion of it, the lovely Camila—the loveliest of human beings, to be mine for ever. On my arrival I found her rather unwell, which she had been for some time; she gradually became worse; and, instead of the happiness I expected, I had the misery to behold the lovely maiden I adored in languor, in sickness, and upon the verge of the grave. My dear friend, you cannot imagine my feelings: week after week passed by with little alteration. She slowly grew better—convalescence shone in her beautiful eyes, and played upon her more than transparent cheeks; and I expected in a short time to be the happy husband of Camila. But the conde represented to me, it would be better to serve another campaign first, and by that time, he hoped, the health of the lady San

Valos would be quite reestablished, and her usual animation returned.

“ I silently acquiesced, for I had nothing to urge but my affection against that which appeared so reasonable, though I would rather have had the nuptials then celebrated. The roses had not yet graced with their less evanescent colouring the cheeks of the pale Camila, though the animated expression, in her so eminent, had again brightened her angelic countenance. I continued to linger, though the expiration of my leave of absence made it necessary for me to hasten hither. I tore myself away—tore myself from the only being of whose bosom mine ever claimed affection. Oh, St. Julian! I thought when I before left De Arno I loved to the highest height of passion—I thought it was impossible for affection so ardent to know an increase; but it increases hourly; it is the very nutriment of my existence: though I feel, if this campaign should last very long, it will act contrariwise; it will no

longer be the fosterer, but the destroyer. There is nothing but the happiness in view could bear me through so many long, long months, as it will most likely be. If I should be again disappointed? I will not think of it—I will embrace hope as the brightener of every scene.

“The amiable condesa, during Camila’s illness, was nearly as ill as her beloved daughter; the conde was miserable, and the lively Medina lost all his vivacity; indeed every one appeared unhappy.

Rodolfo felt as a condemned wretch who receives a reprieve.—“Then Camila is not yet the wife of Romano!” and hope again lighted its fire in his late despairing bosom, again decked his brightened countenance with smiles.”

Skirmishes were almost unremittingly taking place at the outposts; but the main body of each army, by waiting the arrival and the concentrating of troops, appeared determined to give a decisive battle.

The duque de Castello returned: his

grace had called at the castle de Arno, on his way from the capital: he brought the acceptable intelligence of the lady San Valos's restoration to health.—“She is, if possible,” said the duque to Rodolfo, “more beautiful than ever; and hell and all its furies shall not prevent her from being my wife.”—Rodolfo shuddered.—“My military duties will not admit of it at present, but as soon as I can honourably sheath my sword, she is mine.

“The ladies were very much delighted with their respective visits; and lady Isabella informed me, though she had heard Romano's enthusiastic description and exalted praise, yet she was astonished at the supreme loveliness of the lady San Valos; and that she was most happy in her friendship. The elder ladies had previously frequently met, so were no strangers. The duquesa and the lady Isabella intend going to De Arno to congratulate the vizcondesa on her recovery.”

Every warrior was busily engaged in

preparing for the anticipated battle. They set forward and marched farther into the interior of the country, taking possession of the villages, and erecting posts of communication as they went along.

St. Julian had but little time to think of his passion, and of its hopelessness; though when the long shadows of evening brought repose to the world and to the turmoil of armies, he found the delicious moments of existence, and, wrapt in love's soft reverie, he forgot all, save the charms of his mistress, and that—the thought was chilling—another might possess them.

He entered a hanging wood, that overshadowed the camp, just as day was closing, to meditate, unmolested and unremittingly, on Camila. He strayed under the woofy foliage, through which a gleam of light scarcely entered. How apropos for the musings of a lover! he seated himself upon the jutting roots which seemed to form part of the ancient bole against which he leaned, when his cogitations



were interrupted by a not unmusical whistle, and which was not far distant, but it evidently approached. At length it ceased ; but it was succeeded by a pleasing and not ungentlemanly voice, singing in Spanish, with a good deal of pathos, a little amatory song ; but the singer was now stationary, and approximate to St. Julian's recess, and, perhaps like him, seated upon a natural and growing bench, from which ascended the support of the umbrageous canopy that shut out the light, and the gleamings of the full-orbed moon, which was rising in the reddest splendour, and with the most imposing magnificence. St. Julian felt to a painful degree the song of the soldier : the subject touched his heart, and a fellow-feeling interested him for the unseen, who performed the better perhaps imagining himself unheard.

" Alas ! the day that I from Madelin strayed,  
So says my Madelin too, I ween ;  
The glowing fantasies of glory fade,  
And nought but Madelin's charms are seen.

" The sunshine of her halcyon bluey eyes,  
That caught till then my wandering sight,  
Bade each tumultuary feeling rise,  
And quietude's dream for aye took flight.

" Her cheek most white, and as faintly glowing  
As the crimson, which blushing roses give  
To the modest, snowy one that's growing  
Beneath where the blushing roses live.

" Her pearly teeth —and oh, her coral lip !  
Around which a thousand dimples play,  
Whose bright and dewy fragrance I would sip  
The witching smiles of love—not bid me nay !

" And ah ! her eye of fire such spells can dart,  
That draw me to her—or bid me fly ;  
And every shaft doth enter deep my heart,  
And sendeth forth the trembling pleasing sigh.

" My Madelin, could I thy form behold !  
Again thy magic influence prove,  
To glory's charms my heart would then be cold,  
Thou—sole mistress of thy Enrique's love !"

The Spaniards came in sight of the numerous foe, who appeared as a cloud of

locusts with shining wings, to cover the far-extended plain and surrounding heights. Nor did the army of Spain exhibit a less beautiful appearance: the glistening armour of the chosen troops, the brazen morions and the glittering spears of the horsemen, the gleaming shields of the infantry, the breastplates of the cuirassiers, the half-armour of the archers, with their bows of polished steel, shone with a splendour so luminous and so gratifying, yet so astounding to the beholder, that awe was the result of the contemplation.

The armies had been in sight of each other for several days, and Palencia drew almost sufficiently near to engage; but it was late in the day, and he thought it would be better to rest his troops, and commence the action with the first dawn of the morning, and then he should have a lengthened day for his operations.

The conde de Romano had recovered his spirits; both he and St. Julian appeared to think of nothing but glory.

Ere the light had shewn its cheerful beam—ere it had shot its first ray, the troops were busily assembling, to be living or dying covered with glory. Those who should survive the action would be crowned with the immarcessible laurel—those who fell would receive the honourable distinction of dying as soldiers in defence of their country, and their memories would be cherished by every *amator patriæ*.

With strains of praise their voices meet the orient light; high ascend the awful sounds of adoration; the glowing tones of grateful love tremble on the distant gale; the rising notes strike the tops of the mountains; and the dying cadence winds the caverns of the rocks—they cease. All nature feels the momentary pause, and with the heart of man, sends forth its silent worship. Again the harmonious homage of the created is borne upon the wings of attendant seraphims to the celestial altars of thanksgiving, and ascends with the fragrant incense of acceptance before the throne of the Creator.

CHAPTER X.  
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THE troops had taken their morning repast; and at the drum's noisy rattle, and the trumpet's lengthened clangour, were seen hurrying from all parts of the camp to join their respective divisions. They were soon in martial order, and their firm and measured tread echoed in the mountains; the simultaneous rush of the numerous host was returned in tremulous moan by the waving forest; the clang of arms upon the polished armour, the prancing and the neighing of the delighted war-horses, reverberated through the quiet vale. The crimson rays of the awaking sun gleamed upon the glistening spears, as the armies took the field. The contending warriors presented a scene of cool courage and intrepidity, blended with high-

raised ardours for glory. They fought as if the world were then to be lost or won—they fought as men who were to ensure or to lose all that was dear to them—their wives, their children, their mistresses, their country, and their home—they were determined to die, or to live victors. The noonday sun blazed upon their bright armour, or scorched their uncovered limbs, and the toil of slaughter parched their lips with thirst; yet still their nervous arms wielded the blood-flowing weapons. The hardy battleaxe hewed in pieces the brazen armour, and laid the veteran with his bleeding fellows—the sabre's broad blade pierced the high-beating heart—the lengthened spear drank the life's warm blood, and the archer, from the height, pulled the tightened string, and with deadly aim buried the barbed arrow in the brave bosom of the soldier. The enemy gave way—the shout of the Spaniards filled them, for a moment, with dismay; rallying, they rushed with inconceivable rapidity and

force upon their foemen ; the thirsty earth drank the reeking blood. The contending foes, bleeding and exhausted, treading upon their dying comrades, who, the instant before fought by their side, join the lifeless mass. The reserve troops hasten into the field, and continue the human carnage. The day closed upon the horrifying scene, and compelled the few remaining warriors to cease the sanguinary work.

Beside a silvery brook, as the moonbeams gilded its peaceful waters, St. Julian, pulling off his helmet, washed his blood-stained hands, and bound with his handkerchief the bleeding wound which a foeman's sabre had made. Seating himself upon the turfy velvet, he loosened the silken scarf, the gift of Camila ; it was died with the life's crimson which his weapon had drawn from the veins of his foes.—“ Sweet remembrance of love,” he exclaimed, “ how art thou marred !—Camila must see the ensanguined memento that nerved

the arm of her Rodolfo when it relaxed, and gladdened his eye in the mortal strife! Ah, what do I say? . . . I must never behold the wife of Romano!—Will he not on the morrow's dawn set off in hasty flight to seal the bonds of union? Oh!—ah! I dare not think—my tumultuary heart rises in rebellion—I must calm these fierce emotions, or they will shake my fatigued frame to atoms;” throwing himself along the mossy ground.

He gained the victory over his feelings; and replacing the valued silk, drew from his bosom the golden emblem of redemption, pressed it to his lips, and, kneeling, poured forth his grateful praise to Him who had preserved him in the battle's rage from the fury of his enemies.

His horse had been killed early in the morning, and in the course of the day a second and a third met the same fate; the latter part of the engagement he fought on foot, as a horse at the instant was not to be procured; he was one of the last who quit-

ted the field, and pursued, with a few followers, a small party of the foe, which he succeeded in destroying.

It was on returning from this last slaughter of the prolengthened warfare that he sought the refreshing little stream. He rose to seek the camp; he had to pass the aceldama—he would rather have gone some happier way. The carnivorous wolves had begun their meal; their pleased yell or quarrelsome growl, joined with the screaming of the edacious war-birds, broke the silence of the evening. As Rodolfo drew near the heaps of slain, the miserable groans of the wounded struck his ear, and his bosom heaved with the best feelings of humanity as he slowly paced his weary way.

He stumbled over one of the unfortunate slain, who had fallen a short distance from his brethren in death; the sudden concussion caused a sighing groan. He half raised the body—the gleams of the brightening moon discovered a Spanish

officer; he loosened the armour, and taking off the helmet—"Good Heaven, Romano!" he affectionately embraced the cold, the inanimate Romano. He succeeded in freeing him from his armour, examined his bleeding wounds, and bound up their gaping orifices; he took him in his arms, and bore him to a little rising mound under a spreading tree, and again sought the lapsing stream, and in his casque conveyed some of its translucent waters to relieve the fainted conde. St. Julian bathed his pale visage, gently laved his pulseless temples, chafed his stiffened hands and feet, and poured a little of the cooling rivulet between his pallid lips. He had the happiness to see his exertions revive his friend. Stripping off his armour that he might the better assist him, he seated himself by his side, and taking him in his arms, he warmed his almost lifeless frame on his friendly bosom; and, as he supported upon his shoulder his drooping head, he thought not of rivalry, or of the husband

of Camila; he thought, he wished, but to restore his apparently dying friend.

The gathering darkness foretold the coming storm; the black and flying clouds passed and repassed the moon, which had lost her silvery hue; the presaging hustle of the breeze shook the forest's foliage—it trembled upon the bending branches, and all was still—silent as the whole of creation slept its last sleep, and dark—the obnubilated moon had ceased to give her light; the hurrying winds swept the mountain—the vale, and rent the ramous trees from the hills—the rushing gusts—the tempestuous windings careered afar; the lightnings darted their vivid flash through the murky atmosphere, and the distant thunder grumbled as it approached; the lightning's lengthened streams illuminated the scene of death; the shrieks of the vultures, the yells of the gorged wolves, the groans of the dying warriors, which were now distinctly heard, added to the frightful terrors of contending elements;

the rumbling of the distant thunders was lost in nearer and tremendous claps, that peal on peal rolled their sulphureous noise, which reverting in mournful and reiterating echoes, increased the wild and dismaying uproar; nor were the least awful the intervals of stillness and of darkness, save only when the streaming lightnings displayed the gory field of dying and of dead; the ghastly and disfigured countenances—the gaping wounds—the writhing bodies, appalled the sight and paralyzed the senses. The not-unmoved St. Julian pressed closer to his bosom the apparently-dying condé.

The tempest continued to rage with unabated fury till the light of the morning, which appeared to shock, by awakening the contending elements to their own tumult, and to affright, by presenting them with the ruin they had created, when their perturbation and rage subsided, and were succeeded by a calm whose stillness might be felt. And though the wrecks

of the storm's devastating ire were trophies of its destructive puissance and of the greatness of its ragings, yet the storm had now ceased; and was, in its quietude, as it had not been, and the sun with more than usual magnificence rose upon the scattered fragments of what yesterday smiled perfection.

St. Julian now placed the wounded conde upon the turf, and leaving him supported by the trunk of the sheltering tree, flew to the camp, and quickly returned with a litter, on which he assisted to remove him, and then attended him to his tent. He immediately sent for the most skilful surgeons, and, as soon as his lordship was a little recovered from the weakness arising from exertion on his removal, hastened to the marques, whom he found under the most distressing apprehensions respecting his son. With breathless impatience the father flew to his child: he found the surgeons examining the state of his wounds, and though he could not bear

the heart-rending sight, yet Rodolfo with difficulty prevailed upon him to quit the tent. The surgeons pronounced the wounds mortal, and which in a few days, most probably, would terminate the life of the conde.

The poor father needed consolation : his son so soon to be lost to him ! the pride of his heart—his only son, the son of the woman whose loss he had never ceased to deplore—the expected prop to his declining years—his solace when the snows of age would give their honourable distinction and bring their trembling cares, when the pleasures of life would lessen, and when the weakened frame and the worn heart would seek repose upon the bosom of filial affection.

St. Julian soothed the parent's sorrow, hushed his repinings, lamented his misery, and presented alleviations to the bitterness of misfortune. And he nursed the dying Romano, pillowed his aching head, supported his lacerated frame, administered

to his wants, assisted his helplessness, and raised his drooping spirits with the brightness of celestial hope.

In broken sentences the conde expressed his acknowledgments, and his affectionate regard for Rodolfo. And—"Oh Camila!" he breathed from his faithful bosom—"dearer to me than life! for I desired it but to spend it with thee: oh, but we may yet meet—meet in other realms, where there is no dying, no separation. Oh, Camila! will thy lovely eyes drop a tear?—will their radiance be dimmed for him whose last thought is thine? Yes, compassionate Camila, thy heart will mourn the death of him, whom in life thou couldst not receive into its recesses." He requested St. Julian to take the chain from his neck; pressing it with his pallid lips—"Present this dying remembrance of my affection to my soul's best beloved; tell her that the last breath of Romano breathed the dear name of Camila.—Will you, my dear father, as soon as my ready-

to-begone soul has quitted my dying body, permit St. Julian to bear my last memento to my beloved Camilá?"

"Ah! my dear son—my dear, dear Alfonso, any request of yours, be assured, shall be complied with. Is there any thing your father can do for you?"

"No," embracing him. "Adieu!—adieu, my dear father, till we meet where all is joy: do not weep; an eternal happiness awaits us. Adieu!—Adieu, dear St. Julian! my love, my best love, to—to—Camilá!"

The tears of Rodolfo mingled with the tears of the marques upon the now-extended and stiffening body of the so lately animated and blooming Romano, who so lately, with the elasticity and the uprightness of health and strength, shone in the brightness of manly beauty.

Oh, war, behold thy victim!—this is thy triumph! He who might have lived many years, and given delight around, now, in the morning of manhood, lies de-

spoiled—slain! his beauty marred, his graceful limbs mangled, his fair-proportioned body pierced and wounded. And yet this was the parent's consolation—“My son,” he exclaimed, “thou diedst in the moment of glory: thou foughtst as a lion to protect its fellows; thy hand was upraised in defence of thy country, to destroy her foes, to bring her peace. Thy path of glory was short, but it was bright; and the rays of thy fair fame shall enlighten thy memory, when the Palencias and the Romanos shall cease to be.”

CHAPTER XI.
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IN the dispatches to his sovereign the marques de Palencia again particularly mentioned the military talent, the never-to-be-subdued ardour, and the good conduct, of his young friend; he described, rather minutely, his numerous achievements, and with the sincerity of affectionate admiration, recommended him to his majesty's favour.

Rodolfo took a melancholy farewell of all that remained of his lifeless friend: he bade a sorrowful adieu to the marques, whose grief he had so largely participated, and from whom he received letters for the conde de Arno and for the lady San Valos. He would have delayed his journey that he might continue to console the marques, but he wished to comply as early

as possible with the conde's last request. The marques affectionately embraced him, while the tears of parental recollection bedewed his cheeks.

The worth of the deceased Romano had always been appreciated by San Julian; they had been friends from the first knowledge of each other; and he had no regrets, nothing to charge himself with, in respect to his treatment of him; for though Romano was his rival, he had ever behaved kindly to him, and he felt happy in the recollection.

He called at Castello. Isabella's eyes beamed with the tenderest delight at the sight of him; her tears of sensibility flowed for the death of the conde de Romano; and her gentle bosom heaved with thankfulness to Heaven for the safety of her brother, and of St. Julian.

The duquesa prevailed upon him to remain the night at the castle.—“We have not long been returned from De Arno,” said her grace, “and I expect shortly at Castello the condesa and the lovely lady San Valos.”

He made his adieu to the ladies before they retired, as he intended to resume his ride with the first smile of Aurora. When the turrets of De Arno rose upon his view his emotions increased, but the melancholy occasion of his beholding them stayed his rising feelings; yet he quickened his pace.

The conde de Arno surveyed him with one of those piercing, starting, yet melancholy looks, that had so often given him pain, and turned from him; but in a few moments he embraced him, and said, without any flutter of voice—"I am very glad to see you, my dear San Julian—where is Romano?"

The straying tear almost betrayed its meaning. St. Julian had outstripped rumour's hasty wing; the conde had heard nothing of the engagement.—"We have had, it was hoped, a decisive battle; but I fear not, though the armies were extremely numerous, and they are on both sides nearly annihilated. Among those who fell, we have to regret of your lord-

ship's friends, the duque de Ubeda, the marques de Segovia, the condes Castanar, Avila, and Tudela, the dons Villarino, Toro, Xauva, and Molina, and, not the least in estimation that I have the pain of naming, is our dear conde de Romano," his tears fast falling: in vain he brushed them aside—they would still flow.

"Poor, poor Romano!" exclaimed the conde, half choked with emotion, and pacing the room in disordered step—"poor, poor Romano! How is the marques?"

"Very wretched: I am the bearer of a letter from him."

The conde took the letter, and, resting his eyes upon it, turned it over and over, as fearing to read the feelings of a father, grieving for the loss of an only and darling child, and placed it in his bosom. Again embracing him, he said—"We must be thankful, that in the great slaughter you were spared to us."

St. Julian wished to find the lady San Valos alone: she was with the condesa

and the vizconde. They received him with heightened pleasure, as he was unexpected: he informed them of his six months' leave of absence (Camila looked fearfully round, expecting Romano), of the late desperate battle, and of the great number that were slain. The ladies, shuddering, returned their silent, though grateful thanks to Heaven, that San Julian had escaped the dreadful carnage. He continued with the account of the death of their numerous friends and persons of rank with whom they were acquainted.—“And now, my dear condesa,” the tears starting into his dark blue eyes, “have I to fill up the fatal list with the name of him we must all lament—the conde de Romano.” He flew to the fainting Camila, kissed her fair forehead, her pale cheek.

Restoratives were administered, and she soon became reanimated. While weeping for Romano, whom she sincerely deplored, she with fervour embraced St. Julian—

“You, my dear Rodolfo, are preserved!”

The lady de Arno, almost as much affected as Camila, embraced him repeatedly; weeping for the fate of the conde, and rejoicing that the beloved son of her adoption was safe. And the sorrowing Medina forgot not in the midst of his grief to express his gratitude for the escape of his friend.—“You shall tell us, my dear Rodolfo, all about the battle to-morrow, for you must be very fatigued after so hasty a journey. How happy I am you are among us! but,” smiling, “have you no little wound to tell you were busy?”

“Do not be too inquisitive, my lord, I beseech you.”

“Oh then, you have!—do inform us of the martial honour.”

“I was just now too fatigued.”

Camila’s trembling limbs could hardly support her as she arose and crossed towards Rodolfo: she leaned upon the back of his seat, as she made the inquiry if he were really wounded.

“ My dear Camila, you see that I have not received much injury, or how came I here?” He embraced her, and reseating her, seated himself by her side, and resumed with—“ I saw on my way the ladies de Castello, from whom I have the honour to present the kindest remembrances; they are in excellent health, and expect you, my dear ladies, at an early period.”

“ I very much admire Isabella,” said the condesa; “ she is very lovely, very like her mother, and a softened resemblance of her brother: she is very superior to most women; her accomplishments are of the first order, and she is altogether, both in her person and in her attainments, very striking.”

“ She very much admires you, my lord;” Medina reddened—“ and, with the duquesa, pleasingly entertained me with what I already knew, though their language gave fresh interest to it, your excellent soldiership, and the good figure



you made on the day of the tournament." St. Julian sighed as he remembered the generous gaiety of Romano.

"I am extremely obliged to the ladies: I know not two whom I so much admire, excepting my own dear mamma, and my own dear Camila.—Have you again lost your horse, St. Julian?"

"Yes; but you were not to hear any thing till to-morrow."

"I regret that you have lost that beautiful animal," said the condesa: "poor fellow! he expected not so early a dissolution. And the unfortunate Romano—he returns every moment to my imagination." Her tears, accompanied with Camila's, again flowed for the conde.—"His father," resumed her ladyship, "must be exceedingly wretched; how did you leave him?"

"Tolerably resigned; he grieved as a parent—but he bore his misfortune as a soldier and as a Christian."

"Did Romano die in the field?"

"No; he lived four days: he died very composedly."

The whole of the party now silently wept. The vizconde broke the silence with—"Dear, dear Romano makes us all sad. I endeavoured not to think of him, and spoke of any thing to brighten our spirits; but, my dear condesa, you have again given them a melancholy hue. Shall we take a drive, or will you prefer riding?"

"My dear," said his mother, "San Julian is too fatigued."

"Indeed I am not; I shall be most happy to attend you."

"Then we will have the horses."

The conde joined them in their ride; and Medina's vivacity, which he purposely put on, communicated something of gaiety to the party, that momentarily dissipated the appearance of sorrow.

St. Julian put off till the ensuing day fulfilling the request of the conde de Romano. Camila was drawing from the harp sounds harmonious when he entered; she rose; leading her to a seat—"My dearest

Camila, I have a letter from the marques de Palencia to present to you: I refrained doing so yesterday, thinking it might be too much for your spirits. Our dear friend, Romano, whom I know you esteemed for his many virtues, and very excellent qualities, wished me to present to you this golden token of his dying remembrance, and to assure you of his ardent affection to the latest moment of his existence; that his last sigh heaved for, and his last breath expired, Camila."

He had to support the weeping, the distressed Camila: his tears would flow, though he wished to control them, and to console the agitated girl, who had admired, esteemed, and loved Romano as a brother, though she could not give him her heart's best affections—they were Rodolfo's.

When her tears would permit, she attempted to read the marques's letter: it added so much to her grief, that she was obliged to give up the intention to a more calm moment.

He described, in melancholy but glowing language, the distress he felt for the death of his son—that son's love for Camila—the domestic happiness he had expected him to enjoy as her husband—the felicity himself should have experienced in their union; and though Heaven had prevented it, he would ever consider her as his daughter. Again he portrayed his grief for his son, his irretrievable loss, his hopelessness; and in the most parentally-affectionate terms concluded his heart-rending letter.

Camila found relief to her feelings in retirement; in the loneliness of solitude she calmed her emotions; and when sufficiently recovered, she sought her mother to repose her inquietude in her maternal bosom.

The condesa entered into all the griefs, the sorrows, the uneasinesses of her child; and by her consoling endearments would gently chase them away, as the mild and first rays of the sun disperse the dews of the morning.

CHAPTER XII.  
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RODOLFO and Camila enjoyed all the reality of magic bliss. Love, the refiner of human joys, the heightener of terrestrial felicity, strewed with roses their pleasurable path—his softest zephyr breathed its fragrance. To-day's delights are sureties of to-morrow's joys. They stroll in flowery fields, where breezy gales waft peace, and silvery waters murmur affection's song; they stroll in blooming gardens of budding sweets, that promise never-fading blossoms.

“ My dear Camila, I am the happiest of happy beings: and can this happiness have an increase? Yet, my own Camila, I would call thee indeed mine!—I would call thee irrevocably mine!—I would have our destinies united!—I would silence the

fears of the lover in the protecting power of the husband. The duque de Castello loves the lady San Valos, and he is fiercely determined to call her his; and will he not have the conde de Arno's sanction? He will force the unwilling Camila to be the wife of Castello. Oh, Camila, the thought is death! Will you not then—will you not consent to be united to your Rodolfo for ever?" He kissed each snowy hand, he kissed each lovely finger, and bedewed them with his tears.—"Speak, dearest Camila!—consent to be the wife of him who, you are convinced, adores you—who asks but this blessing to crown his joys, to seal his felicities, to realize his highest hopes! Must I then lose you for ever? Must I again endure those excruciating tortures? Oh, Camila!—yes, most assuredly will the duque de Castello be the husband of Camila!"

"Oh no, no! But can I unite myself, even with Rodolfo, without the consent of my parents? Can I, dare I rush from the

path of duty? Oh, Rodolfo! can any thing but misery be the fruit of a union that has not the enlivening smile of parental consent—that has not the enlivening approval of a parent? Alas! I cannot, cannot approach the altar, even with my beloved Rodolfo, without my father's presence. Unhallowed would be the sacred ceremony, unless the authors of my being gave their sanctifying benediction."

"My beloved Camila, I will not attempt to persuade—you must ever be the pure, the spotless, the perfect Camila. But what will become of the wretched, wretched Rodolfo? Ah! why was not mine Romano's fate? Yes—yes, I will seek my annihilation in the field of carnage—I will welcome the weapons of foes. Oh, weep not, dearest Camila; your tears unman me. I will now, even now, bid you an eternal adieu. Can I behold you the wife of Castelló? Ah! and can I tear myself from her who is my only felicity—can I tear myself from my own Camila! Oh,

Camila, I cannot—you are my sweetest joy, my fairest hope! I live in your vivifying influence, and can I go to voluntary extinction? Oh no!—to breathe the same air, to partake of, to dwell in the smile of Camila, is bliss! Oh then, cease those soul-harrowing tears, and bless thy Rodolfo with thy peaceful smiles, and he will, he will be happy!"

They were interrupted by the arrival of a messenger from Madrid, with a packet for the conde de Arno, and one for Rodolfo. That for Rodolfo contained the Order of San Michael for his most praiseworthy exertions in the second engagement; and for those of the third, the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Jago, with a commendation in the autograph of his majesty.

Rodolfo's flushed cheeks and beating heart evidenced his pleasure. He set off in high spirits for the capital to kiss hands. The monarch received him with all that urbanity and friendliness for which he was

celebrated ; and Rodolfo hastened to rejoin his beloved Camila, with whom he could remain but for a few days only, as he had promised a visit to a young military friend.

It was a fine morning in spring ; the dewdrops hung upon the wild brier, which exhaled its fragrance—the grey mists were fast fleeting before the golden rays, that shot obliquely from the hills and gladdened the smiling vale ; the pleasing roar of the distant waterfall—the crow of the early bird—the hum of insects awakening into life with the enlivening beam of the morning—the low of the grateful kine, whose full udders repay their owner's care—the bleating of the fleecy flocks, which were quitting their folds for the extensive downs, whose verdant sward was purpled with the soft-scented wild thyme—the morning carol of the winged inhabitants of the odoriferous grove—the harmonious whistle, or the touching melody of the matin hymn, of the peasant, who was pursuing the path

to his daily toil, soothed the mind of Rodolfo as he set forward on his journey to the castle de Ubeda.

Camila would now and then intrude her fair form and ruffle his tranquillity; but he soon regained his serenity. All nature rejoicing in the early hour, in the return of good, in softened cadence, in mildest symphonies, or in silent exhalations, presented their grateful adorations to Him who giveth! and could Rodolfo alone not feel the sacred influence?

He reposed the night (if that could be called repose which was totally divested of quiet) in San B——, a noble and magnificent city, whose ancient edifices bespoke its prolengthened greatness. The architectural decorations, the splendid materials, and the beautiful workmanship of the temples and palaces, of the theatres and other public buildings, and the richly-endowed convents, proclaimed its former grandeur and present splendour. Rodolfo had long since received a melancholy

pleasure in viewing these vestiges and entire beauties of past ages, in examining the fair proportion and exquisite beauty of the statues, and bass-relief embellishments, the glowing colours of the still-perfect tints which exceeded the blooming petals of oriental growth, the golden rays of the morning, and the crimson fires of the evening brightness.

The western beams of the declining sun were gilding the towers of San B——, when Rodolfo drew near the gates of the city. The rurality of the peaceful scene around, where nature in sweet and variegated charms undisputed reigned, formed a pleasing contrast to the busy scene, where man, and the art of man, held empire. The momentary placid veil of twilight was succeeded by the mantle of darkness, and the blazing torches in vivid glare lighted the city as Rodolfo and his attendants entered the inn.

His evening repast being ended, he joined some travellers who were relieving

their fatigue with cheerful conversation, and drowning it in the exhilarating draught. Rodolfo became the only weary one of the party; but his weariness was not of body—he wished to think of Camila, and conversation oppressed him. He went into the street; the bustle did not agree with his wished-for quiet; the citizens were everywhere hastening to amusements that presented themselves in every quarter of the city. Public amusements did not at that moment accord with his frame of mind—he wished to meditate upon Camila, the beloved Camila! yet the inn appeared overflowing with people—not a sequestered spot was to be seen where quietude could be found; and at length he determined upon going to the theatre.

The duquesa de Tarragona, who was in her private box, soon beheld the beautiful and the magnificently-attired Rodolfo. Her grace was an admirer of beauty, and had never been considered scrupulous of

gratifying her admiration. She sent him an invitation to her box : he entered ; a nearer view more than confirmed the expectation of the duquesa ; she gazed till the rising blushes of Rodolfo recalled her to reason. Presenting to him her lovely hand—"How long have you been in San B——?"

"I arrived this evening."

"And what is the rank of the youthful, the fascinating stranger?"

Again the duquesa brought the crimson to Rodolfo's cheeks ; but it was at the remembrance of the cottage of his parents.

"Colonel St. Julian claims no title, no rank, but military—the most honourable to a soldier ; he bears no honours but those his weapon has gained ;" pointing to his orders, and bowing to the duquesa.

"They are distinctions, my young friend, the most flattering, and far exceed the adventitious ones of birth. You will sup with me?" said the beautiful duquesa, as Rodolfo attended her to her carriage.

“ Pardon me, I must bid you adieu.”

“ You will spend some weeks with me ere you join the marques de Palencia—I shall be at the castillo de Tarragona in a few days.” He bowed. “ I cannot admit of a denial—I shall expect you.”

Again bowing—“ Good evening, duquesa !”

“ Adieu, my dear friend !”

Solitary and alone, Rodolfo paced his extensive apartment at the inn, now and then amused with the apparently-busy groupes which the suspended lamps displayed upon the historic tapestry that graced the walls. He soon grew fatigued with viewing and reviewing the same figures in the same attitudes—in the same situations; and though his eye still glanced upon the figures as he stepped the lengthened pavement, yet his introverted sight beheld Camila in all her imposing beauty—in all her magic loveliness. He drew from his bosom her miniature set in brilliants, pendent from a chain of gold ex-

quisitely wrought: he had but lately possessed this inestimable treasure.

The artist had again been portraying, in tints of lively representation, the resemblance of the beautiful Camila, to grace the family portraits, and to place with the younger similitudes of the lovely original. Rodolfo employed the artist, at the same time, to execute a miniature of Camila, and one of himself which he had similarly set, and which he presented to his fair mistress. He impressed his impassioned lips to the blooming ivory, and apostrophized it with a lover's ardour, while his quick-beating heart responsively throbbed to the glowing language.—“ Shall I ever call you mine?” he mentally said. “ Ah no!—I ought not, though I cannot cease, to hope for such excellence. But for the angel Camila to be the wife of Castello, is more than either of us could bear; yes, sweet Camila, thy softness could not endure the fierce, the haughty Castello.”

When the servant came to say the

horses were ready, Rodolfo was still agitatedly pacing the apartment. Vaulting on his saddle, ere the dawn of the morning had banished the twilight of night, he was some leagues on his way when the glorious luminary of the east, rising in its magnificence, gave light and life to every object of the romantically wild scene which met his enthusiastic gaze, and in which nature displayed her varied graces.

There waved in verdant pride the majestic and extensive forests; in bold sublimity the craggy rocks overhung the curling billows of the broad lake, and immane trees laved their pensile branches in the ruffled waves; the luxuriant simplicity of the turfy plain graced with odoriferous shrubs and more dwarfy plants, shaded by scattered clumps of tall trees, whose wide-spreading branches and lofty heads were clothed with variegated tincts. Then would the varying landscape assume an appearance so wild, so rude, that one would imagine that the foot of man had

not pressed its waving blade, or imprinted its glittering sand. The granite arch formed the natural bridge over the black and deep pool; and the wild foliage of rock-plants decked the cliffy sides of the precipice which walled the watery ravine. Again the changing scenery presented the blooming glen, where the eglantine put forth its sweetness, the honeysuckle climbed the snowy acacia, and the traveller's-joy twined the drooping branches of the lilac; the rose tinged with the morning's faintest blush, or with the crimson of the western ray, overhung the lily of the vale; the creeping vinca in azure brightness wound its mazy way through intervening stems, played around the grassy spires, and mantled the mossy sod.

CHAPTER XIII.
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RODOLFO in martial playfulness sounded the winding bugle at the massy gates of the castle de Ubeda. His friend returned the well-known sounds, and greeted with affectionate welcome the beloved Rodolfo, who spent fourteen days in rural sports, in manly exercises, and in gay amusements. The minstrel tuned his harp to victory's song, or the legendary lay, that gave in glowing colours the history of the house of Ubeda. In the lively dance, Rodolfo's graceful step and animated beauty would call forth expressions of admiration from those lovely beings who rule the destiny of man. Rodolfo was accompanied by his friend during the first day's ride. Early on the following morning they bade farewell; the marques de Ubeda returned

to his castle, and Rodolfo pursued his journey.

The beauty of the evening and the picturesque scenery, brought their calm delights: the gently-waving foliage reflected the rays of the setting sun, which gave to the wild scenes of nature a stronger colouring ere they sunk into repose; the azure veil, as the spirit of celestial peace, encircling the mountains, mildly inspired the heart with sublime ideas, and excluded the busy world from its meditations. The hills, here and there crowned with the turrets of a stately castle—the immense cataracts glistening in the western ray—the nearer scene so luxuriant in native beauties—the glowing and variegated petals of forest-flowers that decked the glade—the dwarfly shrubs, clothed in never-fading verdure, wafting their fragrance—the odorous effluvia of the lemon and the orange borne upon the vesper-breeze—and, in forest pride, the majestic trees, in proud preeminence rising above their

lowly brethren, gave a charm so chaste, so heart-soothing, that one might imagine these mild excitements to softened feeling produced a healing so efficacious, that it repaired—restored all that was mental in man, which his irritability, his passions, his violent emotions, had raised beyond the just tone, had enervated—dilacerated. At least St. Julian found the balm as of Gilead—the refreshing as of Hermon's spreading dews—and the delicious inspiration of celestial delight as of the aromatic breezes of Mount Carmel, that floated their sacred invigoration around the holy head of the opposer of Baal, the favoured inheritor of the spirit-gifted mantle of the translated Elijah.

Rodolfo admired the terrific boldness of the scene, as he rode upon the perilous edge of the rock that overhung a river, which, in angry swell, fretted along its rough and pebbled bed, and in fierce and surgy roar flowed over the uneven points. Tufts of rock-flowers adorned the hirsute

walls of the precipice, brightening tints of various moss attired its craggy peaks, and the stone-crop in chainy dangle gilded its rugged granite; from its rude battlements pendent trees shaded the narrow path, and entangled the traveller in their pliant branches. Nature again exhibited her milder decorations: here the traveller feared not that one false step would precipitate him from the craggy cliff into the yawning gulf below: all was peaceful simplicity, and he felt the serenity that reigned around.

The melodious pipe of the shepherd, the evening song of the cheerful birds, gave life to the rural solitude, and enlivened the placid stillness. The flowerets of the verdant glade in fragrant odours breathed their grateful pæans to Him, who, for their refreshing, gently sheds the evening dews—those dews in softest exhalations respired his glory—the lucid foliage of the grove in gentlest undulations waved his praise—the romantic glens and

lonely dells breathed their silent homage—the towering hills, though nor voice nor sound echoed in the watery cavern, yet, soft and still, they sang his greatness, who clothes their rising slopes and lofty pinnacles in verdure's brightest vest.

Rodolfo's heart ascended with nature's vesper-hymn, whose hallowed symphonies all creation joined. On a sudden he heard the clash of arms: he hastened his generous steed; recollecting he might need the assistance of his servants, he turned to quicken their pace. They were not in sight: he awaited not their approach, but flew, as the lightning's electric stream: a sudden turn in the road discovered some horsemen engaged in mortal strife: two had fallen to the ground, and the four who had dispatched them rode forward to attack one only. Rodolfo speeded his almost-flying courser, at the same time drawing his weapon to prevent the unequal engagement.—“Good Heaven! the conde de Arno!” and he plunged his sabre

into the heart of one of the desperadoes, who immediately fell, and placed himself before the conde. The lawless wretches fought fiercely. Rodolfo sent another to join his fallen fellow. The two remaining miscreants were desperate. Rodolfo's cool skill directed his hardy weapon; a third met the ground: he had now only one to encounter, who seemed determined not easily to part with life; the contest became more than severe, but the wounded Rodolfo shrunk not, and his glittering steel drank the lifeblood of the remaining bandit, whose savage soul had stamped his blood-stained visage with murderous ferocity, and whose strength and skill had rendered him no weak foe.

"Oh St. Julian, can I ever sufficiently acknowledge this needful kindness!—what do I not owe you!"

"Nothing, my dear lord: am I not indebted to you for every thing?"

"Oh! oh!—no," groaned the conde, hiding his face with both his hands.

Rodolfo sighed.—“What shall we do with these bodies, my lord? Oh! here are my servants.—Do either of you know of a cottage—a hut of any description, within a short distance?”

They answered in the negative.

“Ride round, as quickly as you can, and seek a place to which these wounded men may be conveyed.”

He attempted to raise the conde’s attendants: they were perfectly dead; and three of the banditti he was convinced were so; he could not determine upon the other.

“I fear you are badly wounded,” said the conde, anxiously.

“I think not.”

“What can we do with you, my dear Rodolfo?”

“Nothing, my lord, I thank you: I wish to have these bodies removed, and then we will continue our journey.”

“I slept at San B—— the evening before the last; I left my friend the duque



de San Sebastian this morning. I was riding pretty briskly, intending to enter B—— before dark, when these miscreants came, riding furiously, out of the road to the left (which I had fortunately just passed), and attacked my servants; I was making to their assistance, but it was in vain, for they had dispatched them, and were coming to me for the same purpose, when you providentially came up, and saved me from a fate so hideous;" again gratefully embracing him.

"You are wounded, my dear conde?"

"Yes, slightly."

"Will you allow me to bind the bleeding orifice?"

The conde gave him his handkerchief for the purpose, and St. Julian filleted his arm.

The grooms returned with three or four men to remove the bodies.—"These fellows," said one of the peasants, "have been a terror to these parts for a long time: I am glad to see them in this state."

“So am’ I,” replied Rodolfo; “but I am very sorry the conde de Arno’s servants were their victims.”

“Yes, that is a sad thing; but I hope all the banditti are here.”

“I hope so,” said the conde: “you will take care they are all properly interred; and be very particular that my servants, poor fellows! have a respectable Christian burial.”

“Yes—oh yes, I will take care of that, my lord; I will see father Toledo about it directly.”

Rodolfo again examined the bodies, particularly the one he doubted of being dead. They were all certainly dead. He sighed over the conde’s unfortunate attendants, and though so in vain, he could not help wishing he had been in time to prevent a fate so deplorable. He gave the peasants some gold to remunerate them for their trouble, and to pay the expence of burial.—“We will give them the horses of the banditti, my lord; and yours my

servants can lead. And now, if your lordship pleases, we will make the best of our way to B——," mounting his horse.

The exercise opening his wounds, or increasing the blood's circulation, caused them to bleed profusely.—"I would stanch the blood," stopping his horse—"I am losing it very fast."

He dismounted, put a folded handkerchief to his side, and bound his scarf tight round him; and, simply binding a handkerchief round his arm, remounted. He urged his steed to its swiftest pace, fearing he might lose too much blood: the conde too might need assistance.

Night's sudden darkness enveloped them in its gloom, and compelled them to slacken their pace.—"We cannot be far from the city; I think this is the last winding of the road. How do you find yourself, my lord?"

"I feel my wound but little: I am more anxious for you than for myself."

"I am doing very well, my dear conde,

and wish you not to be anxious about wounds so slight and of so little consequence. There is the city!"

"Yes: I welcome the blazing torches; I feared you were deceived in the expected short distance, but they assure me we shall reach the city in a quarter of an hour."

They entered the gates of San B——, and dismounted at the inn with pleasurable emotions, happy in the anticipation of rest and security.

Surgical assistance was immediately procured: the conde's wound was examined, and pronounced, as he had said, but slight. The wound in Rodolfo's arm, though a bad one, was not considered dangerous. The surgeons could not pronounce so decidedly upon the one in his side; it was wide and deep, and at present gave cause for anxiety.

In the morning the conde, though distressed to leave Rodolfo, of whom his medical attendants absolutely forbade the re-

moval, took an affectionate farewell, as he was convinced the condesa, if he remained, would be alarmed at his absence.

The conde de Arno, knowing the affectionate solicitude of his wife, when in view of the castle, put on his cloak to conceal his sling-suspended arm. He embraced the condesa and lady San Valos with his usual tenderness after an absence, and conversed with his accustomed cheerfulness, perhaps a little heightened.

"Will you not have your cloak taken off, my lord?" inquired the condesa, commanding a servant to take it.

"I have a little mystery under my cloak, which you, my dear condesa, and Camila, shall attempt to fathom."

"I cannot imagine the mystery," said Camila.

"Nor I; but I will assist you to take off the mantle," said the condesa, rising for the purpose.

"I thank you, I do not need two such lovely attendants."

"I will assist you, my lord," said Medina.

"You are very good—but I must first explain my mystery. Yester-evening, I slightly, very slightly, as you may all be convinced from my good health and spirits, injured my arm; but I knew the tenderness of your ladyship," embracing his wife, "and of the gentle Camila, and I concealed the bandage, or you might have imagined something serious.—Now, Medina, you may assist me off with the concealment."

The ladies anxiously viewed the arm, and were satisfied with the conde's assurances, as he appeared so perfectly well.

"Colonel St. Julian overtaking me by the way, was with me at the time of the accident; his arm is a little worse than mine, but the surgeons assure me the wound cannot be considered in the least dangerous."

Poor Camila could not make an inquiry—her heart sickened.

The condesa perceiving her varying countenance and quick breathing—"My love, the conde avers St. Julian's wound is not to be feared; we will not then be so perverse as to imagine otherwise, when by so doing we shall make ourselves miserable: on the contrary, we will be grateful for his and the conde's preservation, and cheerfully trust for the healing of their wounds to that Protector who has hitherto preserved them."

"Where is Rodolfo, my lord?" inquired the vizconde.

"At San B——: he very much wished to return with me, but I thought the exercise might inflame the wound, and would not permit him."

"I will ride and see how he is, and he can return, if able, with me to-morrow;" desiring an attendant to order the horses.

"It will soon be dark; you cannot arrive at B—— to-night."

"I will rest at the village of L—— in the evening darkness, and I shall be at

**B——** a little after midnight—that is, early in the morning.”

“ I do not see any occasion,” replied the conde, stifling his fears for Rodolfo, “ for your going this evening : if you wish to see St. Julian, you can set off early in the morning.”

“ As you please, my lord. Will you favour us by accounting for your wound ?”

“ I will at present defer the recital.— You look pale, my dear Camila ; there is nothing to alarm, be assured.”



CHAPTER XIV.  
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"My dear St. Julian," said the vizconde Medina, entering the room on his arrival at San B——, "how are you? Good Heaven! thus pillowed up, and so pale! My father informed me of the wound in your side, and how ill you were; but I expected to find you better, my dear friend;" embracing him.

"I am better, my dear Enrique, and obliged to you for your solicitude. How is the conde?—how are the ladies?"

The conde's wound appears to trouble him but little: the condesa and Camila are very anxious about you—too anxious for their own quiet."—St. Julian sighed. —"I have to thank you, my dear Rodolfo, for the life of my father!" again embracing him; "I can never repay the obligation."

“ My dear lord, do I not owe every thing to your father? Be convinced, I can never repay a thousandth part of the kindness I owe him.”

“ The conde de Arno charged me to send a messenger in the morning with an account of your health, to ease their fears. Your men, who attended the conde, returned with me; one of them can be charged with the information to the castle.”

“ Why will you not return, my lord? I cannot think of your lordship remaining in the solitude of this chamber.”

“ Certainly I shall not quit you.”

“ I am obliged to be confined; there is no necessity for you; on the contrary, every reason that you should not.”

“ I am determined, my dear Rodolfo.”

“ I hope not: will not the lady San Valos—will not the condesa, be better satisfied with your lordship's account,—with seeing you?”

“ Then I shall return the next day.”

“ Why should you so unnecessarily

trouble yourself? I insist, my lord, upon your remaining at De Arno; and to prevent any uneasiness which might arise, a messenger shall be daily dispatched with the state of my health."

"I shall certainly not; but I will, as you much wish it, return to De Arno in the morning, and that is all I will promise you."

The surgeons entered: after their inquiries and examination of the wounds, the vizconde privately sought their opinion of their patient.

"We do not apprehend much danger from the arm, my lord; but the wound in the side is most assuredly very doubtful: we cannot answer for the consequence—it is more than probable it may terminate fatally."

Sighing—"Are you apprehensive the danger may be immediate?"

"Not immediate—a few days, perhaps, may confirm our hopes, or realize our fears."

The affectionate Medina could not feel satisfied with leaving his friend in so much danger, and when life was so precarious: but Rodolfo seemed so desirous of his quitting him, that he feared too much opposition might eventually injure him; and he departed, though he could not suppress his emotion, or conceal his fears, when he bade him farewell.

His mother, his sister, the conde, were eager to hear, though fearing his tidings. —“ St. Julian considers himself better; he sends his assurance that he is so; and begs you not to be alarmed, for in a few days he hopes to be with you.” When not restrained by the presence of the ladies, he informed the conde of the surgeons’ opinion.

“ We will not say any thing of our fears,” said the conde, “ for the condesa is already very uneasy; and Camila’s swollen eyes and pale cheeks betray her emotion and her alarm. I will ride over with you to-morrow, and return the following day, if he be, as I hope he is, no worse.”

They found him still in a doubtful state, of which Rodolfo had all along been convinced, though he was very careful not to hint it. His mind had dwelt continually upon Camila, though he durst not express his thoughts either to the conde or to Medina: and when the conde took leave of him—"Present my kindest wishes to the ladies," was all he ventured to say, though Camila trembled upon his lips. The resemblance of her who possessed his affectionate regards was his only solace; he would gaze upon it till it was no longer visible for his tears; then, pressing the beautiful inanimate to his lips, replace it in his bosom.

The solicitous Camila watched the return of the conde de Arno, in the hope that he would bring relief to her fears. Her apprehensions were every hour more alarming; and when alone, she gave way to her terrors and her grief, indulging in the luxury of weeping, uncontrolled and unobserved.—"Rodolfo was certainly in

danger," she thought, "or why not come home?—he could travel very easily, and without danger, she should imagine, if the wound were only in his arm, without that arm was very much lacerated. Good Heaven! perhaps an amputation had taken place, and at that moment he——" A sudden chilliness pervaded her frame—a salutary shower of tears relieved her. She imparted the terrific idea to the condesa, who attempted to console her, though she herself needed consolation. She too had been weeping, for—"Had it not been for Rodolfo, she would now have to mourn the loss of her beloved husband! What then did she not owe the kind, the courageous St. Julian, who had saved the life of the conde, perhaps at the expence of his own!"

Camila flew towards her father as he entered the room—"Dear papa—alone?"

"Yes."

She burst into tears: she would have requested to behold the wounded St. Julian, but love restrained her tongue.—

"Oh my foolish heart!" she mentally exclaimed, "what a tyrant is love! if it were Medina who was ill, should I cease to importune till I had prevailed? Oh, Rodolfo, am I so timid for you?"

"I am the bearer of colonel St. Julian's best regards to you, my beloved condesa, and my dear Camila; and he entreats you not to be uneasy, for he is, assuredly, no worse."

"But is he no better?" inquired the condesa.

"He says he is better."

"Says he only so?"

"I do not know: I think, my love he is better."

"I wish, my lord, you would favour me by permitting me and Camila to visit him; we could reach B—— to-morrow, remain there one day, and return the following: the seeing him would be a relief to me, as, probably, my fears are groundless, or outstrip the reality of the danger."

“ You must have been long convinced, my dear condesa, that my first consideration, in every thing, is your ladyship's comfort. I do not think in this instance the gratification of your wish would promote it. A room of pain and sickness—the paleness of death overspread the beautiful countenance of Camila—“ is not proper for either of you ; and I would not that you should be in it.”

A messenger daily arrived, with—“ Colonel St. Julian is better,” to the condesa and the lady San Valos ; but to the conde, “ his fate is still doubtful.”

Camila had been for some time aware of the dangerous state of Rodolfo, and the longer she dwelt upon the distressing subject, the more uneasy she became. She neglected her accustomed occupations and amusements ; and her appearance betrayed how deeply she felt. Her pale countenance bereaved of its smiles, trembling limbs, and tremulous voice, alarmed the condesa.—“ My dear Camila, you must

not thus resign yourself to grief: I have always thought highly of your fortitude, and considered myself happy in your self-command; let me not then, in this instance, be disappointed. Only think of the horrible consequence that might have been; though Rodolfo is dear, yet surely you would sooner have your father spared. We had better mourn St. Julian than the conde de Arno: and perhaps we are needlessly grieving, except for St. Julian's present confinement; he may very soon recover—I trust he will. I must equally with you feel for colonel St. Julian: is he not as dear to me? yet, my love, you do not see me give way to sorrow; you do not see me nourish a grief that would undermine my health. Then exert yourself, my child; it is your duty (and I am sorry that you have forgotten it) to bear unavoidable ills patiently, and resignedly to the Divine Will; and I trust my beloved Camila will immediately regain her self-possession, and she will find comfort

where she has ever found it, and where alone it is to be found—in the bosom of piety.”

The condesa tenderly embraced her daughter, who promised to attempt to regain her cheerfulness, at least not to indulge her grief; and she tolerably succeeded.

The conde de Arno again rode to San B——. The surgeons had that day pronounced their patient out of danger, and the vizconde had commanded a messenger to set off at the earliest dawn with the happy intelligence to the castle. The conde felt relieved; he had been greatly distressed from the first moment that he had learned St. Julian's danger. He did not prevent the departure of the courier, whose information gave ease to two anxious hearts. The condesa again rejoiced in the smile of her beloved Camila, and anticipated the blushing roses which the pale ones of despair had banished.

On the following day the conde return-

ed to De Arno, and confirmed the budding hopes of his wife and daughter.

Medina was to set off on the day after the next, with Rodolfo, in a carriage; they were to remain the night at the village of G——, and on the morning pursue their journey, if the invalid were considered sufficiently strong to bear the continued fatigue.

The conde de Arno rode, at the expected hour, to meet the carriage. The condesa and Camila watched its approach with trembling anxiety; on sight of it, tears relieved the trembling girl: but as Rodolfo pressed her to his bosom, she became lifeless on his arm.

Colonel St. Julian gradually gained strength; and in the society of his beloved Camila he was more than happy. The felicity of situation hastened convalescence, and he was soon capable of taking exercise, in short rides, on horseback. The condesa, the conde, or Medina, accompanied him, and generally his fascinating

Camila made one of the party, contributing by her cheerfulness to reestablish his health. He again ascends the height, and greets the first breezes of Aurora—again pursues the high-antlered stag, follows the falcon in her meandering flight—chases the ferocious wolf—joins the wild-boar hunt, and, foremost of the hastening throng, thrusts his spear into its tough and hairy side, and gives the mortal wound; and again, his manly limbs beat the roaring surge, and cut the translucent wave.

CHAPTER XV.
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RODOLFO entering one of the suit of rooms appropriated to the lady San Valos, found her weeping over a letter, which, in some little confusion, she folded, at the same time attempting to suppress and to conceal her tears.—“ Ah, my dear Camila! what can excite those tears? May I inquire the melancholy subject of the letter, the perusal of which, pardon me for interrupting?”

“ The letter is from lady Isabella; the excitement of my tears is, perhaps, without foundation; probably it exists only in my own apprehensions.”

“ And may I not know those apprehensions? I would not be presumingly, or unpolitely inquisitive—but can any thing affect the lady San Valos, and Ro-

dolfo not be interested? Pardon me, if I would wish to know that, which your ladyship would wish to conceal."

She gave him the letter. He read—  
" I anticipated a visit from you, my dear friend, but the pleasure died in the anticipation; for the long-expected and desired visit was realized not. When will you come, my dear Camila? you know the delight your society will give me; my bosom sighs for the reciprocal bosom of friendship. I fruitlessly wished, you may remember, when I wrote my last letter, that I could, instead of writing, personally pour the balm of consolation into your lacerated heart; I again make this useless wish: but, my dear lady San Valos, you have, in my brother's devoted heart, one as faithful as the unfortunate Romano's. Let me not tear your bleeding wounds—I would not open them afresh—I would give the healing close.

" I yesterday received a letter from Castello; he is in the capital, but hopes to

have the happiness of seeing the duquesa and his sister ere he joins the army, and the felicity of again beholding the beloved Camila, as he intends, if you are not blessing me with your presence, to fly to De Arno."

"Here is a confirmation of my fears—an annihilation of my hopes! My Camila (I fondly hoped my own Camila) the wife of Castello!"

"Never!—never can I be the wife of Castello!—my soul rejects him! There is a ferocity, at times, in his countenance, that freezes, that paralyzes me. Oh no, my dear Rodolfo, whatever be my fate, I cannot be the wife of Castello!"

"Then why not permit me to save you from a destiny so abhorred? As a husband I could protect you, but the feeble, ununited Rodolfo cannot, dare not protect the Camila he would die to preserve! The conde de Arno will most certainly insist upon your acceptance of the duque. Oh Camila, consider ere it be too late—con-

sider the miserable doom of yourself—of him whom you honour with your esteem. My sweetest, my dearest Camila, allow me to persuade you to consider the fatal consequence, if Castello find you not under the protection of a husband! Weep not, my dear lady San Valos,” while his mingling tears flowed as fast as the lovely maiden’s. “Do, my best beloved, save yourself, and save him who can know not a joy if Camila is not at peace—if Camila participates it not. Consent then, my dearest, my own Camila, to a union that will ensure us felicity!”

“Alas! my dear Rodolfo, I know not what to do: you must act as you please; I give myself to your guidance.”

“Heaven preserve you, my dear Camila! How can I sufficiently thank you!—my whole life must express my thanks—my gratitude!”



CHAPTER XVI.  
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St. Julian was all soul—he trod on air—Camila, the beloved Camila, was soon, very soon, to be irrevocably his: the important moment drew near that would consummate his hopes. He, with Medina, entered the breakfast-room, where were the condesa, and the conde, with the delighted St. Julian's bride-elect, but who appeared not so joyous as he whose heart paid her adoration: thought had clouded her beautiful brow, and divested her enchanting mouth of its fascinating smiles.

“One would imagine colonel St. Julian more than in spirits this morning,” observed the conde de Arno; “there is no need of inquiry respecting his health.”

“His appearance no longer betrays the distressing effects of the banditt's ferocity;

and that it does not, makes me most happy."

"Your solicitude on that occasion, my dear condesa, was very gratifying. My feelings will not allow me to express my gratitude, even in this instance only—how much less will they for ten thousand acts of kindness! my debt is immense, and the obligatory bond can never be cancelled; but your ladyship can fully comprehend the grateful overflowings of my heart: you, my dear madam, can read that heart, which must ever be devoted to its so much esteemed condesa!"

An attendant presented a letter, which a courier had just brought, to the conde de Arno. The condesa, from the peculiar emotion of the conde, imagined Rodolfo to be the subject, or connected with it.

After the conde had gone through the letter, he commenced reading aloud—

"MY DEAR CONDE DE ARNO,

"I believe I am not quite per-

sonally unknown to you—at least I recollect once seeing you at M——; be that as it may, every one in Spain has heard of don Saragossa, and of his riches, of which, consequently, your lordship cannot be ignorant. I met with a something of a relation of yours, some short time since, at the castle de Ubeda, and I scruple not to say, that I have not met with such a young man as this colonel St. Julian for many years, if ever I have in the course of my (not short) life. My daughter, doña Elvira, has had a vast number of suitors of rank and title, either for her beauty, or her money, or both; not one of which ever gained her heart, because she had the prudence always to refer them to me, if they had not first spoken to me upon the subject. I rejected these numerous suitors, because I intend my daughter and her husband, when she has one, to reside with me in my castle de Saragossa; and I wish to find a sportsman in my son-in-law, one that will hunt the boar, and the wolf—

one that will not be afraid to ford the river, or plunge into the lake. Such an one is Rodolfo St. Julian. He has caught the daughter's heart, and the father's goodwill; and if he be not engaged (I think he is not, for I saw him several times paying great attention to my Elvira), I will, if he pleases to become her husband, settle upon him my large estates and great property; a certain portion of which to be enjoyed during my life, and the whole at my decease.

"I have made, my dear conde, this proposal to you, conceiving that you cannot object to it; and I request your lordship to do me the honour of making it known to the young gentleman; for, if he be not already fixed, it is impossible that he should reject the vast riches of don Saragossa, and, above all, his beautiful daughter.

"I am, with the greatest respect, my dear conde, yours very sincerely,

"CARLOS SARAGOSSA."

“ We doubted not, St. Julian, of your being a very fine young fellow, nor can we doubt of your being a very fortunate one, to have the daughter fall in love with you, and the father to offer you his immense wealth to marry this beautiful daughter, whom, it appears, you would be most happy to marry without.”

“ Indeed, my lord, I should not; I exceedingly regret that he has troubled himself to propose that to which I cannot accede.”

“ Do not heed what he says, my lord,” interrupted the vizconde—“ begging your pardon, St. Julian,” bowing to him. “ He entertained, and, I assure your lordship, very much amused, me with an animated description of the fascinating Elvira: she was so beautiful, so lovely—she possessed so much softness, so much sensibility: she was so accomplished, so every thing—and her father was so unlike this feminine angel (who has no mother to set her an example of elegance and excellence), that

he wondered how she became so divine !”

Camila, during Medina’s rhapsody, was now red, now pale ; she breathed with difficulty, her palpitating heart throbbing as it would force its lovely boundary.

“ I regret that I was so unfortunate as to gain the particular approbation of don Saragossa, for I certainly shall not accept the proposed alliance, though so kindly intentioned.”

“ Heed him not, my lord, I beseech you,” again interrupted the vizconde ; “ for he asserted that the señora Elvira equalled the lady Isabella in mental accomplishments. He contrasted her with the beautiful duquesa de Tarragona, and gave Elvira the palm ; and we all know the beauty of the duquesa.”

“ Was the duquesa at Ubeda, Rodolfo ?” inquired the condesa.

“ No, my dear lady de Arno, I saw her grace at B——.”

“ She has a palace at San B——, I believe ; were you there ?”

"I saw her grace at the theatre."

"Elvira must indeed be very beautiful," resumed the condesa, "if she exceed the duquesa de Tarragona."

"I shall not detain the messenger," said the conde de Arno; "I will inform the don, colonel St. Julian, that you will be most happy to accept his very polite offer of alliance."

"I hope you will not, my lord; I cannot accept it. Will you permit me to state to don Saragossa that I cannot?"

"No; I shall take upon myself to answer that which is addressed to me."

Rodolfo bowed.—"And will you not, my lord, allow me a voice in that which so nearly concerns me?"

"Pray, sir, what are your reasons for treating with contempt this unparalleled good fortune, this condescending offer of alliance, when all the advantages are on your side? Let me tell you, sir, I shall take upon me to say, that you will accept, and accept it immediately."

“ My dear lord !”

“ Not another word, sir : know that I will be obeyed in this instance, or you shall experience my heaviest displeasure,” quitting the room in great perturbation.

“ My dear Rodolfo,” said the condesa, “ I cannot imagine why you should object to oblige the conde de Arno, and especially as you allow the lady to be so prepossessing. I never before saw you perverse, colonel St. Julian.”

“ I am obliged to your ladyship for your past good opinion, and I regret that you should, even for a moment, think me perverse. I have ever sought your ladyship’s approval of my conduct ; but indeed, indeed, my dear madam, I cannot accept the offered alliance.”

“ Really, St. Julian, you astonish me ; this is the first time I ever felt any thing like anger towards you. But rest assured, the conde de Arno will be obeyed : and let me ask you what reason you have to slight such good fortune ?—you who have

no rank but military, and that which you have gained in military service—who have no provision but that which the conde de Arno may make for you? Consider, my dear Rodolfo, the many and great advantages of this alliance, and above all, the lady so fascinating.”

Rodolfo sighed.—“ I wish I could reject this alliance without losing the so much valued good opinion of your ladyship.”

The conde returned—“ I have written to don Saragossa, thanking him for the honour he has done me and colonel St. Julian in the proposed union, and colonel St. Julian will be most happy to accept it; and I have further said, that Rodolfo’s absence from the army expires in little more than three months, but I will obtain for him a longer term, if the beautiful doña Elvira and don Saragossa wish it.”

“ And may I not, my lord, serve another campaign before the completion of this engagement?”

“ No, sir.”

Rodolfo left the room to seek Camila, who had quitted it to indulge her tears. St. Julian, whom she had thought the least imperfect of human beings, had then, it appeared, trifled with the feelings of Elvira! ah! not trifled with, but had voluntarily forsaken his first vows, and given to her those affections which Camila alone had a right to expect, and of which she thought herself so secure. He had never mentioned Elvira to her; that morning was the first time of her knowing that such a being existed, who was so superior, so singularly charming—more beautiful than the duquesa de Tarragona!—equal in solid acquirements and tasteful accomplishments to the lady Isabella! Oh!—oh!—the one who possessed her whole heart with all its wishes, thus to throw it from him!

CHAPTER XVII.
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"My dear Camila, and in tears!" exclaimed St. Julian, taking her hand, which she hastily withdrew. "What excites those fast-falling tears, so distressing to your Rodolfo?"

Brushing them away with her hand—  
"My tears are of no consequence to colonel St. Julian."

"Good Heaven! no consequence to me! to him whom you have given the happiness to hope that the morrow shall confirm his felicity!"

"I recall the fulfilling of that engagement. Are you not to be united to doña Elvira? And now and for ever let me bid you adieu—good morning!" and she turned from him.

"Oh—oh!" groaned St. Julian, follow-

ing her. "Is this my promised bliss, cruel Camila?"

"Leave me, sir."

"I will—I will leave you; but I cannot bear your anger; and surely it must be in displeasure that you bid me an eternal adieu with a cool 'good-morning.' Oh, Camila, whom I so lately presumed to think my Camila, wherein have I offended?" He threw himself upon his knees—"How can I expiate the imputed, though to me unknown transgression?—what atonement can I make? Drive me not, fairest lady, to perdition! if I am to quit you now, and for ever, give me the merciful adieu of the lady San Valos!"

She enveloped herself in her veil, and turning from him, left him upon his knees. The heart-torn Camila durst not trust her voice—her stifled tears sought to flow: she entered a little grot, embowered in fragrant foliage, and gay way to a transport of grief.

Rodolfo had watched her steps—he

took her in his arms, and her head rested upon his bosom. Her tears continued to flow, and she turned her face towards him to conceal her emotion. The brilliant drops of anxious affection fell from his eyes upon her polished arm. He silently waited the abating of her emotion—then he falteringly addressed her with—“Is it in the power of St. Julian to relieve the grief of lady San Valos? In what is your ladyship offended?—Will not the vizcondesa de San Valos condescend to give an explanation?”

From her contending feelings she was still incapable of replying.

“Will you not inform the miserable St. Julian in what way he has been so unfortunate as to offend your ladyship?”

“You have not offended me. You certainly have the control of your own actions, nor do I wish you to account to me for them.”

“There must be some cruel misunderstanding; I cannot recollect one word or

action of my whole life wherein I intended offence to the lady San Valos—I cannot recollect even a thought that designed her otherwise than peace.”

“ And why, colonel St. Julian, are you thus defending yourself? have I charged you with any thing?”

“ No; but the vizcondesa de San Valos is not accustomed to act inconsistently—I must have offended, though unintentionally.”

“ You have not offended. But are you not to be the husband of Elvira? and do your attentions to me accord with the affection you bear her?”

“ Good Heaven! the affection I bear her! What does lady San Valos mean?”

“ Did not Medina describe your admiration—your affection; and did not don Saragossa write of your attentions to Elvira, and that, in consequence of those attentions, you possessed her heart?”

“ My dear lady San Valos, could I suppose that the heightened description of

lord Medina would injure me in your good opinion? and could you for a moment imagine me so unworthy, so miserably ungrateful, as to pour forth affection that could only be yours—affection that it is impossible for me to feel but for Camila? Forgive me then, dearest Camila, that I should, though so undesignedly, have given you pain—say, my lovely friend, that you forgive me. Is there on earth a being whom I so dread to offend! Oh, Camila, I love you above all created things; I value my existence only for my Camila! possessing her affection, I enjoy more than human felicity—without it, my existence would be but a miserable continuance of wretchedness. Oh say then, St. Julian's best beloved, that you forgive him—say then that you will bless him with your esteem, with your affection, which has ever been dearer to him than life!" kissing her lovely forehead.

"I see, my dear St. Julian, that I have concluded hastily and erroneously."

“ The study, the endeavour of my life shall be my Camila’s happiness—say, consent then, my best beloved, to our union to-morrow ?”

Camila gave her assent only by her tears, which Rodolfo was kissing away when the vizconde entered.—“ Camila in tears !” kissing her blushing cheek. “ What cause can my dearest sister possibly have for sorrow ? acquaint me, my love, with that which occasions your grief—let me, my best beloved Camila, participate in those tears !”

Camila continued silent, and covered with blushes ; and the feelings of the pitying and distressed Rodolfo were excruciating, as the vizconde unremittingly made his inquiries.

“ Why is it that St. Julian possesses your confidence and I am excluded ? Is not Enrique as dear as Rodolfo ?”

“ Oh yes, my dear Enrique ; but indeed—indeed my tears are of no consequence,” rising, and seating herself by his side.



**"I cannot be satisfied without a knowledge of your distress, my dear Camila."**

Her tears again fell, while heightening blushes died her fair complexion.

**"Colonel St. Julian,"** turning to Rodolfo, **"I demand an explanation from you."**

Rodolfo seemed unwilling to grant it.

**"Come with me, sir."**

**"I cannot leave your sister weeping."**

**"You can for a moment."** They quitted the bower.—**"Now, sir, give me the requested information?"**

**"I do not know that I have a right to explain that which lady San Valos declined."**

**"Pitiful evasion! I insist upon being made acquainted with that which excited the tears of lady San Valos!"**

**"Oh, Enrique, I love the lady San Valos above every human being!"**

**"Love the lady San Valos! Rodolfo St. Julian, the son of a peasant, love the lady San Valos! and his love the cause of her**

tears ! is it not, sir? Hypocritical villain ! Is it possible that you can be the Rodolfo that I thought excelled in every good ? How art thou fallen, thou mean-spirited wretch !—Oh, my father, could you imagine that the poor boy you brought into your family, and to whom you gave all that he possesses—could you imagine that he would set himself up as your equal, and attempt to seduce the vizcondesa de San Valos from her duty—that he would, by his hypocritical wiles, attempt to steal her youthful and innocent heart !—Oh, St. Julian, I would not feel the curse of thy destiny, the excruciating agony of thy feelings, if indeed thou art not lost to feeling !”

“ Oh, my lord, I have been guilty of the worst of ingratitude, and I am indeed the miserable wretch you suppose ; but, my lord, you judge harshly—you perhaps have never felt the passion that constitutes my wretchedness ; but you must know, my dear Medina, that to live with the lady San Valos and not love her, would be

impossible. I loved her from my earliest recollection; but knew not that it exceeded a brother's love, till the conde de Arno commanded lady San Valos to accept of Romano. I then loved innocently; but, oh Heaven! in an evil moment I presumed to pour forth my unfortunate passion. The lady San Valos condescended to return this ill-fated passion. Oh, Enrique——”

“Villain, it is false! Is it possible for the lady San Valos to love one of her father's vassals?”

He flew to the grot: the vizcondesa was still weeping.—“My dear sister, I have learned, and I regret the cause of your tears. I willingly allow my gentle Camila to weep the daring presumption of St. Julian; but can I believe it possible that you have so forgotten the ancient house of Arno and of San Valos—so forgotten the duty you owe your parents—the duty due to yourself, as to condescend to return the miserably presumptuous passion of the son of one of your father's depen-

dants? My dear Camila, you distress me with your tears. Say only that St. Julian is false!"

"Oh no!"

"What, lady San Valos, have you indeed given your heart to an ungrateful villain?—Oh, my father! Oh, my mother! could you believe this of Camila?"

"My dear Medina, St. Julian can never be ungrateful! can never be a villain!"

"And is it not ungrateful to aspire to the daughter of his benefactor? Is it not to be a villain, to seduce the affection of her, before whom he ought to have trembled, and to have crouched to the earth?"

He again flew to Rodolfo, who was enduring all the torments of remorse, and all the misery of beholding his hopes blasted for ever.—"I have indeed been ungrateful," he mentally exclaimed; "I ought to have suffered annihilation, rather than have breathed my affection to the vizcondesa de San Valos! Oh that I could now suffer alone! Oh Camila! And, merciful Hea-

ven !" continued the humiliated St. Julian, " I must bear, yes patiently bear the bitter taunts of Medina; but it is for thy sake," he said, apostrophizing the idol of his affections; " for my proud spirit in no-wise accords with my plebeian birth. Alas ! it requires all the fortitude, the self-denial of thy Rodolfo, that even from thy brother, and for thee, my sweet Camila, I bear, though I deserve, to be called a villain ! Ah, if once we wander from the path of rectitude, what evils beset our way ! the aberration brings its punishment ; yet, if we are stopped in our evagaceous career, if remorse of conscience, though in agonizing pangs scarcely to be endured, recall us to reason, awaken us to a sense of our obliquity, and prevent us from farther entangling ourselves in the labyrinths of error, ought we not to be thankful ? and yet, strange infatuation ! I would not be without the affection of Camila, though it is so entwined with calamitous involvements, for every other good ! no, I would be

bound in misery's lengthened chain, and grasped by each link of human woes, still to possess Camila's love! deprived of it, rank, honour, glory, would fade into nothingness; yes," vehemently exclaimed affection's votary, "in the destitution of love, each specious joy would corrode my bereaved heart! and the perverse and disfiguring pencil of discontentuous repinings would tinct in darkest colouring every seeming bliss!"

"And so, thou monster, thou hast really stolen the affections of the admired, the adored, the lovely vizcondesa de San Valos! This instant quit the Arno domain for ever!"

"I will first bid the lady San Valos adieu," turning towards the grotto.

"No, sir!"

"The lady San Valos shall not have to say that I am dishonourable: no, my lord, I will first see your sister, and if she desire it, I will quit the domain, otherwise I will not."

"Then my sword shall drink your blood!" drawing and making a desperate plunge.

Rodolfo saw his intention—caught his arm—wrenched the weapon from his hand, and threw it from him.

"You have foiled me for this time, and I cannot prevent you seeing Camila; but be assured, that you marry Camila but through the blood of Medina—for I will defend her from the pollution of a vassal alliance with my life! If you choose to quit the domain without again seeing the vizcondesa, I give you the liberty—if not, expect all the just and horrible vengeance of the conde de Arno, whom I shall immediately acquaint with your treachery."

"I acknowledge the conde's vengeance would be just; and as for myself, I should not scruple a moment to bear it, horrible as it might be, rather than be driven by any man, even the brother of Camila, to do that which I did not think right; but if the lady San Valos is to be involved in

my misery, which she assuredly will, if the affair be made known to the conde, I have no choice but for her peace. I go, my lord; I shall leave the domain ere the morrow's dawn: and may you never feel what it is to love without hope! Will you—no, you will not, tell the lady San Valos that I shall never cease to adore her. Adieu!" rushing into the thick and dark foliage.

The vizconde again returned to the bower.—"My dear Camila, you must have long known that it was impossible for the vizcondessa de San Valos ever to marry the peasant Rodolfo!"

"My dear Medina, whoever might be the parents of St. Julian, we and every one have ever found him a gentleman; his present rank, honourably gained by his sword, forbids him to be styled peasant; and know, what the consequence soever may be, that Rodolfo St. Julian has the whole heart of your sister; I gave it to his merit; nor have you, my dear Enrique, contributed a little to its disposal. Have



you not always held it as the ultimatum of your ambition to resemble, to be the counterpart of Rodolfo?"

"Yes, I have ever considered him faultless both in person and mind till this hour. His high sense of honour, his candour, his generosity; he never feared a danger to serve any human being; the beauty of his countenance, symmetrical figure, noble air, princely grace; his words, though the words any one would have used, yet from his lips sound more pleasing, or with more meaning; he is every way superior to all I know, so superior, that I scruple not to say, he excels in every thing: but at this moment I hate him for his very superiority—for has it not enabled him to carry on robbery and deceit? Yes! was he not thus excellent, could the miscreant have stolen the heart of the lady San Valos? Oh, Camila! surely you cannot think of this plebeian alliance! you cannot—cannot have given your affection?"

"Can your lordship think it strange that

I should admire one who (you acknowledge) is so superior?"

"What will the conde, what will the condesa say to this disposal of your heart, Camila?"

"I know not; but this I know, my lord, that my brother has nothing to do with it, and can have no right to question me."

"And is it nothing to a brother who he has for a brother-in-law, or whether the pure blood of his house be contaminated by the foul blood of a vassal? But whoever my brother-in-law may be, it is not probable that I shall have St. Julian—he has quitted De Arno for ever."

"St. Julian quitted De Arno for ever! Oh no!"

"Indeed he has."

"Impossible! he would have bidden me farewell!"

"You will see him no more, Camila."

"Then you have destroyed him! Oh! oh, my dear, dear Rodolfo!"

The vizconde supported his fainting sis-

ter.—“ My dear Camila ! my best beloved sister ! oh ! alas ! she is dead !” Kissing her pale forehead, her eyes, her lips—  
 “ Bless your Enrique, my dear sister, by returning life—destroy him not, my beloved Camila !”

Slowly reviving—“ Oh, my dear Rodolfo ! to-morrow we were to be united, and now—dead ! oh !” and she again became lifeless on the bosom of Medina.

“ My dear Camila, Rodolfo is not dead,” kissing her ; “ he is not dead, my beloved !—Oh, heavenly Father, in mercy restore my sister !—My dear Camila, bless, bless me with returning life, and your wishes shall be mine—yes, oh yes, my dear sister ! I will no longer oppose affection that so imperceptibly grew into passion—oh no ! Rodolfo shall be yours, my dear Camila.—Live, and St. Julian shall be the husband of Camila !”

The vizconde was no stranger to the turbulent passion ; he had felt its dawnings upon his heart, and it influenced his

conduct in the present instance; for, combining with the affection, the particularly great affection which he bore his sister, it raised in his bosom a sympathy—a sort of fellow-feeling, without which, it is more than probable, he would not have so compassionately commiserated her distress; and, added to the terror of the probability of shortening her existence—so suddenly bringing her to an early tomb, completely overturned all his opposition; and he became as strenuous an advocate for the union of St. Julian and his sister, as he had, a few minutes before, been an opposer of it.

A long-drawn sigh from Camila apprized him of returning consciousness. Embracing her with transport—"My dear Camila, again live! St. Julian is not dead! Live, my love, and let us seek him!"

She again became reanimated.

"Permit me to support you to Rodolfo, who is not far off." He drew her arm through his, and they slowly quitted the foliage-embosomed grot.

The invigorating breeze wafted strength, and Camila was soon enabled to quicken her pace. They sought Rodolfo in every probable part of the garden. Camila grew impatient.—“ Surely, surely, Enrique, you are not deceiving me?”

“ You are right, my dear sister. I saw him enter this thicket; perhaps he crossed the glen and entered yonder wood.”

They pursued the path and entered the wood. They saw not Rodolfo; they heard nothing save the splashing moan of the cataract, which fell above their heads. They were turning, doubtful which way to pursue, when they heard a murmuring as of the human voice. They listened attentively, and heard—“ How desirable is birth! If a man obtain fame, honour—if he attain ambition’s proudest eminence, yet if he be not ennobled by birth, he ever remains obnoxious to the taunts, to the contempt of every one who is nobly born; and, alas! there is no flying from a circumstance so degrading, though so adven-

titious; no honourable conduct, no circling honours will avail, or banish the eternal stigma from the base born; no ablution can delete the stain, nor rolling years chase it from the reminiscence of nobility. Ah, then how durst I aspire to one so preeminently exalted in rank, so environed with heraldic emblazonments? And now what does lady San Valos think of the wretched St. Julian? Why, why did the conde de Arno take me from parents whose humble fortunes would have shielded me from the bewitching smile, that fascinates while it kills, beaming from the awful height of coronated rank! Oh—oh! yet I cannot wish it—no, no. Have I not enjoyed years of perfect bliss? Has not Camila given me the better part of myself—has she not given me the love of honour, of glory?—Has she not taught me to feel that I have a soul superior to my birth—has she not taught me to soar aloft and tread the aerial height of proud ambition? For Camila my polished weapon drank the

see's warm blood; yes, yes, Camila has given every hope, every joy; and shall I not be grateful to the condé for snatching me from the lowest of mankind, from gloomy ignorance, that I might bask in the sunshine of Camila's brightening presence, and drink the intoxicating draught of military ambition? But this is for ever past. No path of glory now remains for the miserable St. Julian. No longer as a military commander, but as an humble volunteer, will I seek at least an honourable unknown end in the indiscriminate carnage."

"Oh!" sighed Camila, "speak, dear Medina, and recall the self-banished Rodolfo."

"St. Julian!"

"Oh!" groaned Rodolfo.

"St. Julian! Medina wishes to speak to you."

Rodolfo slowly descended the rugged height; on seeing Camila he hastened his pace: stopping suddenly—"Ah, this is the last sad adieu! Camila, oh have pity, gently word Rodolfo's eternal exile!"

"Oh my dear Rodolfo! ever my own Rodolfo!" He caught her in his arms, and bedewed the lifeless Camila with his tears.

The weeping Medina sought the waterfall's hasty trembling wave, and refreshed her with its coolness.

She again respiring Camila, sighing, opened her mild eyes on the anxious Rodolfo, who kissed her pale cheek, and raised her to the fragrant and health-giving breeze, which fanned her with its balmy freshness as she leaned upon him for support.

"I have been, I fear, unpardonably hasty, my dear St. Julian," presenting his hand; "forgive me."

Rodolfo taking the offered hand—"I too have to be forgiven, my dear Enrique."

"And you, my dear Camila, can you forgive your hasty brother?"

"Yes, my dear Medina, I with pleasure pardon a brother, who so generously acknowledges his error."



“ To convince you how greatly I desire your felicity, my dear friends, permit me, and I will be present at the sacred ceremony: allow me, my dear Camila, to present you to the husband of your choice, the beloved St. Julian, whom I will love with twofold affection for your sake,” saluting his sister, and embracing Rodolfo. Lord Medina sought his sword, and putting it in the scabbard, exclaimed—“ I hope I shall never again draw it so hastily to take the life of my friend.”

Camila trembled as she mentally addressed Heaven in behalf of the virtuous hope, and gratefully acknowledged divine interposition in the preservation of St. Julian.

To get rid of any emotion that might be visible upon the countenance or in the manner of either, they walked through the grounds, visited Camila's birds, enjoyed the soft enchantment of the orange grove, which exhaled its exquisite perfume upon the undulating zephyr, that in playful

wafting breathed upon the felicitous trio; viewed the thousand gradations of colour in the odorous petals that graced the flowery garden; and thus strolling in the Elysium of De Arno, they were as happy as the smiling Eve and her beloved companion in the abode of innocence, which was not more adorned or more beautiful than their own Eden.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

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“MY loves,” said the condesa, on their entrance, “the conde de Arno and I have just made an engagement for you to-morrow: the condesa de Valencia unexpectedly gives *un déjeuner à la fourchette et un bal*. Her son has returned from the tour of Europe; to express her joy at the event, and that his lordship may receive the congratulations of his friends, she presents this entertainment”

St. Julian reddened with vexation; he trembled lest something should intervene to prevent for ever the intended union.

Early in the day the De Arno party arrived at the castle de Valencia. All were in excellent spirits excepting Rodolfo, who was determined to exert himself, and to bear that patiently which he could not prevent.

It was a scene to exhilarate the mind, and draw it from its musings. In arcades formed of odorous trees that wafted fragrance around, whose stems-creeping odoriferous plants twined their sweet-scented tendrils, and whose verdant foliage was adorned with their glowing petals, were marble slabs of exquisite colour and polish, laden with viands of costly delicacy. In grounds blooming with ten thousand dyes, under the pendent branches of foliaged groups, on the rivulet's turfy banks, upon the hanging cliffs, on the more distant hills, and in the winding vales, were stationed bands of warlike music, that in loud

and awful strains caught the listening ear; the rural pipe and dulcet lute in softest, sweetest sound would charm, and the harp, with more than earthly harmony, breathed its full tones—its lengthened cadence died upon the distant gale. That part of the domain which was approximate to the castle was tastefully picturesque, and Art appeared but as the handmaid of Nature. She assisted in harmonizing, in elegantly refining, in suiting natural beauties to situation, in localizing that which would overrun—in varying; but she was an assistant only, and obtruded not her labours.

Colonel St. Julian, with Camila resting upon his arm, strolled with the strollers in winding paths embowered in branching odour; the excavated rock, with ivy vestment and crowned with the lucid arbutus, presented its mossy seat.

After viewing the interior of the rocky cell, and enjoying its calm, they entered the wilderness, where Nature in her wildest freaks delighted them with rocky

heights, and turfy hills decked with the waving pine and weeping larch, with foaming cataracts, shrubby dells, majestic trees, and embrowning hollows, whose hirsute and precipitous sides, which the purple heath and yellow broom clothed in native wildness, surrounded the marble structure, whose columns' fair proportion and beautiful decorations might vie with the high-wrought supporters of regal palaces, and whose rising towers ascended in bold magnificence above the royal cedars' proudest crest. They follow the mazy path through the gay parterre's graceful divisions, whose dazzling radiance (exhaling the soft magic of perfume) surrounds the pellucid fountain, whose playful streams rise high in air and breathe refreshing coolness, and in whose stony basin the gold and silver tribe, in sprightly dartings or in gentle windings, in the unruffled water, display their scarlet brightness or the glistening shining of their scaly vesture; the ever-blooming, the ever-fragrant

parterre is environed by trellissed vines and choicest fruit-trees, that wave their laden branches to the summer breeze.

The rosy bower in flowery beauty offers its blooming canopy and walls of branching foliage, to shade from the scorching ray the sensitive form of the lovely female, who, grateful for its umbrageous fragrance, blesses her companion with her sweetest smiles and softest tones of harmony.

The shades of evening warned the festive throng to seek the castle's sheltering walls. Seated round the well-laden tables, they lessened the inviting dainties; and the sparkling juice, borne in crystal goblets, gave its grateful flavour. They entered the dancing-room, where the blaze of lamps heightened the blaze of beauty, and exhilarated spirits gave their animating charm.

Camila was in particularly charming spirits; her beautiful countenance shone with more, than of late, usual splendour; her symmetrical figure, that ever moved

in sylph-like lightness and fascinating grace, exhibited a superior brilliancy; she appeared to tread on air; and, raised upon the aerial fabric of animation, rose in beauty and in softened majesty above her fair companions.

She had danced with the conde de Valencia the first dance, then with St. Julian, with the duque de Senegal, and again with St. Julian; she was now dancing with the conde de Burgos, and Rodolfo was seated with the condesa de Arno, when he thought it very extraordinary that Camila should be in such good, even heightened spirits, when this very ball had prevented their union. He could not help observing her playfulness. She had been as cheerful when with him in the early part of the day, but that he had imputed to his presence, as yesterday she had been so near losing him for ever; and when she was not with him, he had had no opportunity of observing her.

Camila was indeed more cheerful than

she had been for some time ; she embraced this entertainment as a great good, for it deferred, at least for a few hours, an engagement which she could but see was wrong, and she felt relieved—she felt as if she were rid of a burthen too heavy to be borne.

Rodolfo continued to watch her with a jealous eye. She was conversing animatedly with the conde de Burgos—she appeared pleased with what he was saying; her answer seemed to give him pleasure: the conversation continued. They were joined by a party who had just finished dancing; but the conde heard nor saw any but Camila. Now he was addressing one of the party, yet the lady San Valos was attentively listening to him; turning and bending to her ear, he said something which she answered with a bewitching smile. St. Julian could gaze no longer—could bear no more, and rushed out of the room.

The condesa had seen with concern his

perturbation and his quitting the room; she had observed him pale and, at times, dejected during the day.—“He must be ill,” thought her ladyship—“probably from the late wound in his side.” He did not return. She watched the entrance; his sudden disappearance, apparently so emotioned, prevented colloquial enjoyment—it was impossible for her to pay attention to the circulating anecdote, or correctly give her opinion—her eye perpetually sought St. Julian’s appearance. She became alarmed, and sent an attendant to the vizconde, who had just finished a dance.—“My dear Medina, colonel St. Julian quitted the room some time since, seemingly very much disturbed; I fear he is ill; will you have the kindness to seek him?”

“Certainly, if you wish it, my dear madam; but I do not think your apprehensions have any foundation; he is probably in one of the other rooms.”

The vizconde searched through the suit of apartments appropriated to the gay

throng and part of the grounds.—“ It is no use—there is no knowing where to find a man who is disappointed in uniting his destiny with that of his mistress ; and yet, it is foolish of him to feel so acutely when a few hours will so soon pass away.”

On his return to the castle he saw one of the conde de Arno's servants, and inquired of him if he had seen colonel St. Julian ?

“ I heard him desire Geronimo to inform you, my lord, that he should return home without waiting for the carriage, and he would thank your lordship to make his apology.”

The condesa was relieved of her present fears ; but Rodolfo, who was so particularly fond of dancing, absenting himself, confirmed her in her apprehensions of his being ill.

In vain the night breeze played around the perturbed Rodolfo—his burning bosom received not its coolness, his infuriate feelings felt not its refreshing calm. He

saw Camila happy that she was free for a time, ah! perhaps for ever, of an engagement the non-completion of which his soul shuddered at; he saw her giving those smiles to another which were the brighteners of his existence. Is it possible Camila can have any affection for the conde de Burgos? Oh no! it would be impossible that in a few short hours she could throw away the affection of years! yet he could not help disliking the conde that he enjoyed a conversation so animated; and if Camila intended nothing personal, her liveliness was evidently the consequence of the prevention of their union. To return to the castle de Valencia was impossible; he was not in the humour to see more of Camila's smiles, if they were not for him, or of her cheerfulness, so opposite to his present sensations, even if he alone were present. He made his way towards De Arno, sometimes in hurried step, then in snail-like pace, or stopping to reason with his feelings. He retrod the path of the day be-

fore the last-entered—the fragrant alcove, where the emotioned Camila became satisfied with the veracity of his affection, and subsequently blessed him with a reavowal of her own.—“ Yes, dearest Camila, you do indeed love your adoring St. Julian! oh pleasurable thought—delightful certainty!” Again the desponding Rodolfo bemoaned her cheerfulness, and again was he convinced of her affection. Gazing at the cataract, the roar of whose falling waters soothed him—“ Yes, my best beloved, in this sacred spot your almost lifeless tongue addressed me as your own Rodolfo—yes, oh yes, your own Rodolfo !”

The morning was fast hastening its stronger light. He was pursuing his way to the castle, when the chapel presented itself to his view. Entering at a private door—“ Here, oh here, my beloved Camila, we were to have sealed our vows! and may we not this day?” pacing the holy edifice, lighted by the hallowed lamp at the altar.

He became calm ; he was astonished at his late ungovernable emotion, so unwarrantable, so exceeding the occasion. Could he believe for a moment otherwise than that he possessed Camila's affections? And he knew, though he wished to veil it from himself, that the desired union was incompatible with duty ; and might not lady San Valos feel that she was acting wrong in consenting to it, and relieved at its prevention? He viewed his late passionate tumult with abhorrence ; he resolved, he vowed, and he prayed to Heaven to enable him to preserve his resolve, to perform his vow, never to let passion so far overcome him, never again to permit those tumultuary emotions to preside, which could have no right to a place in his bosom. Reason should in future exert its power in similar situations, if such occur. Prostrating himself before the altar, he reverentially supplicated that Being who alone can give strength to the mind of man. He removed to an unfrequented part of

the chapel, and, reclining upon a seat, fell into a profound sleep.

END OF VOL. I.

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A Romance.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY

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Love elanced his witcheries from her melting eye,
And in silvery accents and most witching smiles
Play'd on her balmy lip. And as the crimson morn
Pencils the argent sky, so his blushing roses
Varied her fair cheek.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N :

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1825.

SARAGOSSA.

CHAPTER I.

THE morning orisons had been chanted before the altar, and ascended with the fragrant volumes of incense above this world's ethereal, into those celestial regions where the adorations of the heart find acceptance, and the supplications of frailty plead not in vain.

The family were at breakfast: the condesa inquired of the vizconde after the health of St. Julian.

“ I have not seen him this morning.”

The condesa commanded a servant in waiting to go to his chamber.

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B

He was not in his chamber, nor did it appear that he had been there.

An inquiry was made throughout the castle; no one had seen him since he stepped into the carriage the day before for the castillo de Valencia.

The vizcondesa's varying countenance portrayed her feelings, yet durst she not in words express her anxiety.

The lady de Arno was extremely alarmed—"Some accident must have happened, or would he not have returned?"

Rodolfo had quitted the chapel, and was just entering the castillo, when he met the conde de Arno and Medina: he would have avoided them, but the conde saw him, and inquired where he had been, and why he had alarmed them by his absence?

He was silent.

The conde's eye rested upon St. Julian's costume, which betrayed that he had not yet been in the castle; and the shame he felt at his unsuitable appearance to the

hour of the morning blazoned his face with confusion.

“ You really behave of late, colonel St. Julian, most unaccountably. I see the condesa’s alarm of accident was quite unnecessary. I would have you choose in future, sir, a more appropriate dress, or a more consistent conduct.”

Rodolfo flew to his dressing-room, to free himself of vestments which had made his absence so conspicuous, and which had so unequivocally betrayed him.

“ Colonel St. Julian has made his appearance,” said the conde.

“ Is he ill ?” inquired the condesa ; “ or where has he been ?”

“ He appears very well. He acts very strangely ; and I hope I shall soon get rid of him.”

Camila sighed. The bosom of the condesa heaved responsively.

St. Julian entered, not unblushingly.

The conde de Arno did not seem inclined to throw aside his displeasure, and

to shew that he was not, he treated St. Julian with a marked contempt.

The condesa entered into conversation with Medina upon the persons they had seen, and the occurrences of the preceding day, occasionally addressing the conde, Camila, and Rodolfo, till something like harmony prevailed.

“ My dear lady San Valos,” said St. Julian, on retiring from the eating-room, “ my conduct last night, and strange appearance this morning, require an explanation. I was very uncomfortable the whole of yesterday, but towards evening my feelings became ungovernable; and, shall I confess my weakness—I was angry at my beloved Camila’s cheerfulness. Will you forgive me? I flew from the room, and, eventually, to the castle de Arno, though I did not enter it till I was met by the conde and Medina this morning.”

“ Where were you ?”

“ Wandering in the grounds during the night; in the morning I entered the

chapel, and quite fatigued, from weariness fell asleep. I heard not, my beloved Camila, your silvery tones ascend in the matin hymn."

"Really, colonel St. Julian, you have, as my papa said, acted very strangely. I hope you will not again so cruelly alarm us."

"I will endeavour not. But, my dearest Camila, put it out of my power, by permitting our destinies this day to be united."

"Ha! but will you not, for the liveliness of Camila, be again strolling through the night?"

"Never."

"How are you so certain, my positive Rodolfo?"

"Because you will then be mine—my own Camila. May I request father Alfonso to attend in the chapel at four?"

"Why will you importune, my dear St. Julian? why are you not satisfied with my affection? and why do you wish me to do that which I shall consider a breach of duty, and shall ever regret?"

“ My dear Camila, if you are not mine, must I not be the husband of Elvira? Oh, my beloved, pity—drive not to despair your adoring St. Julian !”

“ How is my heart torn between my duty and your wishes! It is you that should have pity.”

“ My sweet Camila, do permit me to urge ; pardon me if I attempt to persuade you—for if this protracted union be again delayed, I can see no hope of ever calling you mine ; you must inevitably be the wife of Castello, and I the husband of Elvira.”

She sighed—“ I consent with an aching heart, with the knowledge of doing wrong. Oh !”

He kissed the forehead of the dejected Camila, and hastened to inform Medina.

“ I shall not fail, my dear St. Julian, to attend in the chapel at the moment so important—that moment in which the eternal union of two hearts is to be sealed, that have so long been united in affection.

I am going to call at the convent, and I will, if you please, command father Alfonso to prepare to officiate."

St. Julian was all animation—his exhilarated frame partook of the mind's bliss—his soul was in his eyes, and all who saw him could read his felicity.

Not so the vizcondesa; she sought to weep unseen. If she married St. Julian, would she not be ungrateful to parents the most kind, the most indulgent? would she not be undutiful, by uniting herself to one of whom they would not approve, and that they would not, both St. Julian and herself were aware, or would he not have entreated their permission for the union? She would sully her fair fame, distress her own heart, and sever herself from her beloved parents for ever. "Heaven forbid!"

She entered the apartment of her mother, and found her alone.—"My dear mamma, your Camila is unworthy of your affectionate regard! but perhaps it is not too late in some degree to atone for her

error, for her undutifulness. Ah, my dear mamma, you may well be astonished. I who have but in this instance ever studied your wishes, have ever endeavoured to endear myself by dutiful promptitude, ever perfected my own happiness by promoting yours — alas! my dear mamma, that I, who knew my duty, and received tenfold pleasure in it, should swerve!" concealing her weeping eyes and consciously-crimsoned cheeks in the bosom of her mother. "Dearest mamma, can I, can I acknowledge my ingratitude? it will give you so much pain."

"My dear child, you will destroy yourself by this excess of feeling, this extraordinary emotion. You see your lapse from duty in too strong a light; you who have always been accustomed to act correctly, view this little error, for such I am convinced it must be, as a heinous transgression. My beloved child, confide your uneasiness, that I may administer comfort."

"Oh, dear mamma, you will for ever

dislike your Camila—you will ever doubt her future conduct.”

“ My love, you think too harshly of your mother, too severely of yourself.”

“ Not too severely ; for I was so imprudent, so wicked, as—as—as to promise—to—to unite myself this evening with—with St. Julian.”

The condesa appeared annihilated ; she spoke not.

The fearful Camila ventured to look at her—she was lifeless. The terrified Camila bathed her temples with ether—applied it to her nostrils ; a long-drawn sigh gladdened the heart of the horror-struck girl : she kissed the pallid lips of her adored mother, bathed her pale face with her filial tears, till those of the condesa mingled with her own, and relieved her agitated bosom.

“ My dear Camila, as the fatal ceremony,” the paleness of death again overspreading her beautiful countenance, “ has not been performed, we may both soon be again

happy. I am too much agitated at this moment to speak to you with calmness; leave me, my dear child, and return in half an hour."

The trembling Camila quitted the room. She gave way to her tears; she wept that she had so disordered her mother; she wept for the error that occasioned that disorder; yet she felt relieved that she had made the confession, and resolved she would never in future have a concealment from her beloved parent, so deserving of confidence. Her love for Rodolfo she knew not the first rise of, and therefore was innocent of its being unknown to the condesa; but the first knowledge of her passion she thought she ought to have confided to her; and she was convinced it was her duty to have flown from, as from a serpent, the entering into any engagement without her knowledge.

"My dear child," said the condesa, folding Camila to her bosom, "now we are more calm, I will inform you from what a

gulf of misery you have, by your timely regret, saved yourself; the mere apprehension of the horrible consequence of which paralyzes me. My dear Camila, I know that you are convinced every deviation from duty brings its punishment; but I fear, my love, to distress you with a view of the horror of your parents, of your brother, of St. Julian, of yourself, if the completion of this single deviation of my Camila had not timely been prevented by a return to rectitude. How shall I the least distressingly word the horrifying truth? Rodolfo, my love, is nearly related to the conde de Arno, who brought him to the castle when a very little child. Have you never observed the resemblance he bears to your brother, to your father? You do not understand me, my love. Do you imagine that the conde would have troubled himself and his family with the son of a dependant? or if he were a distant relation, would he not have acknowledged it? Certainly, my dear child. Then

you do not comprehend that he is a nearer relation? that he is your brother?"

Not all the care, not all the circumsppection of the condesa, could prevent the astounding shock her explanation gave her daughter. Life seemed fled for ever. The terrified condesa, incapable of exertion, saw restoratives applied in vain. She was almost distracted.

A groan assured the frantic parent there was life; a second relieved the mother's anxious heart. Tears fell fast from the closed eyes of the scarcely-conscious Camila. The weeping condesa, kissing her pallid countenance, bathed it with her tears, and whispered consolation.

The horrified Camila gradually, though slowly, revived, sufficiently to be assisted to her chamber; and at the entreaty of the condesa was put to bed, who, kissing her still almost lifeless child, breathed in her ear—"I will myself give the necessary explanation to St. Julian. Do you, my best love, compose yourself, and after a little rest and sleep you will be better."

Again kissing the lovely, though inanimate Camila, she closed the curtains and retired.

CHAPTER II.

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THE condesa de Arno thought herself inadequate to give the unpleasant explanation to Rodolfo so early after the distressing scenes of the morning; but that he might not expect Camila to fulfil her engagement, she said to the conde de Arno, in his hearing—"Our dear Camila has not been very well this morning; I have prevailed upon her to lie down, and perhaps quiet and rest may restore her."

"The fatigue of yesterday has disordered her," replied the conde. "I fear the so lengthened exertion will bring on serious indisposition. We are all very fond of dancing; but it frequently happens



that we suffer for our indulgence. Has doctor Verona visited her?"

"No; quiet may do much for her; if she be no better in an hour or two, we will have his advice."

St. Julian was grieved at the intelligence which the condesa so intentionally, though obliquely conveyed; and he was the more alarmed as the illness must have been sudden, as she appeared a few hours before tolerably well, at least she did not say that she was otherwise.

It was at this moment particularly unfortunate: the so much wished-for union must again be delayed. He left the room to seek Medina, and met him just returned from his ride.—"My dear vizconde, we shall not meet in the chapel to-day; our beloved Camila is very unwell."

"What is the matter? Not seriously ill I hope?"

"Not seriously ill; merely from the fatigue of yesterday I believe."

"It is unfortunate—very so; but do not

again, St. Julian, alarm all who are interested about you, by giving way to your high-wrought emotions."

"I hope I have learned to behave better."

"Since yesterday, colonel San Julian, or rather since this morning?"

"You shall be the judge, my lord. But that I may not commit myself, I will take a ride, if you will have the goodness to be in the chapel at four, and tell the father we do not require his services."

"Yes, I will dismiss the astonished theologian. He will think either you, or your fair friend, is not to be depended upon. Ha, ha, ha! St. Julian, you will be obliged to marry señora Elvira at last. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Whether I am or am not, you might have chosen a time more congenial for your mirth."

"Upon my word I cannot help it; I think Camila is only deceiving you."

"It was the condesa informed the conde of her indisposition."

"Oh! well, I will tell the father. Adieu!"

Camila, as the condesa imagined, was better after a few hours repose; she fell into a not unquiet slumber, and slept some hours, and awoke refreshed, though weak. She continued in her chamber, that she might not behold Rodolfo: her spirits were not sufficient for the encounter; she dreaded to meet his view.

St. Julian became extremely uneasy. The afternoon, the evening passed away, and Camila made not her appearance. He ventured to inquire of the condesa.

"She needed repose; she is better, but I advised her not to leave her chamber till the morning, and I hope by that time she will have recovered her spirits."

The lady San Valos graced not the family party at breakfast. The condesa again made her excuse.

"My love," said the conde, "why do you not have the advice of doctor Verona?"

"I did not think it necessary: he shall see her this morning."

“ It appeared to me quite necessary yesterday; she was extremely low, looked exceedingly ill, and seemed incapable of exertion. I wonder, my dear condesa, you permitted her to dance so long. You both ought to have retired earlier; a day and a night are much too long for any amusement—it is too much for the mind as well as the body. It has been a disservice to you, my love, as well as to lady San Valos; you even now look pale, though not so pale as yesterday; and I think your spirits are very little, if any better. I must throw the reins of restraint around both the condesa and her daughter in future.”

“ I believe, my dear lord, in the present instance, you are equally culpable with myself; your lordship appeared to find an equal enjoyment.”

“ I know not, my love, that you are otherwise than right. Will your ladyship call upon doña Villena this morning?”

“ Yes; I have several other calls to make.”

"Then I will remain disengaged for your ladyship;" quitting the room.

"I wish your society," said the condesa, as colonel St. Julian was leaving the room.

He bowed, and returned.

"Attend me to my dressing-room; we shall there be without interruption. — I regret that one whom I have so highly esteemed as Rodolfo St. Julian should have ceased to be grateful, that one whom I imagined all sincerity should be disingenuous. I do not wish but for your sake, my dear St. Julian, to set before you the conde's uniform kindness."

"I must ever, my dear madam, gratefully acknowledge the uniform, the indulgent kindness of the condesa and the conde de Arno."

"Mere expressions of gratitude, which result only from a momentary heightened feeling, are of little estimation. Gratitude, if it be sincere, will spring from the heart, and shew itself in appropriate actions. How does the—I grieve to say it," and

tears bore witness to her ladyship's words —“how does the surreptitiously gaining the innocent Camila's affections accord with the gratitude you profess?”

He crimsoned.

“How does—oh, St. Julian!—a clandestine union with the lady San Valos—”

Shame blazoned upon his burning cheeks, and in his burning eyes.

“What happiness could be expected in a union incompatible with duty? wretchedness would have environed it, and misery would have overclouded it. But if you had chosen to mark out for yourself an unhallowed path, a path of despair, what had the lovely, the innocent Camila done that she should be involved, that she should be your victim? And if you had united the destiny of Camila with yours, how long could it have remained unknown? and when it was discovered, where could you have flown from the conde de Arno's vengeance? He would immediately have dissolved the marriage; and either an ig-

nomorious death, or perpetual imprisonment, would have been your fate.

“ While we pursue the straight path of rectitude, we cannot be truly wretched; the least deviation will bring its portioned woe: but when we are so ungrateful as to forget the duty which we owe to our benefactors, and not only by treating their kindnesses with contemptuous neglect, but by a consistent course of acting for years in opposition to their known wishes, by injuring them in their most esteemed blessing, our depravity produces tenfold misery; and, if we are not wholly lost to feeling, excruciating indeed will be our remorse. Did I expect, could I expect this depravity in Rodolfo St. Julian? Could I expect he, whom I admired for his singleness of heart, for his generous sincerity, wore a cloak of dissimulation, and would repay the conde de Arno's indulgent munificence, would reward my tenderness with the destruction of our daughter, our beloved Camila? and her

destruction would have been inevitable, if the projected union had taken place—her peace would have fled for ever; she could not have survived this sin of ingrateful undutifulness, with all its horrible train of evils.”

Rodolfo fell upon his knees, and bathed the condesa's hand with his tears.—“ Oh, my dearest, dear madam, have pity upon the miserable St. Julian! My dear, dear condesa, if possible forgive him, and he will cause no more alarm—he will quit the castle for ever! I must see the lady San Valos no more.”

“ Indeed you must see her no more, without you can divest yourself of passion. You must see Camila no more, till you can look upon her as a sister. See the miserable consequence of duplicity; see the horror a clandestine union might have brought—the son of the conde de Arno would have married his sister!”

The paralyzed St. Julian fell lifeless at the feet of the condesa; his limbs be-



came stiff and motionless—his senses received no impression—his glazed and open eye saw her not; life appeared gone for ever.

The condesa applied ether to his nostrils, and to his temples, and ere the servants arrived, she had the happiness to see his closing eyes betray that hovering life was not extinct.

He was conveyed to bed. The surgeon immediately breathed a vein; and the medical attendants administered restoring medicines. Fluttering life returned slowly. Consciousness at length lightened his countenance; and animation, though timid, again pervaded his frame.

The physician recommended quiet, and that he should remain in bed during the day.

CHAPTER III.  
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EARLY in the morning the condesa, the lady San Valos, and the vizconde Medina, left the castle de Arno for the castle de Castello.

The condesa had long promised the duquesa and the lovely lady Isabella a visit, and she was happy now to take advantage of the fulfilling it, as the change of air and scene she doubted not would be of service to Camila. She was not determined upon the length of her sojourn, but Medina was to return in a fortnight.

Ere the lark had tuned her matins, or risen from her earthy couch, the condesa and Medina entered St. Julian's chamber, and informed him of their intended departure, and bade him an affectionate adieu.

He was relieved by the absence of Ca-

mila; he knew it would be impossible for him to endure the sight of her with any degree of calmness, though he would rather she were going any where than to Castello; he thought of a thousand places preferable. He could not bear to think that the duque should enjoy the society of Camila, though he was for ever debarred from it. His emotions at the distressing idea became ungovernable, and he endured a paroxysm of agony that ended in insensibility. His groans of anguish recalled him to himself; he was again awake to reality, but not to peace—that, he thought, had fled for ever. Camila his sister! Hope no longer dazzled his sight with her visions of bliss. His dreams of felicity could now then never be realized, and the dark cloud that had banished their brightness would eternally blacken his destiny. Henceforwards his waking and his sleeping dreams would be alike of wo; solitary and sad should he wander over smiling scenes of delights that would appear to him sterile deserts, where no floweret of bliss could

put forth its propitious bud, no rose of joy could rear its glowing blossom.

St. Julian wished to join the army, but he durst not propose it to the conde de Arno, though he dreaded lest every hour should betray his restlessness. He wept over the portrait of Camila; he was thankful to Heaven that their union (he shuddered at the thought) had been prevented; but at the same time he felt, he was convinced he felt, that he never should be able to view the lovely Camila as a sister; he must behold her, whom he had so long idolized, no more; she must no longer be the subject of his meditations, of his ecstatic musings—she must even be deleted from his reminiscences, and remembered no more.

“From don Saragossa,” said the conde de Arno, observing the superscription of a letter which a servant had just delivered to him. After silently perusing it, his lordship continued—“He wishes to have the nuptials celebrated immediately.

as your profession claims so much of your time ;” throwing the letter across the table to Rodolfo.

St. Julian wished not for the wealth of Saragossa ; he would rather have declined the alliance, though so splendid, for his heart sought repose—it revolted from assimilation. Camila reigned despotically—then how could he pay that attention which was due to Elvira, and which she had a right to expect ? but what objection could he possibly make to the conde, that he would not accept it ? and was he not his father, possessing a natural control over him ? He never now could have——oh Heaven ! and though he would wish to live without a union that claimed his affection and his particular attentions, yet he must be, he knew, miserable either way ; had he not then better resign himself to the conde’s guidance ? Returning the letter to the conde—“ I would rather it should not be, my lord ; but I submit to your lordship’s wishes.”

It was evident the conde was pleasingly astonished at his ready compliance; he had shewn himself so extremely averse to the union, that the conde had imagined that he had made a clandestine engagement, or, at least, was involved in an affair of gallantry, which the quitting Valencia in the evening, and not returning to De Arno till late the following morning, confirmed: but not choosing to enter into any explanation, fearing it might ultimately tend to the setting aside the alliance with Elvira, or display St. Julian's conduct in a reprehensible point of view, and oblige the conde to proceed to extremities, he held his hand to St. Julian—"The vizconde returns to-morrow—we will commence our journey for Saragossa the day following; Medina and I will remain a week or two with you; then we will, on our return, cross the country to Castello, spend a month there, another at home, and resort to the capital for the season."

Rodolfo did not regret the conde de

Arno fixing so early a day.—“ If I am to be married,” he thought, “ the sooner the ceremony be performed the better perhaps; I shall not experience this inquietude, or be so unhappy, when I have an additional duty to be otherwise.”

“ Now, colonel St. Julian,” said lord Medina the first moment of being alone with him, “ have the goodness to inform me how you came so quietly to consent to the marrying Elvira, or seemingly to consent, for I do not imagine that you will marry Elvira—for what would become of Camilla? she must not, shall not, be treated dishonourably.”

The gushing tears, in rolling floods, forced their way from the eyes of St. Julian.

“ What do you mean? what mean those tears?”

“ Oh! oh!” sighed the heart-torn St. Julian.

“ This is very extraordinary—do give me an explanation?”

“ Oh, my dear, dear Enrique, can I let the frightful truth escape my lips? oh!” groaning, “ you are—I am your brother!”

“ Good Heaven! Poor, poor Camila! how will you be able to break it to her? and how did you learn it?”

“ The condesa informed me. I apprehend Camila already knows—certainly she is acquainted with it, or would she not have bade me adieu on her setting off for Castello?”

“ What a distressing thing we did not all know this before! it would have saved you a great deal of wretchedness. But, merciful Heaven! what a timely discovery, or what a horrible misery would have been the portion of you both! Concealment is wrong, evidently wrong! May you yet be happy, my dear brother!” embracing him; “ you must combat with your emotions, and in the end you will conquer.”

“ What can I do with Elvira? how declare a passion that I feel not? I had better tell her my affections are gone for ever.”

“Nonsense! how can you tell her who has those affections? and she will most certainly inquire: and, my dear St. Julian, though you are so unhappy at this moment, you will, if you persevere in attempting to overcome emotions which you cannot innocently possess, soon acquire sufficient fortitude, or rather be sufficiently disengaged, to give in reality those affections which you now merely pretend to give: and why, if you are uncomfortable, should you make your wife wretched? It will now be criminal to think of Camila otherwise than as a sister. Imitate her fortitude, for depend upon it she views you already as a brother.”

Rodolfo felt extremely distressed on quitting De Arno.—“Then am I really to see Camila no more!” he exclaimed in the agony of despair.

On the evening preceding his departure he strayed over the grounds—through the apartments made dear to him by the presence of Camila; he viewed with melan-

choly tenderness the harp her lovely fingers had swept—ah! he was to hear those soul-thrilling sounds no more!

Before mounting his horse, he turned, as if expecting to see her beloved form, toward the lattice of her room, which the first rays of the sun were gilding, and murmured—“Adieu for ever!”

The conde de Arno observed his disquietude, though without noticing it, and was the more confirmed in his suspicions; but he was happy, whatever occasioned St. Julian's uneasiness, that it would not prevent his union with Elvira; and, as he appeared to wish to conceal it, the conde was not desirous of drawing it forth.

St. Julian, anticipatigly dreading the conclusion of his journey some leagues ere the termination of it, would discern, or, straining his eye, imagine he discerned, the grey towers of Saragossa, and his aching heart beat sluggishly; gasping for breath, he was unable to utter a sound even to Medina: but when in reality the

rising turrets broke upon his view, his furiously-throbbing heart beat against its trembling envelope, and with its quick palpitations convulsed his emotioned bosom.

CHAPTER IV.

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THE beautiful, the blushing Elvira tremblingly received her destined husband. Her extreme loveliness, her softness, her sensibility, soothed the love-torn St. Julian, who was as agitated as she who expected the heart that had long made its selection. He endeavoured to disguise feelings that ought to be, at such a moment, far distant; he endeavoured to subdue emotions that would, if indulged, betray his inmost secret: and did not the lovely being before him deserve every effort? did she not claim all his regard? and

would it not be impossible not to return, gratefully return, the affection of such a being? Would to Heaven, that ere long he should give her all his heart!

Don Saragossa, in free and hearty terms, gave them welcome, and proudly introduced his fascinating Elvira.—“Here is a charming girl, my lord! very few men can boast of such a daughter. Does not your lordship think colonel St. Julian discerned rightly, when he chose so fair a blossom?”

“Indeed I do; but so lovely a lady is so seldom seen, I wonder not at his selection—he culled the fairest.”

“Yes; and as the bee the honey, so he drew the mellifluent affections of a heart most precious.—Are you a sportsman, conde? is your son?”

“We cannot perhaps be termed sportsmen; we do not make the chase our amusement, or enjoyment rather, as you do, don Saragossa, but we enter with pleasure into each rural sport that presents itself.”

"Do you, my lord Medina, equal colonel St. Julian in a boar hunt?"

"Not quite."

"I thought so; though I do not mean to disparage you, young gentleman, you have neither his strength nor his experience; but you may have, you know, by perseverance, and you will have the advantage of him when he is fighting, ha! ha! ha! there you will have him! there you will have him!"

"I think," said the conde, "of permitting lord Medina to join colonel St. Julian next campaign."

"What! make a soldier of him! for my own part I think we are all best at home."

"Have you plenty of animals for the chase on your demesne, don Saragossa?" inquired the conde de Arno.

"Oh, plenty, plenty! I take care of that; they find food, covert, and safety, when they are not pursued by don Saragossa."

"Do you never quit your castle for the capital? are you always pursuing or destroying the animals in their native wilds?"

"Those are my general amusements. I spent three months, two years ago, in Madrid.—What say you, my lord Medina—what say you, my lord conde, to chasing the boar to-morrow? the next day there will be too much feasting, I suppose, to think of hunting."

"We shall be happy," replied the conde, "to see don Saragossa's prowess."

"And I shall be happy to shew mine, of which you were so kind to inquire, don Saragossa."

With the first ray of light the hunters were upon their coursers. While don Saragossa was examining whether his steed was completely caparisoned, and fit to mount—"I have excused St. Julian from making one of us. A man who is to be married to-morrow, would to-day be thinking too much of his expected wife to know what he was about; he would break his neck, or suffer the boar to tear him limb from limb. Elvira would require him at my hands, and it would be in vain that I

should say, I was not his keeper. Yes, yes, a man going to be married is either like a fool or a madman; it was so with me, I very well remember."

As St. Julian gazed upon the lovely and delicate form of Elvira, he thought of the perverseness of the human heart—it desireth that which it cannot obtain, and a good within its reach is disregarded. How many men would consider Elvira their chief happiness! to him, who had the lovely blessing in acceptance, she was a source of discomfort. But it was certainly impossible not to have a tenderness for so gentle a being; he did indeed love her as a sister. Would to Heaven she were his sister, and Camila the daughter of Saragossa! he sighed—the gentle Elvira's mild eyes sought the cause—he pressed the slender fingers to his lips; affection played, as the pale blush of the morning, upon her transparent cheeks—"Will you, lovely Elvira, favour me with accompanying the harp with your seraphic voice?"

The complying Elvira swept the harp with more than earthly touch, and joined the soft strains with the symphonious melody of her bewitching voice. The pathetic lay drew the brilliants from her dark blue eyes, which gave a more than pathos to her soul-moving harmony.

The grace of her symmetrical form—her fair hands, and polished arms, that in easy elegance crossed the costly and richly-decorated harp—her golden tresses, in wanton ringlets wandering over her snowy bosom—her falling shoulders—her fair forehead and temples, whose veins in azure brightness caught the eye, as the pensile windings waved to each graceful movement—her angelic countenance, radiant in beauty's hallowed charm, expressing the feelings of her gentle heart, struck the soul of St. Julian with admiration, with affection. He gazed, while the straying tears confessed his love-entranced heart; his subdued soul felt the soft enchantment emanating from grace and beauty so im-



posing; he breathed not, his subdued soul drank the mystic harmony, the inspiring diapasons: he listened till the dying echo of the silvery sounds had ceased to vibrate—he caught her in his arms, he folded her to his throbbing bosom, while his balmy lips drank her tears of sensibility.

“Will you look at my flowers?” said Elvira; “it will not be very warm—the undulating breeze floats around, and brings its coolness.” She led the way to the blossomed sweets, pointed out their various beauties, and drew his notice to her favourites.

Putting her arm within his—“You shall see my Temple of Fancy; the greater part of the way is shaded by thick, branching foliage, that only here and there admit the scorching rays.”

The architecture of the temple was splendidly unique, and displayed the admirable taste of the fair designer.

They entered the fanciful edifice; the interior corresponded in magnificence with

the exterior of the building, and exhibited a refined and correct taste in all its elegant decorations.

St. Julian complimented his lovely friend upon the beauty, the grace, the agreement of the decorations, the appropriate affixion of the ornamental appendages, the varying beauties, forming one harmonious whole.—“This Temple of Fancy is really a charming display of a fanciful and elegant imagination, my dear Elvira.”

“This is the morning of all mornings the most wished-for by a lover,” said don Saragossa at breakfast—“is it not, colonel St. Julian?”

“Most assuredly it is, my dear don Saragossa.”

“You and I, my lord,” said the don, addressing the conde de Arno, “have experienced this happy morning.”

“Yes, happy indeed; and I thank Heaven that I have seen many, very many, as happy, without its turbulence.”

“ I am very glad you have found the marriage state so felicitous; and I hope you will for many years continue to find it so; and that our young friend will be as happily paired, and enjoy a felicity so desirable.”

“ I am indebted to don Saragossa for his good wishes. I think we need not fear for the happiness of St. Julian, with so beautiful and amiable a lady as doña Elvira.”

“ What say you, lord Medina? you are looking forward for such a morning I suppose? Have you a lady in view? if not, you must look about you to-day: among all the pretty lasses, who knows whether your lordship will make a selection? you know the old adage, one wedding brings on another.”

“ I do not feel inclined to bring on another just now; it will be quite time enough when I am as old as St. Julian.”

“ As old as St. Julian! yes, you are right, my lord, that will be quite time

enough, for he is but the sapling that may expect to grow to the future tree. But you may choose to-day, and by so doing, provide for the time when you will be as aged as the not quite hoary-headed St. Julian.—We will not keep you, colonel,” turning to Rodolfo, “ I know you are upon thorns; you may fly to Elvira; I dare say that she is expecting you.”

St. Julian made his exit.

“ I saw the other day,” continued don Saragossa, “ a friend of mine (and of the marques de Palencia), who came home in consequence of his wounds, and who informed me of colonel St. Julian’s excellent soldiership; he spoke highly of him as a military man, and as a gentleman. He is a fine young fellow, my lord; the marques de Uleda had displayed him to me before I wrote to your lordship.”

“ He is indeed an admirable young man; and I scruple not to say, that you will find him all you wish: and your lovely daughter will not fail of felicity with

one, who will doubtless be a most affectionately attentive husband."

"Oh, that he must be! no man could be the husband of my Elvira, and not be affectionate; he must be a lover all his life: her beauty exceeds the beauty of all the ladies around, all I ever saw, and perhaps all the ladies in Spain; and her grace, her air, her manners, her gentleness, are fascinations which will ever enslave. I shall take a view of the horses, and make half-an-hour's ride, and by that time, I imagine the castle will be pretty well filled. Would you choose a ride, my lords? or would you prefer the carriage? or are you a sufficient charioteer, my lord Medina, for your father to confide in your driving talent?"

"I thank you," replied the conde, "we will take our horses."

St. Julian found Elvira surrounded by a group of young and elegant females, who were, in youthful hilarity, expressing their joyous thoughts while taking their

breakfast. They pressed him to take a cup of chocolate. The repast was a social one; and St. Julian's sportive politeness, his pleasing gaiety, made way to their hearts, and he immediately became a favourite. On his entrance, his beautiful and manly figure pleasingly astounded them; but when they witnessed his fascinating manners and conversation, they scrupled not to acknowledge to each other that he excelled all the gentlemen with whom they were acquainted, and he was the only one worthy of their beautiful friend, whom they congratulated on a conquest so fortunate.

The blushing Elvira received their congratulations with trembling pleasure, with a certain feeling of pride, that she should possess a husband so admired, so deserving of admiration.

## CHAPTER V.



THE hour was arriving in which were to be united for ever the destinies of Elvira and Rodolfo. He sought in the thick shade of the almond grove to quiet his perturbation.—“Oh Camila!” he exclaimed—“oh thought! thought forbidden to St. Julian!” Drawing from his bosom the miniature of Camila, pressing it to his lips, and bathing it with his tears—“Adieu! adieu for ever! it will be, it is criminal to look upon this sweet resemblance—criminal even to think upon the lovely original. My sister! Good Heaven, give me fortitude! Ah! soon must the wretched St. Julian be the husband of the innocent, the unsuspecting Elvira! May I watch over the felicity, may I guard the happiness of the confiding girl! may I never destroy

the peace that pervades her pure bosom, nor awaken feelings that now repose in security! She gives her happiness to my keeping, and wo, tenfold wo will be my portion if I mar it!" Brushing the tears from his eyes, and again sorrowfully viewing the portrait, and replacing it in his bosom—"Heaven give me fortitude to conceal emotions that ought not to exist, and finally to overcome them!"

Colonel St. Julian alone was wanting to complete the happy group assembled for the nuptials. As he made his *entrée*, the conde de Arno looked inquiringly, and St. Julian's conscious cheeks betrayed that he felt the interrogation.

"Where have you been the last hour, St. Julian?" inquired don Saragossa; "we have had some pretty *jeu d'esprits*, and wanted you to fall in rank and file (there is a military expression for you) with some of your best: and besides, to tell you the truth, your fair mistress did not think well of your absence at such a moment—then



she feared you were ill—again, she was half inclined to be angry with you.”

The blushing smiles of Elvira contradicted her father’s last assertion. St. Julian took her lovely hand, pressed it to his lips, and resigned it to her father, who led her to the altar.

The chapel, which was at all times magnificently splendid, had been fitted up for the performance of the holy rite, that it might give its imposing grandeur, and grace the nuptial ceremony of the beautiful daughter of the rich don Saragossa. The cupola of the chapel, whose summit bore the gilded ensign of the holiest, and of the best of religions, the glory of Christians, the reproach of infidels—displayed, in radiant dies, the infant Saviour in his humble birthplace, and the adoration, and the offerings of the magi. On the lower part of the dome was painted in glowing colours the circumcision, the crucifixion, the flight into Egypt, and the Saviour disputing in the Temple with the masters of

Israel. The walls of the sacred edifice exhibited the transfiguration, the miracles, the resurrection, and the ascension of the Redeemer; and on either side the altar, where the never-extinguished tapers beamed their silvery light, were the inflictions and the enrobing of the Redeemer preparatory to his death; immediately over the marble which bore the consecrated elements was, in striking and in vivid colouring, which went directly to the Christian's heart, the agonizing representation of the crucifixion.

The hallowed fane was constructed of the purest marble, which displayed some of the *chef d'œuvres* of sculptoric art. The capitals of the graceful columns were adorned with the lotus, which, if not strictly classical, yet reminded of an age preceding the classic, and the remembrance of far distant years—years long passed from the reality of vision, and which live alone in retrospection, gave its peculiar charm.

The Tyrian purple and equally glowing

teints which portrayed the scriptural events respecting the great lawgiver of Israel, typical of Christ, gleamed their hallowed rays, as the sun, or a milder light, pierced its vivid colours, and imparted a pleasing, devotional melancholy, that chastened the heart, and prepared it to receive holy impressions. Those parts of the sacred structure which environed the historic representations of the Redeemer were of embossed gold, exquisitely wrought, and which, dazzling in the ever-burning flame from as richly-decorated lamps, gave perpetual brilliancy. The crimson velvet hangings, partly veiled by golden tissue drapery, falling in long and graceful folds, completed the imposing beauty of the awfully-splendid scene.

The cold hand of Rodolfo St. Julian received the trembling one of Elvira Saragossa, while his pale countenance and starting tears almost betrayed to the spectators the agonized heart that beat only for Camila.

"I was never so happy but once in my life," said don Saragossa, when, after the ceremony, he saluted his beautiful daughter; "a soft, perhaps a heavenly, happiness sheds its influence, pervades my whole frame, and gives a purer delight than I thought it possible to experience. It is not that kind of feeling I experience on killing the roebuck, after a long and gallant chase, no, though I had long pursued the artful animal in all its cunning windings and noble leaps—no, no, it is not that kind of feeling, nor any other that I know of—no, no," continued the verbose don, whom delight had rendered more narrative than usual, "nothing but my Elvira's being united to the husband of her choice and mine could give this refined bliss.—You have a daughter, my lord," addressing the conde de Arno.

"Yes, I thank Heaven!"

"Then you have to experience these delightful sensations.—My dear Elvira! yes, Elvira still, though no longer Saragossa,

but St. Julian—yet still thy father's best beloved, still his own Elvira.—Happy, happy San Julian! may you long continue the happy San Julian! I know you are deserving of being happy, and that you will properly estimate your felicity. Not a royal prince of Spain would be so welcome a son-in-law to don Saragossa!" embracing him.

Elvira smilingly turned towards her beloved Rodolfo, who pressed her to his bosom with a convulsive pressure. Elvira's beauty, her loveliness, her goodness, demanded his whole heart—and that heart—where—whose was it? oh Heaven! Elvira had the affection he would have given to a sister. It was impossible to see Elvira without affection, and it was likewise impossible to be blessed with her society without feeling a tenderness for her; but possessing that tenderness, that affection, his heart was tumultuous, and he could neither calm its beatings nor suppress its aching groans. He attended his lovely

bride to the saloon, and again vanished from the gay assemblage of the happy, seeking in solitude, if not repose, at least fortitude.

The conflict with his feelings was severe. The lucid drops of love-fraught agony bedewed his beautiful and manly countenance. Religion and reason conquered. The again animated and smiling St. Julian became the grateful, the joyous bridegroom. He led the blushing Elvira through the delightful labyrinths of lovely compeers, who were striving to bear the palm of graceful measured movement to harmonious strains.

Supporting his lovely and trembling Elvira to the harp, whose gold embossment gave its dazzling charm, as the blaze of light issuing from lamps of the same precious metal, as richly wrought, played upon its brilliant figures—Camila, whom he had so often led to chords of harmony, for a moment fascinated his senses—He listened; he heard no sounds but those

Elvira drew; he forgot every thing but tenderness for the object before him.

The soul-touching harmony ceased. St. Julian remained entranced, till the last sounds, so grateful to his heart, had died away; then pressing the hand of his lovely bride to his lips, he returned her to her seat

“Oh ho, my lord Medina! I see you are making my supposition good; I see you are completing the old adage. Well, well, you have chosen a fair flower, just budding into goodly blossom. We all have our time. I almost wish mine were to be over again; one part of it at least I will again enjoy. I have not danced for some years, but I will now display don Saragossa's talent. I must seek a fair partner who will honour don Saragossa with her fair hand.”

The partner was soon found, and don Saragossa did indeed perform his best. The ladies, both young and old, complimented him on his admirable skill in dan-

cing; one lady affirmed that it equalled his skill in the chase.

Not content with exhibiting his dancing powers, he would charm with the melodious pipe. Here don Saragossa did really excel; he astonished all with the breathing harmony; while (though past the middle age) his fine and expressive countenance declared don Saragossa, under the guise of a sportsman, really possessed a feeling heart.

The golden rays of the east darted their brightness upon the still gay and joyous dancers. The minstrel had not ceased his legendary song; Saragossa and St. Julian, Rodolfo and Elvira, still vibrated upon the strings of his harp, when Aurora greeted him with her sweet smile, and kissed the wedding-favour which graced his bosom.



CHAPTER VI.  
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" I WILL have no departing to-day, my good friends," said don Saragossa. " What is one day's merriment—one day's feasting, upon such a joyful occasion? No, no, I impress you—I impress every one for three weeks at least; after that time you shall be volunteers for as long as you please; and you shall find don Saragossa no mean host: so continue your dancing, those who can still trip it to the merry strains; and there are plenty of couches in the castle for those who wish to repose. But I think a good breakfast will not be unacceptable: we will have a social one; my blooming Elvira, with her beloved St. Julian for her support, shall grace the head of the table."

The lovely and beautiful bride was in-

deed the blooming Elvira; her mantling blushes gave a more radiant brilliancy to even the dazzling beauty of Elvira—gave an indefinable charm that fascinated all, as St. Julian led her to the upper end of the room to grace the assembled beauty with her superior loveliness.

The enchanting Elvira was tremblingly happy; glancing her azure eyes towards her beloved husband, she raised her heart in thankfulness to Him who had given her such a gift; feeling the ardent gaze of the admiring guests, her mildly-speaking eyes confided in silent language her gentle timidity to the attentive St. Julian, who, beaming smiles upon his beautiful wife, in softest tones calmed her trembling feelings; and kindly, with animated grace, addressed the nearer guests, and drew their thoughts and eyes from the gentle and timid girl.

Every festive sport, both within and without the castle, presented its gaiety in various forms, suiting to the various tastes

of the joyous visitants. In the beautiful and romantic grounds of the castle, which were partly formed by the good taste of the late doña Saragossa, and partly by the elegant one of her daughter, were interspersed, at short distances, bands of music, that in pleasing strains greeted the ear. Viands of the most delicate and sumptuous kinds were placed in the fragrant shade of the orange and the lemon. The umbrageous fig threw its branches before the golden beam of day, and protected from its scorching blaze the sweet-flavoured delicacies; and smiling bowers, where the blushing rose and snowy jasmine breathed their sweet perfume, lent their scented canopy to the ambrosial food. The strolling parties found refreshment under trees of the softest odour, which reared their spreading heads in the lofty breeze; while myrtles and other gentle ever-verdured shrubs walled their stately trunks, and the creeping aspiring woodbine climbed their highest branches, and from which

in venturous wantonness dangled its trumpet-flowerets, and formed alcoves so enchanting, so inspiring, that the muses or the loves might have there chosen their blissful throne and held empire.

The little barks upon the lake, displaying their white sails and gay colours, which waved in the light breeze that trimmed around ; the fanciful dress of the boatmen ; the music floating upon the mild zephyr, playing upon the curling billow, and in gentle vibration dancing upon the trembling foliage, that rose in majestic height, or in pensile humility met its own resemblance in the diaphanous wave ; the gardens, where fragrant petals presented their variegated dies, and scented the air with their soft perfume ; the verdant lawn, graced with florid and odoriferous groups of the most pleasing of Nature's vegetable world ; the silvery hue of the olive, undulating to the summer gale, and whose roots were laved by the meandering streamlet, which in gentle flowing murmured

its sweetest song ; the laurel and the citron groves ; the majestic woods ; the rising glade ; the divergent glen ; the rocky height ; and the luxurious vale, blending their various beauties in harmonizing colouring, gave the bosom a pleasing serenity, and formed a scene so picturesque and joyous, that the lightened heart felt its calmness.

The visitants at the castle were seen amusing themselves agreeably to their tastes, or the whim of the moment. Some were in the buoyant barks floating the wide waters' surgy wave ; some were on Arabian coursers, crossing the diversified domain, that bespoke the riches and the generosity of its owner, where the cottage of the vassal in smiling neatness shewed the contentment of its happy inhabitant ; others in youthful gaiety were dancing under the shade of the linden and the oak, where the rosemary and the eglantine gave their sweetness, and the ever-blooming orange its aromatic fragrance. In the

natural bower, carpeted by the gum-cistus, the guitar and the flute would unite their melodious tones, and greet the wanderer with their harmony.

“ We will have a stag chase to-morrow,” said don Saragossa, “ because the ladies can join us ; and the day following, the hawk shall make its winding way.”

“ I am particularly fond of falconry,” joined the conde de Arno, “ it being a favourite diversion of the ladies. In the more ferocious chase—the wolf, the boar, the ladies of necessity are excluded, and consequently can bear no part in any conversation respecting them ; so in these exercises we have not only an amusement of which they cannot partake, but we are deprived of their enlivening conversation, elegant wit, sensible remark, and their fascinating softness, that humanizes while it charms.”

“ And then you, my lord Medina,” resumed don Saragossa, “ while you are following the falcon, will be attending the fair flower, your favourite.”

“ I am not so fortunate as to have one, my good don Saragossa.”

“ Ha, ha, ha ! I can see ! don Saragossa can see ; pretty quickly can he pierce his prying beams into those matters ; so I warn you all, my good ladies and gentlemen. Here are two enamoured of each other. You have a world made for yourselves, have you not ? Ha, ha ! those heightening blushes betray don Saragossa is right. Well, well, and all is right with you, for neither papa nor mamma says nay. But what shall I say to these younglings ? Neither papa nor mamma says love, marry, and be happy. Oh, my little smiling cherub, with thy mantling crimson, and beseeching look, I would not separate thee from thy fellow heart, which is now fast beating at my uncouth remarks ! Yes, my bashful young gentleman, whose blazing cheeks now burn the eyes, that, if it were not for don Saragossa's want of politeness, would in softer colour, in the rose's mildness, gently

heighten the liquid brilliancy. Yes, I would not tear thee from the lovely being that glows in all thy aerial pictures. Fear not my quick sight. I will see don Formosa, and don Juan to-morrow. No; let me see—to-morrow these joyous diversions prevent; but one day in the next week, my young friends, don Saragossa shall try his skill at settling differences; and who knows but success may crown his endeavours at peace-making; at least he will not want your blessing for the occasion; and surely every lover, and every lately married pair, will give their prayers.

"Where is colonel St. Julian, that he is not in at the death?" inquired don Saragossa. "This is the first time he was at a stag-hunt and behind. But where ladies are, the chase is but of little worth. He is minding his bride, instead of taking heed to the stag. Well, well, it was so with me once. You managed famously, my dear vizconde. How did you contrive it, that your fair flower came in in such good style?"

“ I had no contrivance, don Saragossa ; our horses were fleet, and lady Estifania knew how to make a good use of hers. But I think you were wrong when you said the ladies always spoiled the chase. Look around, how many were among the the first that came up. You ought, my good don Saragossa, to beg their pardon for the false assertion. Ha, ha, ha ! you ought indeed, my good don.”

“ Yes, and I will. I was so vexed St. Julian was behind.”

“ So you condemn the ladies *en masse* for his defalcation ! Upon my word, don Saragossa, though St. Julian is such a favourite with them, I think they will not easily pardon you this breach of politeness.”

“ I must make up the matter, my lord, in the quickest and best way I am able.”

Don Saragossa rode round to the ladies, and in his best manner made his apology, promising another stag-chase the day after the morrow.

The ladies with great good humour

gave their fair hands to the good don, as an earnest of their perfect forgiveness; and accepted the peace-offering stag-chase.

"I fear you are fatigued, my dear Elvira," said her father.

"I thank you, I am not."

"Where have you been? Why were you not here before?"

"We were entangled in the forest," replied Rodolfo.

"I advise you to beware of the entanglement another time; for I do not like to see St. Julian behind."

"I alone am blamable, my dear papa," said the blushing Elvira; "I misled colonel St. Julian."

"Well, well, my love, never mind, colonel St. Julian must be careful for the future not to give himself up to the guidance of one who knows less than himself."

The hunters and huntresses, as they rode to the castle, were engaged upon the merits of the chase, and the little occurrences that had intervened on the way;

and when seated around the festive board, and fruit and wine made their joyous way, the same topics occupied every tongue; all were ready to bear a part in a conversation of which every one could interestedly partake. But the obliterating mantle of evening banished the chase and its concerns; dancing and music filled the time and gratified the heart; nor the least, that mystic music which the lover in silvery sounds breathes into the ear of her who, awake to the thrilling charm, listens with palpitating heart, and repays with smiles of love.

Ere the sun had risen, or the first streams of day had enlivened the east, the females at the castle de Saragossa were delightedly preparing for their favourite diversion. The falcon received their gentle caresses; the snowy hand of each fair dame lightly stroked its glossy plumage; each dulcet voice in kindest tones encouraged the gallant bird.

In following the royal falcon every body was pleased, as don Saragossa would say.

“ This was never a sport I much admired, but I certainly enjoyed it to-day,” said the good-natured don. “ I would hawking were always as pleasant; that I always found such good companions, such charming ladies in such charming order for the sport; not one but more than enjoyed it. If this were always the case I should more frequently hawk than I do; and the falcons behaved well, particularly Elvira’s; it is a rare bird, and worthy of the distinction with which she has honoured it—it was never at fault. Oh, it is a rare bird! not one of my best hounds in a boar hunt could have conducted itself better. It is Elvira’s prime favourite; and you received the greater pleasure, did you not, colonel St. Julian?”

“ Undoubtedly, my dear sir; but the correct chasing and excellent skill of the bird must have given every one pleasure. Its beauty and admirable docility does the doña St. Julian great credit; and the selection of so beautiful a creature displays

her good taste. It has received excellent training: the falconer deserves commendation."

"Oh, there is not a better set of falconers in Spain! I have taken care of that."

"I should suppose so," joined the conde de Arno, "from the appearance of the hawks: it is impossible to have a better collection."

"You are right, my lord; don Saragossa takes care not to have his sport spoiled by his instruments. There is not a better set of horses, dogs, hawks, and fellows to look after them, than don Saragossa possesses; not a better set this day in the world, my dear conde."

"I will not to-day join the joyous hunters—make one in the busy field, my dear Rodolfo," said the affectionate Elvira, on the morning in which the promised pursuit of the noble stag was to be exhibited, "or probably you will be again behind, and don Saragossa find cause to chide."

"My dear Elvira, as you please; I will remain at home if you prefer it."

“ Then, my dear St. Julian, you will lose an enjoyment.”

“ And is not my first enjoyment the society of my Elvira? must she not form the happiness of St. Julian?” and he pressed to his bosom his beauteous bride.

Elvira thought — if Rodolfo remain at home, my father will say—“ What, St. Julian again governed by Elvira, one so ignorant of the pleasure of rural sports—and he is not only not in at the death, but not present in the pursuit?” and determined to go.—“ I will go then, my dear St. Julian, as you will not go without me. I must endeavour to ride faster, and not take upon me the guide.”

“ Ah, my Elvira, one of the foremost!” exclaimed don Saragossa; “ this is admirable! my good child, when the wife acts her part well, the husband does his duty; but if the wife falters, the husband falls. You see St. Julian has retrieved his good name; but if you had not endeavoured to be a good sportswoman, he would have

lost his reputation as a sportsman. It is with every thing as it is with the chase—good wives make good husbands; and I beg that for this day's good conduct, the fine antlers of this superior animal be presented to you; and if my Elvira need reminding—but that I know she will not—they would in the hall of her fathers be a memento of her parent's instructions."

Elvira good-naturedly and laughingly received the remembrancer of wifely duty; and not a lady present who did not promise to remember don Saragossa's admonitions, though they possessed not don Saragossa's antlers.

Elvira whispered to St. Julian, as he led her in the dance—"I prefer this to hunting—I can be in in time."

"If my Elvira would rather not, she shall not again join in the chase. It is an exercise too fatiguing for her tender frame, too rough for her delicate mind, and too fierce for her sensibility. Dancing is indeed, my love, better suited to your gentle

nature," pressing her hand to his lips, "and that in which you always excel;" again pressing her snowy fingers.

CHAPTER VII.

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CONGRATULATIONS on the marriage of Elvira flowed to the castle. Visiting succeeded ; and diversions, tournaments, dancing, and music, exhausted the days and nights. Amusement succeeded amusement, till the continuance would have cloyed, if the nice selection, and the appropriation of each diversion to its suitable time, had not prevented satiety.

Nor were the vassals of Saragossa forgotten ; they had their rejoicings, their fetes, their sports : the voice of merriment thrilled with delight, and the gladdened heart in silent throbbing beat its joy.

The song of the shepherd resounded in



the vale; the soft tones of the virgin were borne upon the breeze; the step of joy in the festive throng pressed lightly the velvet turf; and the harp of Saragossa gave its prolonged sound.

The conde de Arno and the vizconde Medina made their adieu.

“ Shall I be the bearer of a letter to Camila, St. Julian? She will be happy to have the written assurance of your felicity.”

Fortunately for St. Julian, his back was to the conde, or his burning cheeks would have displayed his heart; Medina alone beheld the fiery betrayal. As soon as he could command his voice, he replied—  
“ There is no need of such assurance, my lord; you will have the goodness to paint my felicity in glowing colours; you cannot exaggerate, for though reality, it exceeds the highest imaginary bliss.”

The blushing Elvira presented her letters for the condesa and the lady San Valos.

The conde embraced her, and was quitting the room, when don Saragossa addressed him with—" I think, my lord, we might ride the beginning of the journey with your lordships ; and Elvira shall leap her little barb against lord Medina's moor for a thousand gold pieces."

" We will try our horses, if the doña St. Julian will favour me with the competition ; but not for the gold, don Saragossa."

" Well, well, that shall be as you like ; but the conde and I will have a betting."

The pensive countenance of Rodolfo attracted the attention of his anxious wife, and she imputed it to the idea of separating from the conde and his beloved Medina. Ah ! could she have viewed Camila, with all her fascinations, possessing the heart of her husband, her gentle heart would not upbraid, but would pine for that love which Camila would so gladly resign.

The leaps of both animals were admir-

able, but upon the whole the palm was adjudged to Elvira's little barb; and don Saragossa had the gratification of winning his bet.

"I think I may well boast of Elvira's palfrey, my lord, for the vizconde's moor is a fine leaper; his third leap was a capital one. Lord Medina is an excellent horseman, and if he go on as he has hitherto gone, he will soon equal St. Julian."

The adieus were made, and Rodolfo, with Elvira and her father, turned their horses for the castle of Saragossa.

"Lord Medina is a clever little fellow," observed don Saragossa; "he is a youth that pleases me much. The conde—I admire the conde very much; he is at home in the drawing-room and in the field; he is a cheerful companion, delights with his wit and pleasantry; and Medina certainly takes after him; he is just such another, allowing for the exuberance of youth, for the lordling enjoys a mirthful moment, I can see, though in person you, St. Julian,

more than the vizconde resemble him.—  
Do you not think so, Elvira?”

“Yes, the resemblance is very striking.”

“Yes, yes, there can be no doubt there  
whose is St. Julian. But what is the  
reason of those startings I have observed  
in the conde?”

“I do not know. They are but for a  
moment.”

“As you say, they are but for a mo-  
ment; but there is something very as-  
tonishing in them. What does the con-  
desa say?”

“I have not heard her mention it.”

“To tell you the truth, colonel St. Ju-  
lian, I have particularly remarked that  
these extraordinary startings are at the  
mention of your name, or at the sight of  
you. Have you perceived it?”

“Yes; but I cannot account for it. I  
do not know why I should, though I cer-  
tainly do, occasion those little absences.”

“Who was your mother?”

To say that St. Julian’s face, eyes, and

ears, were red, is not sufficient,—they were scarlet of the deepest die; though he felt relieved, which he ever did when he reflected that the cottagers were not his parents, for the proud spirit of Rodolfo St. Julian but ill accorded with so humble an original. Though a mean birth ought to be considered preferable to a dishonourable one, he could not forget the low epithets with which Medina had upbraided him; and though the emancipation from vassal parentage had destroyed his scheme of happiness, yet he could but rejoice that he had the same father, at least, as the vizconde. Ah! had the condesa too been his mother, he might at this moment have been happy with his affectionate Elvira.

That affectionate Elvira was, at this moment, not exactly happy—she was uneasy at the abrupt question of her father, and pained at the blushes and hesitation of her husband; she would have buried them both in her bosom.

“I cannot recollect my mother.”

“ My dear papa,” interrupted the feeling Elvira, “ were you not particularly pleased with Barb’s leaps, and my good riding ?”

“ Yes, yes, Elvira, I never doubted Barb’s leaps—the little creature always does well—nor your skill. I was not speaking just then of leaping or riding, but of St. Julian’s mother.—I suppose, colonel, you have heard the conde say who she was.”

“ I have not, my dear sir.”

“ I once knew a lady Clara St. Julian, who passed for a widow, very like you—that is to say, you bear her a resemblance.”

“ Where did she reside when you knew her ?”

“ At Valladolid. You have her features, though masculinized, and her smile, which I thought peculiar to the lady Clara St. Julian. To confess the truth, I very much admired this fair dame, and perhaps that influenced me towards you, St. Julian, for we cannot forget our old affections ; and from the first moment I saw you until

now, I cannot help tracing the resemblance. It may be only a casual one, but I cannot think otherwise than there may too be some relationship."

"I really cannot say. I never heard of her ladyship." Feeling interested, and thinking it probable that she was his mother, he continued—"Did she always reside at Valladolid?"

"No—she came there a stranger; at least I could hear nothing of her. I dangled after her for a twelvemonth, or nearly so, and to no purpose, for I could not inspire her with the passion with which I was inspired."

"Do you know what is become of her?"

"No; I have not heard of her since. I inquired some time ago of a person who came from Valladolid; he informed me that she left the city soon after I ceased my importunities."

St. Julian sighed.—"Yet why," said he mentally, "do I wish to find this lady my mother? must not my birth be a source of regret?"

He sighed as he assisted Elvira from her horse; leading her into the castle, he imprinted a kiss upon her fair hand; and in the silent solitude of embowering foliage he sought to calm his feelings.

Camila the whole of the day had disturbed his repose; the departure of the conde and the vizconde had brought her to his impassioned imagination; and now the idea had returned in even greater force than usual of his lost Camila—lost to him through his being the son of the conde de Arno — or of happiness lost through his being brought up in ignorance of that consanguinity; for had he known it, should he not have loved Camila with the affection of a brother only, and Elvira with the passion that was due to her?

The ever-anxious Elvira saw the perturbation of her beloved husband. She threw off her riding-dress, and was already pacing the bank of a pellucid rivulet, when she thought that she ought not to interrupt the solitude he had chosen, and was



turning to reenter the castle, when she saw him hastening towards her.

No trace remained of his inquietude; the smile that fascinated her heart, and it appeared had fascinated her father's, played upon his beautiful countenance. Embracing her—"My love, these gay banks are alike favourites of St. Julian and of his Elvira; they imparted a soft delight; but now I know that you too feel a peculiar pleasure in this romantically sequestered spot, it will possess a more valued charm. This grotto, so fancifully grotesque, has experienced my Elvira's elegant taste."

The granite structure, shaded with creeping verdure, supporting glossy petals of golden, of crimson, and of azure hue, mingling with their snowy sisters, gave smiling invitation to view the rural and unique beauties of its interior.

"I imagine it is not long since you were here, my love?" said Rodolfo, exposing a book he had found in one of the recesses.

"Not very long: this morning I en-

joyed the sublime sentiments of that great and refined displayer of nature, in the retirement of this pleasing, this delightful solitude."

"I had the happiness of hearing the lady Isabella de Castello, by her fascinating tones, even beautify the almost perfect language of these flowing periods; and shall I not again have the felicity in the dulcet voice of my Elvira?"

"Can I venture upon the ear of my Rodolfo after the lady Isabella?"

"My Elvira's bewitching accent in the ear of Rodolfo must at least equal, if not excel every other," falteringly uttering the last syllables; for the idea of Camila flushed his cheek, and he endeavoured to conceal the weakness upon the lovely hand of his anxiously-observing wife.

His endearments dissipated her fears for his affection, and she thought it not possible for the lady Isabella to possess even the least portion of a heart so devoted; and in the triumph of affection, the triumph of feeling, when St. Julian

repeated the request, she commenced reading the unconscious volume, that had so innocently disordered the sensitive hearts of two beings whose first wish was the happiness of each other.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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ELVIRA existed in Elysium; she breathed the pure air of affection's cloudless atmosphere; she basked in the sunshine of ethereal delights; she enjoyed the highest felicity of human beings—the society of the object beloved, whose affectionate solicitude removed every care, precluded every annoyance, and relieved while it fascinated the heart.

The inhabitants of Saragossa gradually repossessed that quiet which gives a sober and valued charm to existence, and in which the mind finds its strength. It

then seeks enjoyment that it can look upon with delight, that it can revisit with pleasure, and in which it can be revived in the hours of futurity, when the veil of lengthened existence overshadows the sun of joy.

They had a large circle of visiting acquaintance, and a select one of friends, that banished solitude; but had they been in the cave of the eremite, ennui would have been unknown to them, for both Rodolfo and his lovely wife possessed never-failing resources in themselves; and painting, music, reading, writing, philosophical and chymical experiments, and architectural and hortulan improvements, filled their vacant hours.

Letters arrived from each member of the De Arno family to Elvira; the condesa and the lady San Valos expressed all that politeness and kindly feeling could suggest upon the marriage, and upon the fascinating representation (made by the conde and Medina) of their fair friend.

St. Julian too had a letter from each.—
 “My dear Rodolfo,” wrote the condesa,
 “is there any thing could give me greater
 pleasure than your happiness? the conde
 has portrayed it in the brightest tints.
 Your lovely Elvira, the most fascinating
 of human beings, what do I not owe her
 for your felicity! and, my dear St. Julian,
 I doubt not your every effort for the peace,
 for the felicity of one so deserving. The
 conde de Arno informed me of your idle-
 ness; but I found an excuse for your not
 writing, in the attentions to your Elvira,
 &c.”

Camila's ran thus:—

“MY DEAR ST. JULIAN,

“If we were to delineate our
 own happiness, how would we design it? Providence has kindly directed our steps,
 and we find peace. May you and your
 charming Elvira ever experience it!”

“The duquesa and the lady Isabella de

Castello bid me say every thing consonant to the best wishes and kindest friendship! Isabella has been very ill, and she is now but slowly recovering. I related to her, as you may suppose, your fortunate rescue of my papa, and your unfortunate wounds; though I had written the melancholy event, yet her ladyship was desirous of hearing the memorable minutiae. I wish to persuade her and my mamma to trip it to Saragossa—I mean all of us: the duquesa is not in the least opposite to it; but I believe the condesa fears that the vizcondesa de San Valos should be the wife of don Saragossa; for I am half in love with the unique don's simplicity. He has promised Medina, after his return from his first campaign, to visit De Atho; and you and your Elvira are to accompany him. I shall very much regret Medina's absence, though with you. I cannot imagine how the conde will part with him; but after all, it is very probable that, in spite of Medina's importunity, he will not permit him to join you this time.

"I would not have you set me down for a scribbler; though in reality I have nothing to say, excepting that I am yours,

"Affectionately,

"CAMILA."

As St. Julian finished reading his letters, he separately presented them to his wife; but on finishing Camila's, he thrust it into his pocket.

"Here is the conde de Arno's, the viz-condesa's, the condesa's; but where is the one from lady San Valos?" inquired Elvira.

He drew it from his vest, threw it upon the table, and quitted the room.

He was astonished at finding a letter from the lady San Valos, yet he expected this letter to contain the distressful state of her feelings, her wretchedness, her thousand conflicts, and her inability to conquer. The contents were read with something more than astonishment—with

disappointment and vexation—with anger. Not a word of affection, of heart-rending misery ; no, she even said that she was at peace, and that, in their late path of affection, they had mistaken their road.—She would certainly marry Castello. The duque perhaps was there ? no, that was impossible—he had been recalled from the capital to take command of the second division, which was on a separate service.

The letter was altogether so unlike Camila's, that he could hardly believe that it was of her writing ; he should take it for the letter of a silly girl ; he should indeed take her for a scribbler, notwithstanding her warning. It was plain, though he had, though he did suffer so much for Camila, she had quietly, and without effort, put on the sister ; and without thinking of his wife, or any but Camila, he thrust the letter into his pocket.

Tears filled the cerulean eyes of the lovely and sensitive Elvira as her husband quitted the room, and she withdrew them

not from following her beloved; she feared she had offended; she blamed herself for inquiring for the letter.—“He would have given it to me, had it been intended for my eye,” said she with regret. “Dearest Rodolfo, I will not read it, as you wish me not;” taking the letter, and turning it over and over, observing the superscription, and admiring the fine writing: she replaced it upon the table, and removed to the window to watch the return of her husband. She saw him not; she became uneasy; still no Rodolfo. She intended to seek him, and moved towards the door.—“No, I will not;” again returning to the window. The perturbed Elvira was pacing the room, when—“St. Julian!” she exclaimed!

He met her with his usual good humour, and it was reflected in the countenance of the affectionate Elvira, who was most happy that he was not offended. But what could be the contents of the letter?

St. Julian thought that, in the course of the day, he would bring himself to speak of Camila's letter. An opportunity presenting itself, he said—"So don Saragossa has promised that we are to visit De Arno?"

"Has he?" replied his wife, ignorant to what he alluded.

"She serves me right," thought St. Julian; "I appeared pettish, though in reality I was not so with Elvira; but I cannot explain to her my feelings; they ought to be buried for ever; they ought never to have arisen." Unconsciously embracing his wife—"You know the lady Isabella, my love?"

"I have seen her several times; but I am not particularly acquainted with her. She is exceedingly lovely."

"You saw that—that Camila wished to bring her and the duchess here?"

"No."

"Not in Camila's letter?"

"I have not read it," blushing.

“ Not read it ! I thought,” feeling in his pocket, “ I thought that I had—I intended to give it to you.”

“ It is on the table ;” observing his embarrassment.

Crossing the room, he took the letter and presented it to her.—“ How unworthy,” thought he, “ am I of this lovely creature ! How she bears with my irritability, with my failings ! Oh, Camila ! oh that I had known that thou wast my sister !”

Elvira perused the letter, and saw nothing to occasion his perturbation ; again and again she read it, still she saw nothing, and she was convinced there was nothing in it that Rodolfo could wish her not to see. It was evidently constrained, and not the letter she should imagine Camila would write. How unlike the one written to herself ! there the fine mind of Camila shone in the elegantly-turned and chastely-flowing period. There was certainly a mystery ; but she could not fathom it.

Had she seen the heart of the writer at the moment she penned it—seen how it was torn with anguish! How often had she written her whole heart to St. Julian, and now she feared to write one of its feelings! Ah! had she seen—the pitying tear would have strolled from her then dim eye, in commiseration of feelings which her sympathizing heart would not have permitted her to condemn.

But what could have so disturbed St. Julian? either the rencounter or the lady Isabella. The embarrassment in the grotto crossed her mind, and she summoned resolution to say—“Do you not think the lady Isabella the most fascinating of women?”

Rodolfo blushed, knowing that she wished a solution to his late emotion.

Elvira observed the blush; for a moment it pained her; she recollected his uniform kindness.

“My love, I do not think the lady Isabella, though so fascinating,” (Camila rising

with all her loveliness, again the purple died his cheek,) "the *most* fascinating;" pressing his lips to the trembling lips of Elvira. "No, my best love."

Elvira was satisfied; and merely from the interest she felt in every thing that related to one so beloved, she requested the narration of the banditti scene.

She breathlessly listened to the recital of an event so fraught with danger; and her religious eyes were raised with the heart's silent worship, in thankfulness to Heaven for the preservation of her husband. Little did she imagine, while watching St. Julian's departure from Ubeda, how soon danger would surround him, how soon the existence of him so dear would be nearly extinguished. If she could have foreseen it, what distress it would even then have caused her, for in one short fortnight what inroad had he made in her heart!

St. Julian found not the time hang heavy, nor wished the expiration of

his cessation of war's wild uproar. It was impossible to dwell with one so superior as Elvira, and to wish to quit her society, to wish to change the scene; it was impossible to be otherwise than happy. Her well-informed and elegant mind always produced something new, gave a more gay, or more happy appearance to objects to which the eye had been long accustomed; displayed in brighter dress the rural world around; she portrayed her sublime variety of thought in native lustre, and charmed the listening ear.

CHAPTER IX.
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DON Saragossa was engaged in his favourite diversion of hunting the boar, when, with all his excellent horsemanship, and in spite of his selection of good animals, he fell ; the horse and his rider fell into the chasm of the rock. St. Julian flew to his relief ; he saw in an instant the perilous situation of the don ; sounding his bugle to assemble the hunters, he dismounted, and with difficulty extricated him from the animal, when some horsemen came up and aided his endeavours to lift the unfortunate out of the narrow abyss. He administered a cordial, and had the happiness to find life not extinct.

St. Julian examined the limbs of the almost-senseless Saragossa, and thought that there were not any broken or dislo-

cated: the bruises were many and large, but, excepting the inward contusions, of which he could not obtain a knowledge, as there was no fracture, he hoped the danger was not serious.

A litter was soon constructed and placed upon two of the horses, and don Saragossa borne to the castle. His beautiful and favourite courser was released from its rocky confinement, and was capable of returning to its stable.

“What must be done with Elvira?” thought Rodolfo; “how can I break the unfortunate accident to her?” He entreated the almost-exanimous Saragossa to exert himself, to put forth his greatest effort when she should appear; and he hastened to relate his disastrous tidings.

“My dear Elvira,” giving her the customary embrace after an absence, “you know we are all liable to accidents; but when they are slight, we ought to receive them with thankfulness.”

“Good Heaven! My father!” ex-



claimed the breathless Elvira, surveying Rodolfo, and convinced of his safety.

“My love! my life! do not be alarmed. Did I not say a slight accident? Surely, my beloved Elvira, you cannot suspect me with trifling with you? Your father is coming. He had a fall, and has received some bruises, which I believe are not dangerous. Will you not wait patiently his arrival?” Confining her in his arms till the don was placed upon a couch, he then bore her to him.

The don feebly said—“I am hurt but little, my dear Elvira; I was more alarmed than injured; and the unnecessary officiousness of those about me has compelled me to recline upon the couch.”

She clung to her beloved father till St. Julian removed her inanimate frame.

While a surgeon was examining the injury don Saragossa had received, St. Julian was administering restoratives to the victim of sensibility. A sigh preceded returning consciousness, and she wept

upon the bosom of her husband, until sufficiently recovered, to again join her father.

The surgeon assured St. Julian that he did not consider his patient in danger: he would, in consequence of the numerous bruises, be incapable of much exertion; but with good nursing, he thought, in two or three weeks, he would be again equal to a boar-hunt.

Rodolfo was most happy to impart this favourable intelligence to his susceptible and anxious wife and her beloved parent; and the grateful Elvira offered a silent thanksgiving for the preservation of a life so dear to her.

The dutiful and affectionate Elvira administered the medicines, presented refreshment, smoothed the pillow, and never left the couch of the invalid, till convalescence played upon his late pallid cheek, and beamed from his late dim eye.

St. Julian saw with admiration and reverence the delicate and fragile figure of his wife, with a bosom beating with sen-

sibility, attending the couch of her sick father. He saw the struggles to suppress the tear, the sigh that would arise at the pain of her beloved parent, while her filial heart beat with affectionate solicitude—"Oh! oh!" said he, mentally, "that I were worthy of a being so perfect!" As he beheld the naturally-timid Elvira rising above her fears, forgetting her weakness, her sensibility, in the exertions of active and arduous duties—"She might be reposing upon the bosom of her husband, and she is watching the sleepless eyelids of her parent!"

"My dear Elvira," said her father, as he walked under the trellis of the vine, leaning on the arm of St. Julian, "I shall in future set a greater value upon my existence, since you have so highly estimated it; even San Julian was but a secondary care to my Elvira. But I fear, my love, for I have observed your pale cheek, that your health has suffered, though I hope not, for better had fled the life of the fa-

ther than the health of the daughter. Yes, my beloved, I am convinced, that without your affectionate kindness I should not have recovered; I should at this moment sleep in the tomb of my fathers. But if my life be raised upon the death of my Elvira, comfortless and bitter will it be."

"My dear papa," embracing him, "you have rated too highly the duty of your Elvira, who is fully repaid by your recovery. Your affection has conjured up an evil that in reality has no existence. I am not ill; and in a few days you will again see the roses bloom upon the cheeks of your happy Elvira;" again embracing him.

"You possess an inestimable treasure, St. Julian, and you alone are deserving it, and can properly esteem the invaluable blessing."

Elvira was grateful for her father's praises, but she felt doubly so for those bestowed on Rodolfo.

Don Saragossa daily gained strength, and soon entered with avidity into his fa-

avourite diversions, and received an increase of pleasure in flying, as on the wings of the wind, over hills and vales. Not so his daughter—she was distressedly uneasy in his absence; every noise startled her. She would from a turret of the castle, with straining eye attempt to pierce the grey mists of the morning, the twilight's thickening vale, the purple ether that curtained the mountains, the rising dews that encircled the forest. If for a moment the beloved forms of her father and husband met her view, her beating heart acknowledged its delight; and when lost in the woody covert, or a rocky eminence intervened its wild crags, again her fears predominate.

She had just parted with some visitors, and was returning to the turret occupation, not knowing of the sudden arrival of her father and St. Julian, who inquiring for her, learned of her anxious watching. He flew to the part of the castle whence she ascended to the tower, and found her

ascending the stair.—“ My dear Elvira, where are you going? or rather why are you going to the watch-tower’s height?”

The blushing Elvira, though vexed to be thus caught, could not help expressing her pleasure at his safety; and eagerly inquiring after her father, descended with the assistance of Rodolfo’s arm.

“ Now what punishment,” embracing her, “ can I devise for my Elvira, for the indulgence of a weakness which, if persisted in, will eventually undermine her health? Such a continued anxiety would enervate the whole nervous system, and weaken the already too timid heart of my best beloved. Besides, my love, is it not a distrust of that Providence who has hitherto preserved us? Could you by your watching avert an evil? or if an accident were to happen, could you by seeing it render it less sad? Those lovely eyes, which, meeting his, hasten thy St. Julian; yet, lovely as they are, and magical as is their influence, can they hasten

when not seen? no, my beloved, they in vain shoot their bright beams.—But let me say, that I am never one lengthened moment—I never unnecessarily prolong an absence: I fly on the wings of impatience to again behold my beloved wife, the sweetener of my existence! Ere we quit this winding way, you must promise your Rodolfo,” embracing her, “your husband, never again to visit the watch-tower, either to observe his or your father’s steps.”

Embracing him—“I see my weakness, and I will not again indulge in it.”

“My dear,” said her father, “which do you think the better of the two—for you to accompany us in the chase, or for colonel St. Julian to remain at home to keep you from the watch-tower?”

“My dear papa, forgive your Elvira—this once, my dear papa, forgive me, and I will endeavour to possess in future more fortitude.”

“My love, I forgive you—I can do no

otherwise, when affection for a husband and a father prompted the anxious solicitude. But I beg, I entreat you, for your own sake; not to encourage so much sensibility, so much anxiety, for the safety of your friends, but to rest assured, that the welfare of those you love are as much the care of the Universal Protector as you are, and your solicitude cannot render them more so; leave them then, my Elvira, with your prayers, in his keeping."

"It is said—is it true, doña St. Julian," inquired doña Valverde, "that the conde de Arno is gone to Madrid with his family, to celebrate the nuptials of his daughter, and that the sovereign is to present the lovely bride to his favourite Castello?"

"I have not heard of it. I think it very likely, as the duque has been very importunate for some time—perhaps colonel St. Julian may know;" turning to make the inquiry.

He had heard the rumour mentioned



by doña Valverde, and had expected the appeal, and made his escape.—“Good Heaven!” he mentally exclaimed, “then my surmise was too true. Unfaithful, changeable Camila! What do I say? is she not right? and am not I, what I ought to be with these feelings—wretched?” He could not return to the drawing-room while the visitors remained.

“I have heard,” resumed the doña Valverde, “that the vizcondesa is very beautiful.”

“When you say beautiful,” replied the lady Fidelia, “you do not say enough; there is something about her even more fascinating than beauty.—“You have seen her, doña St. Julian?”

“No.”

“You have heard colonel St. Julian expatiate in her praise?”

“I do not recollect that I have.”

“Oh no!” said doña Valverde; “it frequently happens that brothers do not see with the eye of strangers.”

“Surely,” opposed lady Fidelia, “brothers, or any other relations, can see as well as strangers.”

“Yes; I do not mean that brothers cannot see, nor that they will not; but having always from earliest recollection been accustomed to their sisters, and not being particularly interested in their beauty, because they are sisters, they observe it not with that quickness, or with that delight, they do in other women.”

“The duque de Castello is a very fine man,” observed the doña St. Julian.

“Yes, and a very graceful dancer; I had the honour of having him for my partner several times, when in the capital, after his arrival with the intelligence to the sovereign of the defeat of the enemy.”

“I have heard he is a very able general.”

“I believe every body has heard that, lady Fidelia.—Shall we make our exit, or we shall not go our round in time for dinner?—Adieu, dear doña St. Julian!”

"We shall expect you on Wednesday," said both ladies in a breath.

"Oh! I am just in time to bid adieu, I find," exclaimed don Saragossa, entering the room, and offering his hand to the ladies. "I should have been here before, had I known the happiness that awaited me."

"You are ever smiling, ever in such excellent spirits, don Saragossa, that you always revive me."

"I thank you, my lady Fidelia; and I must say, that it is the presence of the lady Fidelia which inspires her friends, and she receives but the effects of her own gift;" assisting the ladies to their horses.

"Where is colonel St. Julian gone in such haste, Elvira?" interrogated her father on his return.

"I do not know; I knew not that he was gone any whither, nor did I observe his quitting the room."

"Whither have you been with so much

speed?" don Saragossa inquired of St. Julian, as he made his entry.

"Only for a ride."

"You have rode yourself pale."

"Are you ill?" said his wife anxiously.

"No, my love, I thank you."

Elvira and her husband were engaged with painting some sketches they had just taken.—"A letter from Medina," said St. Julian, as a servant presented one a courier had just brought. Fearing to open it, as it might announce Camila's marriage with the duque de Castello, he slowly freed it from its envelope; and holding it in his hand, as if he were undetermined whether to read it, he walked to the window. Glancing his eye over it, he saw the departure for Madrid; he gasped for breath—it would look particular to leave the room. If he could but find something in it to read to his wife—his eye again wandered over it—'Camila looks pale, and is a vast deal thinner; the condesa fears for her health, and hastens

our departure for Madrid, for more advice. I fear, my dear St. Julian, she is not the resigned being I thought her; but I dare not hint the subject to her, and perhaps I ought not to you; though I think there can be no danger with you now—Elvira is such a fascinating little angel, that you must be pretty secure.’ Medina wishes me to present his affectionate regards, and those of the conde and condesa de Arno, and of the lady San Valos; they have ere this set off for Madrid. The lady Camila is ill,” (he sighed involuntarily,) “and for that reason they quit De Arno earlier than they intended.”

“Has the lady San Valos been long indisposed?”

“I do not know; I believe she has been not very well for some months.”

“She is certainly then not going to Madrid to celebrate the nuptials?”

“I know not,” again sighing; “Medina does not say any thing about it. I think Castello cannot leave the troops. I

will hear what the courier says, and whether he is in haste to return ;” seeking an occasion to leave the room. “ You will write to the condesa and Camila—they were particularly engaged with visitors, and knew not till the courier was on the point of setting off of Medina’s writing, or they would have written.”

“ I will write immediately ;” putting aside her pencil.

The messenger knew nothing of the talked-of marriage ; but St. Julian was convinced that though there might at present be a respite, yet eventually it would take place. He had one of his usual conflicts with his feelings.—“ How perverse I am !” he mentally said ; “ when I imagined Camila was happy, I was ferocious enough to be angry at her felicity, and now I grieve at her misery ; yet am I so inhumanly selfish, that I feel a gratification in that which ought to be the most distressing to me.—Oh, Camila ! thou wilt indeed be miserable ! thy pure soul cannot

hold communion with the soul of Castello, and yet thou must be his wife ! yes, thou must inevitably be his wife ; for if the conde de Arno give way to thy entreaties, yet the determined Castello will procure an order from the sovereign, and then all thy opposition will not avail. Oh thou most beloved of human beings ! the very life, the very bane of my existence !”

His lovely wife soothed, though unconsciously, with her soft endearments the stormy passions of his bosom, the perturbations of his soul.

CHAPTER X.  
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THE time approached that St. Julian must bid adieu to his gentle Elvira, and the quietude of Saragossa, for the noise and tumult of war. He wrote to the condesa de Arno, lamenting the ill health of the lady San Valos, and entreating, if it would permit (which he hoped to Heaven it would), the condesa, with her beloved daughter, on their return to De Arno, would make a visit of consolation to his apprehensively-anxious wife, who, he feared, from her too great sensibility, would suffer from his absence.

He dreaded to hint the separation to Elvira; she had carefully avoided mentioning it, as if fearing it would hasten it, or that it would banish the felicity they then enjoyed.—“ My love,” he said, when

he could no longer defer fixing the day for his departure, "I have written to the condesa de Arno, to give you, if possible, her and Camila's society in my absence." Elvira gasped for breath. "I will, rest assured, embrace the first moment free from duty to hasten to my beloved."

The changing countenance of Elvira spoke her fears; he took her in his arms, and pressed her to his bosom.—"You must not quit your Elvira—oh! oh! she cannot exist without her beloved St. Julian!"

"I would not willingly leave one so dear as my Elvira; but my duty as a soldier requires the sacrifice—forbids a longer stay. I would for ever thus fold you to my bosom! My Elvira would despise the man who could shrink from his duty; she would despise her husband, if he cowardly neglected the duties of his profession, though it were even for his Elvira."

The feelings of the grieving, the distressed Elvira, were too acute to permit

any reply. She saw herself bereaved of her husband, and without his fostering support, sinking to the grave as to an asylum where all that was distressing would be forgotten, would be denied an entrance. She saw her beloved husband in the field of horror, wounded and dying. Her tears ceased ; she became pale and inanimate at the hideous phantom of her imagination.

Rodolfo kissed her cold cheek, and she revived at the well-known breathing of her beloved ; he drowned her feelings in his caresses, soothed her aching heart, and dried her falling tears.—“ It is a beautiful morning, my love—shall we take a ride, and request the society of the lady Merina for a few weeks ? her presence will be consolatory. Resting upon the bosom of friendship, my Elvira will find peace, and rejoice the heart of St. Julian with the assurance that the smile of cheerfulness continues to play upon the cheek, to grace the lovely mouth, and brighten the countenance so dear to him.”

“ I shall be happy to embrace the lady Merina ; but when I am blessed with her society, where, where will be my St. Julian ? ”

“ My dear Elvira, will not you go to-day then—some other time—or perhaps don Saragossa will ride over to request the lady Merina, in a few days, to fold my Elvira to her bosom.”

“ I did not intend you to understand that I declined going to San Beneto—I only thought of the time, my dear St. Julian, when I should no longer behold you.”

“ We will commence our ride immediately after breakfast, if agreeable to my Elvira, and remain a day or two at San Beneto ; and then I hope, my love, you will not find the journey too fatiguing.”

The beloved friend of Elvira complied with their wishes, and don Saragossa, on their return, joyfully embraced the happy trio.

The good-natured don wished that there were no such thing as war, then there

would be no need of warriors.—“ Cannot you, St. Julian, resign this aerial being, that exists only in the reveries of ambitious enthusiasts, for the reality of waking bliss? why continue in a profession which militates against your peace? What is glory to a peaceful home and an affectionate wife? Lay aside your armour and your sword, and instead of pursuing your fellow-man, become a sportsman only, and pursue the beast of the field.”

“ I am, my dear sir, by profession a soldier; I have begun my career of glory, and shall I cease to advance? I cannot throw from me the honours I have gained—I cannot voluntarily rush into the pusillanimous herd, and be stigmatized as a coward—no, don Saragossa, honour is dearer to me than life, and I would much sooner relinquish the one than the other.”

“ Do you recollect, Elvira, Pedro’s song in dispraise of war? He knew, I believe, his master’s antipathy to war, and composed the lines for his harp; there is not

much to be said in their praise, but there is in his: he had no warlike deeds of late years to celebrate of the Saragossas; my great-uncle was the last of the warriors, and Pedro could not very well celebrate the glorious achievements of the ancestors, without casting something of odium upon their descendants: he was keen enough to see this; and, with the exception of the trifle in hand, his poetic and harmonic muse dignified the wars of the chase, pastoral occupations, and, though last not least in my estimation, or his, the woes and joys of lovers, the immediacy of love, and the apparently random shafts with which he wounds those who are predestined never to be united. Well, well, this has all passed by, and the poor fellow now sleeps with his fathers, without his song or his lyre; but we will have both; Filipe shall do his best to honour his father's composition and his harp."

The young minstrel attended, swept the chords, and commenced:—

" Oh devastating War ! scourge of human kind !
Thou sweep'st more deadly than keenest wrathful wind.
The matron's eye 'tis thou bedim'st with tears,
The timid virgin thou array'st in fears :
The trembling limbs of age essay to go,
And short-stept infancy would shun the foe.
Not so the youth—their hearts with glory burn,
And they would thy horror of horrors learn.
But Victory's coronal adorns their brow—
They heed not why life's crimson flows, or how,
They but the victors ; heed not the falling tear,
The mother's agony, the maiden's fear.
Though o'er the aceldama Heaven weep,
Into the battle's rage they madly leap ;
And, just emerged from the empurpling flood,
The victor hail, whose garments rolled in blood
Of sires—husbands, whom widows, orphans mourn,
In vain expecting their beloveds' return.
Anguished, heart-rending tears ! in vain they flow,
Victory smiles—Victory, direst foe !
Then hail ! hail, thou ensanguined monster, War !
Thy glittering weapons—the nations' law !
Rear thy gigantic form, thy arms spread wide,
O'er smiling kingdoms roll the vermeil tide.
Nor pity's eye, nor mercy's grace thy train :
Direful as poisonous dews, or fiery rain,
That once in Egypt deluged hill and plain,
Thou breath'st around : deaths from thy fierce eye
In gory hideousness are seen to fly :
From polished weapons' contact such lightnings glance
Would scathe the firm columns, didn't the pointed lance,
Or sharpened glave, so soon the life-blood draw,
That death, or misery, is the gift of War !"

San Julian praised the tone of the harp, spoke flatteringly of the verse, and commended the musical talent of the minstrel.

“ Yes, yes, I feared him not; he is a tractable lad; and when the first goes off, when he reposes as quietly in the tomb as Pedro, Filipe shall be chief of song, if he too sleep not.”

“ The horrors of war are certainly indisputable; yet is there an indefinable nobility in a warrior that is truly admirable; and though we may deplore the result, we must approve the spirit from which it emanates.”

“ Ah ha! my Elvira! no one doubted your admiration, nor the result of it! San Julian has proved that. But women, in this particular at least, are of one genus; and perhaps it is, that being destitute of courage themselves, and feeling the need of it, they admire bravery so much in man: and woman likewise, being of so sensitive a nature, her anxious heart is ever solicitous for him, who, she imagines,

is more peculiarly exposed to danger; and for the being for whom she is most anxious, it is pretty clear she has the most affection; the warrior is that being, and he possessing, or at least evincing a spirit superior to other men, is of all men most dear to the affectionate heart of woman; she enshrines him in her bosom—the ideal, to her the reality, of perfection. Yes, yes, my Elvira is not singular—she is but a specimen.”

The day of parting, with all its gloomy horrors about it, arrived. Elvira for some days past had not been able to endure the absence of Rodolfo for a moment—she appeared to exist but in his sight. She now clung to him as the ivy to its supporting oak: she reclined her head upon the bosom of the warrior, and wept his departing. He folded her in his arms—he pressed her to his beating heart—he imprinted the kiss of affectionate adieu upon her balmy lips.

“ Oh! can you leave me, my soul’s best

treasure? will you be so cruel to your Elvira? will my bosom's lord tear himself from that heart in which he only reigns?"

"My life! my best love, necessity commands! I have already exceeded the permissioned absence. I grieve to leave my beloved Elvira, but I cannot, consistent with duty, do otherwise."

"Oh, my St. Julian! I feel that without thee, without thy cheering smile, I cannot exist! Oh, what will become of thy own Elvira! oh, in the hour of trial!" hiding her mantling blushes in the bosom of her husband.

"My dearest wife! my sweet Elvira! I pass my word that I will be with you—yes, my love, be assured, upon my honour, that even if an engagement were to take place the morning following my quitting the troops, and disgrace be my portion, I will be with you: thy husband shall cheer thy drooping spirits, and support thy fainting heart." He tenderly embraced her, and was going to place her on a sofa, and depart.

“ My dear St. Julian, do not, do not leave me! remain one day only—one day more with thy affectionate wife.”

“ My dear Elvira, I will not leave you to-day, nor to-morrow ; on the day after, my beloved, you will permit me to quit Saragossa, and with smiles, bid your St. Julian hasten to glory.”

Elvira, grateful for this lengthened stay, lived but in his sight, drew more firmly with her endearing affection the silken bands of union around her Rodolfo, and as the woodbine entwines and grows into the bark of its beloved hazel, and is enveloped in its sheathy guard, so seemed her husband to the depending Elvira—a part of her existence, an enfoldment, from which to sever would deprive her of her supporting guard, would snap the fibrous entwining of union—an investment, the decerption of which would divest her of her defensive shield, and invite annihilation's shafts.

The pale ray of the morning gleamed

through the lattice, and warned the anxious warrior to depart. Elvira had just sunk into an unquiet slumber: he gently breathed an affectionate, a soft adieu to the sleeping beauty, and hastily girded on his fulgent armour; when, missing the husband of her bosom, the love-stricken Elvira awoke, and fearing his departure, breathlessly inquired if she were still happy—if her husband, the lord of her life, were still near her—if he still gave her his strengthening shadow, and blessed her with his smile?

“My love!” She shrunk from the accoutred soldier. “What fears my Elvira?”

“Oh! then you will indeed leave me, Rodolfo?”

“Have more firmness, my Elvira; it is true I must now bid you adieu; but be assured, my love—my sweet wife,” holding her to her bosom, “I will soon return; short will be the absence of your affectionate solicitous husband.”

He left the fainted Elvira in the arms

of her friend, attended by the weeping parent, who, melted by the distress of the sorrowing Elvira, could not suppress the large and fast-falling drops of parental commiseration.

The compassionate and affectionate heart of Rodolfo was so wo-fraught, that, silent and miserable, he vaulted into the saddle, nor saw, as he speeded on his way, the fast receding landscape, saw not the fast approaching. He saw only his fainted Elvira, his affectionate wife, the gentlest of human beings. He saw only her softness, her loveliness, her confiding and depending affection, her delicate and fragile form needing the presence of her husband, as the strength and the support of her life.

The richly-caparisoned charger bounded over the plain; the echoing valley rang with his hastening hoofs; he snuffed the gale upon the summit of the mountains; and pleased with his rider, his neighing resounded through the forest.

Day succeeded day, and found Rodolfo

still thinking of his wife, his lovely, his soul-softening wife; nor could he shake off his sadness.

"Where is Medina? How is it he is not with you?" inquired the *marques de Palencia*. "But I suppose his father could not part with him;" sighing at the recollection of his *Alfonso*.

"It is not improbable he may soon join us; but it is not unlikely the *conde de Arno* cannot prevail upon himself to permit it."

"You do not look quite well, my dear *St. Julian*; nor do you appear to possess your usual cheerfulness."

"The parting tears of my wife have chased away her husband's smile."

"True—your wife. I congratulate you, my dear *St. Julian*, on your felicity; may you long enjoy it! You possess the most lovely, the most angelic little creature in the universe; she is so interestingly mild, so feminine, that he who could refrain from loving so fascinating a being, must

be more or less than man. May she long be your happiness!" embracing him.

Rodolfo again entered with avidity into the habits of a soldier; he particularly enjoyed the improving benefits of the society of the marques, whose extensive military knowledge, martial skill, and good generalship, gave Rodolfo the experience of years; he gained a reputation throughout the army; and a skill and a judgment so superior to his youth were valued and extolled.

The marques de Palencia sent him, at his entreaty, upon every dangerous and hazardous enterprise; and scarce a skirmish took place in which he did not command; not a village attacked, not a party of the enemy surprised by the ambushed Spaniards, but he headed the troops. Thus he was known and beloved by the whole army; and not an individual in it but would have ventured his own life to save the life of colonel St. Julian.

The friendship of the marques for Ro-

dolfo every day increased; the vacuum left in his heart by the death of his son was imperceptibly filling with his affection for him: he cherished him for himself, and for his lost Romano.

CHAPTER XI.

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LORD Medina had conquered all his father's scruples; and St. Julian had the happiness to welcome his armoured friend to the tented field.

The vizconde and his father had attended the condesa and the vizcondesa to Saragossa: they found Elvira pining for her beloved husband.—“She became more cheerful after a few weeks,” said Medina; “but my departure more particularly reminded her of your absence, I believe, for she was not so well when I quitted Saragossa, nor in such good spirits. The conde

and condesa are quite well; and, I am most happy to say, Camila is a vast deal better. I thought don Saragossa not so well as I imagine he usually is. He was vexed at my joining you. He said—‘ Another lovely creature, another affectionate wife, will eventually be the sacrifice. For my part, I wonder why a young man cannot be content when he is well off. Content! No, no, he must be cutting, and slashing, and hewing his fellow-creatures, and be cut, slashed, and hewn himself, that he may be deemed a good soldier—wear a set of military orders, to dazzle the eyes of the gazers, and gratify his own ears, and stun his neighbours, with the huzzas of the multitude!’ He is a curious fellow, yet I admire the good don very much.”

The letter from Elvira bore traces of the brilliant dewdrops of affection which fell from her soft blue eyes; and he to whom it was addressed pressed to his lips the sweet betrayal of connubial solicitude,



and almost obliterated the fond memento with his commingling tears.

The vizconde Medina, with all the ardour of a youthful warrior, pursued his professional duties, though lured by his brother officers into occasional idleness. But these aberrations became more and more frequent; his liveliness, good humour, and hilarity, bringing never-failing amusement, they wished him ever to make one in their parties, and gained his society by entreaties the most flattering to his vanity.

St. Julian saw with concern the growing influence of, if not profligate, yet idle companions, who would ultimately lead him into the career of folly and dissipation, by suffering him to suppose that he led them. He portrayed in glowing tints, though in colours of reality, to the unsuspecting Medina, the dangerous path he was treading, and the fatal goal to which it led; his peace of mind lost; the eternal regret that would follow the wasteful ex-

penditure of youth in the unprofitable, though dazzling windings of licentious pleasures; the disappointment of the conde, and the sorrow of the condesa, at finding their hopes for his happiness blighted, perhaps blasted for ever.

The grateful and ingenuous Medina gave himself to the guidance of St. Julian. —“My dear friend, allow me to say brother, receive my best acknowledgments for your kindly interference. I hope, I trust, that you will not again have cause to remind me. I will stem the stream ere it become a torrent; nor will I give way to allurements, though inclination favour it, but watch the enticement to dissipation, and resist it. I will, my dear St. Julian, endeavour to be both a good soldier and a good man; and I beseech you to further my endeavours, by requesting Palencia to place me under your command, that my hours of duty and of leisure may be spent with you, or be regulated and biassed by your superintendence or immediate influence.”

“ You cannot tell, you cannot even imagine the pleasure you give me, my dear Enrique ; and it is impossible for me to express my feelings ; but be assured, my friend, my friend from boyish days, that you must ever be my friendship’s best affections, and that there is no service too trying for that friendship—if it demand the life of St. Julian, he will be proud to give it.”

St. Julian wrote to Elvira that he should, he hoped, in a few days after she received his letter, fold her in his arms, press to his affectionate bosom his beloved wife.

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“ *To the Condesa de Arno.*

“ MY DEAR MADAM,

“ You have treated the unworthy St. Julian with invariable, with kindly indulgence. Presuming on this indulgence, he claims your tenderest pity. You know his heart, and that it is rebellious. May I find then, my dear condesa, on my arrival

at Saragossa, that you and your beloved daughter have quitted it?"

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"It is most unfortunate that the relationship so desirable should have been concealed," said the blushing Camila, as she accidentally saw the contents of Rodolfo's note to her mother.

"It is unfortunate, my love; but it appears to me most unaccountable that colonel St. Julian, at least, did not discover this relationship. If he had for a moment considered, he must have thought it extraordinary that the conde de Arno should permit the son of a peasant a basis in his family equal to that enjoyed by the privilege of birth—should permit the same expence, even from infancy. And in youth the expences of St. Julian exceeded, far exceeded those of Medina. Rodolfo unthinkingly (unthinkingly it must be, if he considered himself of vassal birth) fell into a habit of expence exceeding most

young men of rank, in his habiliments, his amusements, and in his establishment; his dress formed of the richest and most valuable materials; his servants in number and the expensiveness of their attire, and his horses, with their costly appointments, exceeding those of Medina."

"Ah! who could be the mother of this favoured Rodolfo?" exclaimed the condesa, mentally, as she reviewed the subject.—"And," she resumed, "upon his entering the army, his highly-wrought and singularly-magnificent armour, and superbly-caparisoned chargers excelling most of the sons of the nobility, indeed equalling those of royalty. The conde de Arno made not any interference in these his princely appearances, and very large expenditures; which were suitable to the heir of a noble house and vast estates. Could Rodolfo think that that which would have been a great indulgence to a son, particularly to an illegitimate, would have been allowed to an adopted one only;

the son of a peasant, and in a family possessing un-  
der their name?"

"My dear mamma, St. Julian certainly never had an idea of drawing an inference from the indulgence of expence; he had always enjoyed it, and of consequence it brought no conviction, especially as he remembered, as he thought, his parents, and doubted not their being so. His elegant and costly costume, his numerous horses and attendants, never struck me as any thing strange or extraordinary: how could they, my dear mamma, when he always received the same indulgence, had the same deference paid him as Medina? And could this equality with Medina, to which we had been always accustomed, strike either of us as any thing extraordinary, or inspire us with doubts of Rodolfo's origin? We do not usually inquire into that which we have ever been in the habit of witnessing; and you know, my dear mamma, that I had not, that I could not have, the least idea that St. Julian was

otherwise than he had been represented ; and any idea of inquiry respecting that representation I could not have ; nor could St. Julian."

The condesa wrote in reply, and left it at Saragossa for Rodolfo on his arrival.

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" It is with extreme concern, as well as astonishment, I find you have not conquered a passion that was ever unworthy of you to cherish, and now most dishonourable. Where is the strength of that mind which I have admired in childhood and in youth ? Has manhood lost its maturing power ? Are riper years to enfeeble the noble and capacious mind of Rodolfo, incapacitate it for exertion ? Heaven forbid !

" It is true, we know not our capabilities if we attempt not to put them forth. Our duty, our peace, the peace of those who are dear to us, forbid an indulgence of a weakness so unbecoming, so criminal,

as the one alluded to. Surely then the correct mind of St. Julian will exert itself against a passion that, if suffered the ascendancy, will eventually overwhelm him with shame.

“ At this moment particularly you have cause to regret this unfortunate passion; it obliges me to quit the best of human beings—your interesting, your lovely wife, (who, languishing for your society, needs the consoling support and sympathy of female friendship,) when I would willingly remain to give commiseration’s healing balm. Lady Merina is not at present at the castle San Beneto, nor expected there for several weeks; of consequence, doña St. Julian cannot have the kindly and necessary attentions of her friend, and deprived by you of any other. So you see, my dear St. Julian, every evagation from good, every indulgence of evil, brings its punishment, and not always alone to the deviator—in this instance the innocent Elvira is the victim of your disingenuous-



ness, and of your very reprehensible culpability.

“ It would now be unnecessary for me to advert to the former period of this most, in you, unbecoming passion, were it not to point out that it was ever degrading to you, and opposite to the duty of a *protégé*, to encourage a clandestine affection for the daughter of his benefactor. If it were at that time unworthy, when the circumstances of benefaction and adoption alone rendered it dishonourable, how disgraceful, how criminal then must be the now horrifying passion !”

## CHAPTER XII.

THE meeting of the affectionately expectant Elvira with her adored husband was distressingly ecstatic. When calmer moments gave a more peaceful bliss, her pallid cheek rested upon his bosom, while tears of connubial tenderness in hurried succession, as the spring-shower's rolling brilliants upon the pale blushing rose, heightened its transparency; her lately pensive eye beamed affection's brightest ray, its radiant glow tinged her fair cheek, and smiling dimples glanced her joy.

Rodolfo thought his wife appeared paler and thinner than when he made his adieu, yet if possible more interestingly beautiful than ever. As he gazed upon her fragile form he sighed, and wished that his profession had been any thing but arms, as it

had so distressed her ; he foresaw that, if it were not immediately relinquished, it would eventually bring her to the grave ; he feared lest the intended sacrifice, for it was to him a sacrifice, would be too late.

“ I will, my beloved Elvira, relinquish a profession, though dear to me,” and his emotion betrayed how dear, “ that militates against your peace, that destroys your happiness, and your health. Yes, my beloved Elvira, for your sake will I forego that which is dearer to me than every earthly good, save my Elvira.”

With rapture Elvira heard the affectionate expressions of her husband—with rapture dwelt upon the silvery tones of his bewitching voice ; but that he would resign the military profession astounded, bewildered her ; she dwelt upon the beloved, harmonious sounds, so musical to her ear, so grateful to her heart ; her extreme of delight, the soul-thrilling gratification so acceptable, denied words to express her joy — she encircled his neck

with her fair arms, and bathed his beloved face with her gratefully-affectionate tears.

Don Saragossa had expected, with almost as much impatience as Elvira, Rodolfo's return. He received him most affectionately, and embracing him with transport, exclaimed—"I am glad to see you, my dear St. Julian. I am happy you are once more in Saragossa—that you once again make one of us.—Oh, Elvira, this is a happy moment for you, my child—a gleam of bliss!"

"Oh, more than a gleam, my dear papa! St. Julian has promised to leave us no more."

Don Saragossa was wild with delight; he rapidly exclaimed, in the fulness of feeling—"Then you are indeed my own St. Julian! the joy of my heart—the son of my adoption—the beloved husband of my beloved Elvira! Oh, St. Julian, this is indeed a day of bliss! this is a return, a welcome return indeed; this crowns my happiness! My dear Elvira will again

bless her father with her endearing smiles. My dear San Julian, you complete my felicity. I may live to see the beloved offspring of my two best beloveds around their table, growing in virtue and loveliness beneath the father's auspicious eye, who gladdens with his presence and with his smile the blooming days of his adoring wife. 'Yes, yet those days may come. I thank Heaven for the prospect—yes, for the fair and goodly prospect I return my grateful thanks. See, see, colonel St. Julian, see your power, and the estimation in which you are held."

This was one of the happiest moments of Rodolfo's life; he felt he had restored comfort to the bosom of his wife, and rejoiced the heart of her father.

Elvira revived under the vivifying presence of her husband; she again became the cheerful, the animated, though the gentle Elvira. She had not a fear which the affection of her Rodolfo chased not away. As the revivifying beam of day

disperses the mists of the morning, so did the enlivening smile of Rodolfo banish the anxiety of his late drooping wife.

The time drew near that was to make the anxious, the now trembling St. Julian a father. He trembled for the fate of his beloved wife; he wished that he had never quitted her; and he feared lest his intended resignation would be in vain.—“Why, why did I leave a being so confiding, so sensitive?” Then would hope bless him with her smiles. Elvira appeared so in spirits, so satisfied with his presence, that his anxiety, his fears, exceeded hers, though he breathed them not.

“The condesa de Arno is a charming woman,” observed don Saragossa; “such would now be my lost Elvira, had she still remained to bless her Carlos.” The trickling tear witnessed the unforgotten affection of the widowed heart. “With such a mother as the condesa, we cannot wonder at the amiability of the lady San Valos; but her beauty surpasses all I ever

beheld—there is an awfulness blended with a fascination that enchants you ; she has the majesty of a superior being, mingled with the graceful loveliness of woman. Had I been twenty years younger,” smiling to chase away the tears which still filled his eyes, “ had I been twenty years younger, it would have been impossible for me to have resisted the temptation. I fear I should have presumed to kneel at the feet of the bewitching beauty, pour forth the soft language of love, and breathe the gentle sighs of tenderness. Ah ! she has had many a tender sigh, many a soft phrase breathed upon her gentle ear ! I understood the conde de Arno went to Madrid to celebrate the nuptials of her ladyship and the duque de Castello : why were they not consummated ?”

“ I never heard. I believe the vizcondesa does not admire the duque.”

“ Not admire Castello ! I thought every woman must admire him. She may not have a particular affection for him—that is

a different case; there is no accounting for affection—it may be mine—it may be any one's. But as to admire him, she must; for no one can behold the manly beauty of Castello without admiration."

"Castello certainly has not the affections of Camila."

"Ha, ha! you speak very decidedly of lady San Valos's affections. I suppose you are intrusted with who certainly has those affections, which are so desirable, and doubtless so sought for? And may I inquire how came you so highly honoured as to be the possessor of so important a piece of knowledge? and important no doubt it is to the fortunate one whose heart is the favoured repository of affections which thousands are sighing for in vain."

St. Julian's blushes betrayed that he knew something about them.—"I do not know any thing would grieve me more than the union of Camila with the duque." The crimson deepened upon his face,



his forehead, his ears; his eyes moved in the fiery tint. "The pure soul of Camila can never hold communion with the soul of Castello! But I fear, in the event of a cessation of hostilities, or finally a peace, the sacrifice of the vizcondessa is inevitable; for the conde de Arno is ambitious—it is his ruling passion; and where could he find a better object for his ambition than the duque de Castello, who is very high in royal favour, and who at present possesses a very extensive and rich ducado; and if he live a few years, in all probability he will be the most powerful nobleman in Spain; he will ultimately be able to make even the throne to tremble. The title and estates of the maternal branch of his father, and those of both branches of his mother, will eventually concentrate in Castello, as the three present representatives are aged, and without issue. With whom could the conde de Arno unite his daughter so agreeable to his ambition? And the haughty Castello can, when it

suits his purpose, condescend to persuade with soft words and enticing arguments; and even were ambition not to intrude its alluring charm, could the conde withstand his courtier blandishments?"

"I cannot see why the lady San Valos should object to the duque de Castello, without indeed her affections are preengaged, which, from what you have said, I imagine to be the case."

"I know not of Camila's affections; how can I know?" Again the consciousness of his own affections spread over his beautiful countenance.—"But of this I am certain, that if the forfeit of my life would prevent the union of Camila and Castello, I would freely give it."

His wife shuddered as the rash expression passed his lips; her eye, following him as she agitatedly paced the room, sought to catch his, to reprove him for the little value he set upon her affection, when he would, to prevent the marriage of the lady San Valos, give a life so dear to her; but his eye caught not hers.

“ Well, well, you know more of the duque than I do, and, it appears, more than I wish to do. But to get rid of this Castello, and that you may appear more like San Julian, let me inquire how lord Medina is—what for a soldier he makes, and whether his exuberant spirits rise or fall ?”

“ His lordship’s spirits are at the same joyous height ; his health is good ; and he is an excellent soldier ; his sword is ever ready, and his activity admirable. You and my Elvira have quite won his heart, you are such great favourites. But what shall I say to his being such a favourite of yours ? If I were inclined to envy, I should certainly display a little of the passion.”

“ I think not ; if you were ever so inclined, you are too secure—you know your own power too well, to fear being supplanted, or even to fear a diminution of affection from your wife or your father-in-law.”

“ Indeed, my dear don Saragossa, I am perfectly happy in the affection of you both, and shall always be gratified by my friend’s experiencing its kindly influence.”

“ No doubt of it, my dear St Julian ; no doubt of it. But to return to the conde’s ambition, which we just now glanced upon. If I had not seen the condesa, I should have imagined that that had led him to her ladyship ; but I suppose love and ambition went hand in hand. I forget for what reason the condesa’s title of San Valos descends exclusively to the female branch ; but I believe it is a very honourable distinction. If my memory fail me not, a lady de Calatrava saved the life of one of our monarchs.”

The doña St. Julian assisted her father.  
—“ The lady de Calatrava, who was attached to the court, was one evening walking in one of the gardens of the palace, when, in making a sudden turn, she beheld the monarch, who was alone, and an im-

mense and ferocious-looking wolf in full speed hastening towards him, and almost in the act of springing upon him. She rushed forward, and threw herself into the arms of the king, with the intention of saving his life at the expence of her own. The sudden appearance, and the alarming shrieks of the lady, arrested the animal in its course; and, dismayed and affrighted, he precipitately fled from the garden.

“ The shrieks of the lady Calatrava had not only terrified the wolf, but brought some of the guard; and the savage creature, which not only had the daring to approach the habitation of man, but the audacity to prowl in the sacred gardens of the royal residence, was immediately pursued by a vast number, curiously attired for a wolf-hunt, consisting of courtiers, guards, household servants, and others, but to no purpose—the animal had fled to his more secure haunts in his native wilds.

“ The king, in gratitude for so essential

a service, created the lady Calatrava condesa, and presented her with the very extensive demesnes of San Valos, with the peculiar privilege of their being for ever enjoyed by a female."

"The females had more courage in those days," said don Saragossa, "or the lady Calatrava's courage must have very much exceeded her fellows. It strikes me, that neither the present condesa, nor her ladyship's expected successor, could protect their sovereign from the teeth of the wolf."

"It appears to me rather an act of desperation in extreme alarm, than of courage," replied the doña St. Julian.

"Why, St. Julian, has the condesa dropped the title so honourable to her ancestor—the lady Calatrava?" inquired the don.

"The condado de Arno enjoys many very peculiar privileges, and is the most ancient in Spain; of consequence the title De Arno has the precedence of San Valos, and the condesa bears her title only in

conjunction and subjoinly with the conde's; and only on particular occasions, or officially, is she addressed as the condesa de Arno and de San Valoa."

"Then after all, one would imagine the conde rather appears ambitious, than that he really is so, for he certainly has had opportunities of possessing a higher title, and yet we still see him conde."

"His lordship prefers the ancient title he bears to a modern one, though very superior, even to a dueado, with which his majesty would have presented him. He has made himself eminent as a statesman, of which he was doubtless ambitious; and he obtained his highest wish, I believe, when the monarch created him grandee."

In spite of the fascinations of his beautiful wife, Camila would at times obtrude her idolized form upon the enchained St. Julian; and in those moments of enchantment he would wander whither she, as he imagined, had strayed: the impressure of

her foot had made sacred the till then unsanctified and unheeded spot: her presence had alike consecrated the wild scenes of nature and those which refinement had regulated and beautified. The embowered glen, whose drooping and aspiring branches formed domes which canopied the variegated plumage of the airy musicians, and recesses for the multivagous and fur-invested animals of the forest; the foliage-crested knolls, whose various tincts overhung the mossy descent; or far extended glade, decked with many a glowing or snowy beauty of the verdant velvet, which had scarcely compressed to her sylph-like step; or where the multitudinous petals of Flora's cultivated bloom, the less luxuriant, though more graceful foliage; the shorn paths, and the rising fountains—evinced that there taste held empire.

In these reveries his ardent adorations still triumphed.—“ Ah!” he exclaimed, “ upon these branches has her eye re-



posed ! Blooming folds of fragrance ! in her presence you emitted your finest perfumes, laved her veil with your most delicious odour, bedewed her robe with your aromatic exhalation, and enveloped her form with your fragrant ether ! Pendent foliage ! you put forth your brightest verdure, and in gentlest undulations to the playful zephyr wafted the scented gale ! Silvery sinuous streams ! you sang your murmuring melodies, and rolled your most translucent waves to greet the loveliest of creation !”

He held to his bosom with agonized pressure the harp which her beloved fingers had skimmed, and from whose chords she had awakened diapasons which had thrilled with soft, with ecstatic delight, the heart whose palpitations stayed to feel, and which expanded in sympathizing sensations, or vibrated to the harmonious melody. He fixed to his lips with indefinable emotion, the pencil with which she had portrayed the living scenes of Sara-

gossa, and with tints of art had given the peculiar charm of sentiment to natural representations.—“ Ah, my best beloved ! and did you once think of him who lives but in that ideal bliss which you create ? Oh Elvira ! the most deserving of a husband’s love ! This thinking of, this dwelling upon the perfections of Camila, surely must be habit, the indulgence of which can lead to no good—is criminal. So accustomed has my heart been alone to be filled with Camila, that the desuetude would be annihilation. Oh no, rather life ! joy ! Oh, Elvira ! my whole heart must be, shall be thine ! Camila shall no longer reign supreme, no longer remain the sovereign of thy divided husband. Elvira, yes, most excellent of women, thou shalt possess his whole heart, or it shall perish in the effort !”

St. Julian so far conquered that he ceased to indulge in the all-absorbing passion ; and though he could not be said to have regained his indifference, (for when was

be indifferent to Camila?) yet he had brought his feelings more under his control than he ever remembered them in this case to have been. But he conquered more in the flying from the ideal Camila, than in reasoning his feelings into subjection ; he would not permit himself to meditate for a moment upon that object who had for so many past years enslaved him. He buried, in his solicitous attentions to Elvira, his emotions ; he buried, in his affection for Elvira, his passion for Camila.

CHAPTER XIII.  
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St. Julian pressed to his paternal bosom the child of his beloved Elvira; and shed tears of affectionate joy upon the mother of the little cherub, as he folded her to his grateful heart, and breathed a supplication for her safety.

Don Saragossa was almost bewildered in joy: his servants, his dependants, his tenantry, felt the good effects of his extreme delight; and the poor, the lame, the blind, and the aged, partook of the fatted calf. Their spirits rose at the sound of the tabret and the viol; they rejoiced in the voices of singing-men and singing-women; wine gave them a cheerful countenance, rendered them light of heart; and their feet moved to the shrill tones of the warbling pipe.

St. Julian saw with terror the extreme weakness of his wife ; several weeks elapsed ere she could quit her room. He watched over her as a tender mother watches her expiring infant, whose father is an inhabitant of the tomb : he supported her in her short rides to catch the refreshing breezes of heaven ; his bosom pillowed her head—his arms upheld her debilitated frame—his lips breathed consolation and peace, and painted in vivid colours the continuance of connubial felicity.

“ Never, never, beloved Elvira, will thy Rodolfo quit thee for embattled fields. Ere the expiration of his permitted absence, he will resign that profession which he thought to resign but with life. Yes, dearest Elvira, thy peace is dearer to him than every other enjoyment, and he will quit his beloved wife no more !”

The grateful Elvira felt the full weight, saw the full extent of her husband’s affectionate regard ; but he had once quitted her, and then her support was gone—her

joy ceased—her desire of life fled—the silver cord that bound her to the world loosened; and even the return of the form which her heart enveloped, which her soul embowered, could not heal the wound, restore the lost comfort, nor strengthen the slackened cord. She saw the world fading from her view—she saw the opening eternity fast approaching; her hope, her joy, her bliss, was to be again united where death separates no more.

“ My dear St. Julian, I feel I must soon, very soon, bid you an earthly adieu; but we shall meet in the regions of blessedness, no more to separate; our reunion will be eternal: our child, our beloved Elvira will join us. But her depending, her fragile infancy will need protection, will need support, will need female guidance; will our beloved Camila, our beloved condesa de Arno, condescend to guide the infancy of our child, protect its helplessness, cultivate its understanding, direct its mind, and lead its soul to its Creator?”

The flowing tears of Rodolfo mingled with those of his lovely wife, and prevented him from immediately replying. At length he said—"The condesa and Camila will, be assured, do every thing you wish: but, my dearest Elvira, think not of dying, but of living to bless your St. Julian. Ah! my best beloved, what would become of him without his joy-giving Elvira? My beloved wife, what would the world be without thee? A gloomy wilderness, a thorny desert, where no flower of bliss could blow, no brightening ray could pierce! Oh, my Elvira, deign to bless me with hope, with peace, with joy, with life!"

Don Saragossa saw with emotions he could not suppress the fast-approaching dissolution of his beloved, his darling child. The distressed father and husband durst not breathe their horrifying fears to each other, or allow themselves to think upon an event which they dreaded would soon arrive with all its paralyzing miseries. They could not contemplate for a moment

a scene so pregnant with wo, though they were convinced it must soon, very soon, invest them with misery, and envelop them in despair.

Lady Meriva paid every attention that friendship, with all its little affectionate kindnesses, could suggest.

The grateful heart of Elvira beat responsively to friendship's every soothing care, and her tears spoke her thanks. Her lovely eyes beamed the mother's fondness, while her emotion'd bosom heaved with maternal solicitude, as she pressed her lips to the beautiful little being who was so soon to lose that gentle parent, who would have anxiously watched its growing loveliness—its awakening mind, and taught each glowing bud of virtue to expand its blooming blossom. And the dutifully-affectionate Elvira would kiss away her father's falling tears, and endeavour to reconcile him to an event, which would open the portals of eternal glory to his daughter, and give her an entrance into

realms of blessedness, where she should embrace her beatified mother, and ere long should be joined by her now sorrowing father.

She embraced her beloved St. Julian, and in harmonious, though tremulous accents, expressed her lively hope, her confiding assurance of reunion.—“ Ah, my dearest husband, my beloved, my soul's best affections, how can I bid you adieu, my dearer self? Oh St. Julian! my soul's treasure! oh! we shall meet again, never, never to separate! our felicity will be complete, our union perfect! Then grieve not, my St. Julian; repress those precious tears, so distressing, so dear to Elvira! we shall be happy beyond our most sanguine idea—a plenitude of bliss awaits us; yet a little while, and we embrace in heaven—oh my beloved!”

“ My Elvira! the wife of my bosom!” his emotion choked his utterance. Tears relieved them both.

Told in the arms of her anxiously-

distressed husband, the trembling Elvira returned his affectionate caresses; they bathed each other with their tears—they drank, for almost the last time, the sweet ambrosia of each other's breath, that breath so reciprocally dear!

Doña St. Julian had taken the last melancholy farewell of her child—she had given the dying blessing of its now quickly-departing mother. She had bade her father and lady Merina this world's eternal adieu; they remained kneeling around her couch, till the gentlest, the mildest spirit should cease to flutter in its beautiful though earthly tenement.

Rodolfo kneeling beside the sainted being, who was soon to repose on the bosom of her Redeemer, with one of her lovely hands (that so lately drew from the harmonious chords, strains which charmed his listening ear), now iced in death, between his, scarcely, from high-wrought feeling, warm with life; his tumultuous and irregular-beating heart, his hard-heaving bo-

som, his fixed eye, bespoke his wo—his low breathing, his speechless tongue, his anxiety lest the soft low tones, the interrupted and tremulous sounds of his expiring wife, should escape him. She fixed her closing eye, still beaming with affectionate regard, upon her agonized husband; she would have spoken comfort, but the words faltered upon her stiffening tongue, and died upon her quivering lip; the last sigh fluttered round her heart, trembled in her bosom, and vibrated St. Julian. His glazed eye saw not the lifeless form, beautiful even in death; his paralyzed limbs, his breathless frame, moved not: a thrill of agony shook his aching heart, and awoke him to all his wretchedness. He pressed the inanimate, the lifeless form to his bosom; he kissed the cold forehead, the darkened eyes, the colourless lips; he groaned in unutterable anguish; he conceived it to be a frightful dream, and wished to awaken from a misery so intolerable. He thought the flitting phantoms of ima-

gination had raised the unreal scene, so terrific, to appal, to horrify him. He called upon the pure soul, that so lately filled with life its earthly mansion, again to inhabit the lovely form it had quitted—upon the hallowed spirit again to reanimate the lifeless frame. Speech, though so emotioned, relieved him, and brought salutary tears, which eased his burning eyes, his beating temples, his aching head, and his agonized heart; he wept bitter, though relieving tears, and indulged in a passionate paroxysm of grief.

Elvira's eyes being closed for ever, the attendants bore the lady Merina and don Saragossa to their apartments; but they interrupted not the sorrows of the husband; they left him in quiet possession of the chamber of death—they left him in the bitterness of his wo, the luxury of weeping unmolested.

Darkness overshadowed the earth, and commingled every object; yet Rodolfo quitted not the wife of his bosom—the

cold, the inanimate frame of her who had given him every joy, who had quieted the raging of his bosom, calmed its tumultuary beatings, and soothed to peace its stormy repinings.

The moon's silver beams gleamed their softened light upon all that was mortal of Elvira—upon all that remained to the disconsolate husband. He watched the pale, pale countenance; no mantling blushes warmed his chilled soul, no opening eye beamed the delighting light-cheering ray, no playful smile gladdened his heart, no crimson lip breathed affection, no tongue's harmonious sound greeted his loneliness—all, all was motionless, was silent—silent as the tomb, in which it would so soon be enclosed.

CHAPTER XIV.
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THAT night arrived in which all that was earthly of the doña St. Julian was to be consigned to the tomb—a night of darkness—of thick darkness, and of wo! The gleaming of the torches' wild glare displayed the sad scene in all its touching awfulness; the mournful though costly decorations—the emblazoned achievements—the rich embossments of silver upon the crimson velvet—the habiliments, the grief of the mourners—the sainted being, who so lately bloomed in life and health, now borne into those sacred walls, hung with the drapery and insignia of death, which were, a few short months since, decorated to receive the joyous bride, whose every bliss was to be perfected by the husband of her soul's affection,—that husband now the bereaved mourner.

The imposing magnificence of the scene, though humiliating to humanity, was singularly sublime—awakening feelings too acute to be defined, or accurately felt, and which sought relief of that Power who alone could impart it.

The sacred ceremony was chanted that committed the body to the sepulchre, with the assurance of its rising to the realms of bliss, in beatification to reunite with its glorified spirit.

The sorrowing husband, the grieving father, and the weeping friend, entered the mausoleum, whose suspended silver lamps dispersed the gloom and made visible the superb emblazonments. The awful stillness that reigned around—the extensive repository of the dead—the laden biers—the now-deposited beautiful envelope of that pure soul, which ever copied the Great Original, who breathed into it the breath of life, gave sensations so unlike all that is terrestrial, that the soul felt in that holy, that segregated moment,

that it emanated from heaven, and thither should it return. The solemn dirge wound the long aisles, entered the subterranean edifice, where the cold remains were resting beside the death-sleeping mother, and swelled with renewed anguish the hearts of the sorrowing.

The soul-composing requiem, in soothing and in lengthened cadence, wandered upon the night-breeze, and hovered round the darkening tomb.—Soft and hallowed sounds arose from that tomb, mingled with the fragrant clouds of incense, ascended into the celestial courts, and rolled round the Throne of Glory.

All retired save the widowed heart that sought to repose with that heart, motionless and cold, whose pure spirit had ere this met her beloved parent's in the eternal regions of blessedness.

The kneeling St. Julian besought the gift of divine grace, to enable him to imitate the great example of his now beatified wife; he begged that preventing and as-



sisting grace, to strengthen, and to guard him, that one day he might be reunited to that being, who had loved him with an affection so ardent, that it had broken the bonds that held the soul in its frail timent. He rested his aching head upon the crimson that shaded the sacred relics of the saint, and flowed over the supporting bier. Sleep brought its unreal images, its mockeries of happiness: he dreamed of past delights—he saw his wife in all that luxuriance of beauty, that had entranced his senses and divided his heart—he heard her silvery voice, in soft whispers, breathe her love—he rode by her side in the chase—he presented the branching attire, lately borne so proudly by the swift-losing stag; she leaned upon his arm, as they strolled in the blooming Elysium which she had created, and which presented a thousand dies that wafted a thousand fragrant odours, and to whose drooping blossom she gave support, or pointing to her bosom's lord their peculiar or varied beauties, sought

his admiration. In the flexuous dance he pressed her snowy hands, while his enraptured eyes dwelt upon each graceful movement, and drank her lovely form—the seraphic strains of her soul-entrancing voice accompanied the heavenly sounds her fingers drew from the harp’s symphonious chords.

The person who trimmed the lamps came to renew the hallowed flame, and roused him to all the reality of wo. He rose from his pillow of death, cast a look of indescribable anguish around the sepulchre, bade a silent, melancholy adieu, and ascended into the church, whose numerous and splendid lamps, pensiled by costly silver chains around the altars, scattered over the church, or clustered by magnificent suspendments, gave the blaze of day, and presented the heart-rending memorials of death. He quitted the agonizing scene for that where Nature reigned; her sceptered hand had arrayed it in glorious magnificence, and peopled the undulating fo-

rest with its wild inhabitants. The light breezes of morning refreshed the solitary mourner, as he wandered over the turfy plain, or climbed the heath-empurpled hill; but the wild scene, though it soothed, banished not his inquietude; repose was not within—it had far fled the bosom of the desponding St. Julian.

The miserable Rodolfo secluded himself from society; he passed his time in the soul-harrowing indulgence of viewing and musing upon every object that he imagined was dear to Elvira, or that she had in anywise noticed, worn, touched, admired, passed her opinion upon, or inquired his; everything that her eye had rested upon, was, in his, held sacred. Her portfolio was ransacked—every piece was viewed and reviewed; the little ornaments which she designed or constructed, were dearer to his grieving heart than all the golden delights, all the delusive pleasures, the world could offer. The inanimate canvas, whose colouring glowed with

life, and whose forms portrayed existence, for hours engaged his attention, and called his mental apostrophes. The instruments from which his beloved wife had awakened melody's enchantment—the pieces of her composing, which, when she drew forth the strains, or sung the flowing lines, had raised him from terrestrial things to feast in heaven, now gave a mournful charm, and an agonized fascination.

Day after day elapsed, and found him thus employed, if employment it were—or in sauntering in those paths trodden by his Elvira—reclining in the floweret-festooned recess, or meditating in the rocky cavern, upon the excellences of her who was to him for ever lost! but her beauties, her virtues, her endowments, her accomplishments, still remained in those happy, though distressing reminiscences, which ever and anon depict them in those tints which truth and affection delineate.

He continued in his seclusion, till one morning, not recollecting that it was the

hour of breakfast, he entered the breakfast-room, in which were seated don Saragossa and lady Merina. He seated himself at the table, and the necessary exertions of politeness drew him from himself; and the lady Merina had the pleasure of observing that his countenance wore, if not the smile of cheerfulness, yet the placid calm of resignation.

Colonel St. Julian would now willingly have joined the army, but the sorrowing don Saragossa claimed his compassionate regard, and he deferred his departure till the expiration of his leave of absence. He consoled the bereaved parent, though himself needing consolation; he drew him into his former amusements, and engaged him in the evening hours in games of chance; or with a saddened pleasure, the friendly trio would play the sacred strains Elvira loved; the straying tear rolled to her memory, and awakened recollections swelled the aching heart.

Letters were received by don Saragossa

and St. Julian from the De Arno family, deploring the loss of the doña St. Julian, and expressing every condoling participation in a grief so distressing. The condesa and Camila readily undertook the charge of the little Elvira, happy that they could fulfil the wishes of the beloved mother, and render a service to the child and its surviving parent.

The morning arrived that was destined for the removal of the lovely infant. The nurse was already in the carriage, and Rodolfo was bearing his beloved child in his arms, when don Saragossa burst into an agony of grief,—“ Oh, I cannot part with —I never can part with a being so dear! the only representative of my ever-to-be-beloved Elvira! No, no—am I not, San Julian, sufficiently lonely? am I not sufficiently bereaved? must this little creature be torn from me, to complete my wretchedness?”

“ My dear don, I would not willingly distress you; I would not tear the lacera-

ted heart, whose wounds are even now bleeding; I would apply the consoling styptic, give the healing balm, and administer the nepenthetic lotion. But was it not the wish of our beloved, that the child so dear should immediately be put under the protection she pointed out? then, my dear don Saragossa, resignedly submit to that which is inevitable. Take a calm though tender adieu of the little smiling beauty, with a determination to bear the separation with the usual fortitude of don Saragossa. And can you not, my good sir, in a few months, at De Arno, fold the beloved infant to your bosom, and, at least once a-year, regularly remind the growing child of its grandfather?"

The weeping don Saragossa, after repeatedly caressing and bidding the infant farewell, suffered its departure. It was borne by its father to the arms of the nurse—the door closed, and the carriage drove off. Rodolfo returned for a mo-

ment, to repeat his adieu to the parent of his deplored wife and the lady Merina, and then sprung upon his horse, and hastened after the beloved remembrance of his Elvira.

Lady Merina's eye followed the graceful and manly form of St. Julian till his swift steed bore him from her view. She sighed — she became restless — nothing pleased her: she attempted to walk, and was weary; her music was not in tune; she could not find a book that could amuse her—perhaps her work would—her fingers had forgotten to trace the tasteless outline. Her thoughts were perpetually recurring to St. Julian; she saw, she heard only St. Julian. She retired early to her chamber, and in its seclusion, as she gazed upon the silvery moon, she sought the inmost recesses of her bosom, and was grieved to find that St. Julian had entered into the sacred retirement, and kindled the hallowed flame. Vexed at the discovery, she wept; but the flowing tears



quenched not love's holy fire.—“What!” she exclaimed, “have I given a heart unasked for! affections unsought! My beloved friend, so lately in the tomb! Oh Elvira! dearest Elvira! would to Heaven thou hadst lived! even for my sake, that I had not thrown away a heart that will be disregarded—no, not disregarded; the possessor shall never be made acquainted with his treasure. No, no—I will this instant begin to root from my heart this favoured image! this fascinating St. Julian! I will quit this, to me, ill-fated castle before the morrow's noon. Alas! poor don Saragossa! so lonely! so bereaved! I must not leave you till the pleasing St. Julian returns; but I must guard my every thought, my every sigh, my every feeling, till——oh! I return to my lost happiness! again rejoice in the fair field of indifference.”

Happy for the lady Merma that she so early discovered her entanglement; and happy that she possessed the good sense

and the firm mind to endeavour to regain her self-possession.

The well-intentioned Rodolfo was unconscious of enchaining the lovely captive. Without design he mingled a certain reverence with his demeanour in his attentions to females; he accorded with their wishes, conformed to their customs, followed their lead, and homaged them as sovereigns. Fond of their society, he ever sought it, and entered into their amusements with pleasurable avidity.

From the days of his infancy his heart had acknowledged the supremacy of Camila; he had ever approached her with awe; he had early paid homage to the sceptre of female will—owned fealty to female power. It was this long-accustomed, almost inherent vassalage that tempered his vivacity with a softness, with a reverence, with a fascination, irresistible to a disengaged heart; and with astonishment he found himself lord of the affections, ruler of the destiny of women, whom,

without design, without premeditation, he had bound with the silken cords of love.

## CHAPTER XV.

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THE sun had chased the dewdrop from the glade, dispersed the mist from the flowery glen, and brightened the mountain's brow, when the turrets of De Arno, breaking through the veil of distance, met the view of St. Julian. He had taken an affectionate farewell of his little Elvira, ere he placed her in the carriage, on leaving the inn early in the morning; but he would again fold her to his bosom, press the father's lip to her soft cheek, and give his parental benediction. He stopped the carriage, caressed the smiling infant with all a father's fondness, with all a father's anxious solicitude, and returned it—alas!

not to its mother—she was in the tomb—to the arms of its nurse.

They drew near De Arno's lofty walls. Rodolfo rode to a rocky eminence, and watched the fast-fleeting carriage; it was now in the vale—it crossed the ever-flowing rivulet—ascended the rising way—entered the castle-gates, and was lost to his view. He was still, immoveable and breathless, turned towards the portals, when the carriage rolled round the echoing court to the entrance of the castle—"Ah, sweet infant!" mentally said the father, "perchance thy beatified mother, from her abode of blessedness, views thy innocence and thy helplessness, and with a smile of parental benignity illumines thy eye, palpitates thy heart with filial affection, while she passes a holy vigil to guard thee from danger, inspire thee with virtue, and guide thee to bliss." He pulled the bridle of his horse, again, entered the road he had quitted, and slowly retraced the steps of the morning, while tears of

parental affection fell from his dark blue eyes, or trembled upon the black and silken lash: he had performed the wish of his lost Elvira—he had consigned his child to the lovely inhabitants of De Arno.

A neat little inn opportunely presented its shelter from the fervid rays of a meridian sun. A diaphanous stream meandered its cooling waves through a grove of olives, whose silvery foliage gracefully undulated to the gentle flutterings of the noontide breeze—passed the front of the cottage, laving the verdant mound on which it stood—entered a luxuriant pasture, peopled with milky kine and fleecy flocks, and making a sudden turn, rolled its limpid waters under the pensile branches of the cottage garden.

Rodolfo ascended the gently-rising turf, entered the snow-white building, shaded by the high and spreading branches of the chesnut, and threw himself upon a lengthened seat, opposite a lattice embowered from the scorching ray by the comming-

ling branches of the broad foliage of the yellow and the purple grape. The flowery beauties of an elegant little garden met his view through the softened light, while their odoriferous emanations scented the apartment.

In a few hours he continued his journey, till the mists of evening reminded him of refreshment. He again pursued his way, when the queen of night lighted with her silvery lamp the argent fields that canopy the earth, and the myriads of golden sparklers lent their mild illuminating rays. He rode for several hours, enjoying the shadowy scene; the hour of midnight sounding from the turret of a neighbouring monastery warned him that his horses and attendants needed repose; he turned his horse to the building whence the full-toned sounds issued, and soon fell into the refreshing forgetfulness of mortals, nor awoke till the first smile of Aurora entered his chamber.

“The contrast of this night to the pre-

ceding is singularly striking," thought Rodolfo, as he reclined upon his couch in a well-frequented hotel, and heard the passing to and fro of domestics serving sumptuous entertainments to guests who had there made their casual abode; "the hurrying bustle and rapid noises startle timid sleep, with her airy pinions ever upraised for flight. The solemnity of a convent's holy walls—the solemn stillness, save when the voices of the sacred choir in hallowed sounds rise in lengthened strains—the idea that the devotion that thence ascends is the pure and fragrant incense of the heart—that there the overshadowing of the Almighty more peculiarly shades from evil—sooth the mind to repose, lull the timid flutterer into security, and invite the somniferous influence."

The golden rays of the declining sun gilded the lofty towers of Saragossa as they caught the eye of St. Julian.—"Ah!" he mentally exclaimed, "how lately, and a beloved wife welcomed with her affec-

tionate smile the husband of her love! Now the emotion of the heart has ceased—the smile appears no more—the form cold and motionless in the tomb!”

He was aroused from his reverie by don Saragossa and the lady Merina.—“We strolled this way expecting to meet you, and we have not been disappointed,” said the don.

Rodolfo gave his horse to his groom, and joined them in their walk.—“Was lady Merina under don Saragossa’s protection in a stag-chase yesterday?”

“No,” replied the lady.

“But lady Merina and her courser behaved admirably in the hawking,” interrupted don Saragossa.—“But how, my dear St. Julian, did you leave the infant?”

“Graced with a thousand smiles.”

“May I inquire after the condesa de Arno and the lady San Valos?” said the lady Merina.

“I did not enter the castle: when the carriage arrives we may expect letters.”

“On the day after the morrow I intend quitting Saragossa.”

“Is that a sudden determination?”

“No; I only waited your return, that don Saragossa should not feel the want of society, or I should have been ere this at the castle San Beneto.”

“You will permit me to be your escort?”

“I thank you.”

“I am sorry you are going to desert us,” said the good don; “is there any thing I can suggest, will induce you to lengthen your sojourn? You have, my dear lady Merina, contributed to—indeed, constituted the happiness of the bereaved Saragossa; and will you not yet a little while prolong the comfort of one who is almost comfortless?”

“I would most willingly oblige you, my dear don Saragossa; but I have been for a very long time solicitous to return—my family anxiously expect me.”

“Well, well, my dear lady, I will no

longer urge you; it shall be as you will; I and St. Julian will attend you, and spend a week at the castle San Beneto. My obligations to you are infinite, and I must ever bow under the weight of them, thou best beloved friend of my lost Elvira!"

Early on the proposed morning the friendly trio commenced their journey, and on the same evening entered the gates of San Beneto.

The lord of San Beneto received them courteously, and bade them a cheerful welcome; his sons greeted them with the candour of youth: affectionately embracing their sister—"My dear sister," said they, "we waited but your summons to fly to Saragossa; but we are happy you have had so much better an escort, as it gives us the opportunity of expressing our thanks to don Saragossa and colonel St. Julian at San Beneto. Our mother is at present from home—we expect her at an early moment.—You look fatigued, my dear Merina—had you not better retire?"

She did so. In the solitude of her chamber she relieved her overcharged heart in brilliant drops of wo. Since she had last quitted it, she had for ever lost the friend of her bosom—one who had been dearer to her, she thought, than would be a thousand sisters—for was she not the bosom of friendship? so gentle a being—so serene—so fraught with kindness—so pious, and so cheerful—the inspirer of peace and delight.—“She has left a vacuum in my bosom which can never be filled; her beautiful image can never be replaced.”

The tears of regret had not dried upon her fair cheek when she was summoned to breakfast. She pressed her mother to her filial bosom, rent by departed friendship—a bosom that was wading through the unfathomable waters of hopeless love, and that had permitted to enter its secret pavilion, a guest who begged not admittance, nor entreated to repose within its envelope.

“We are,” said don Saragossa after his return, “once again seated under our own

dome, and in our own hall—but where is the mistress who gave the welcome? where are the smiles that gladdened the wanderer's return?"

The silent tears of St. Julian joined in the heart-rending interrogation.

It was now necessary for colonel St. Julian to join his military companions. In the evening preceding his departure, he said—"Adieu, my dear don Saragossa, adieu! rest assured that you will ever live in my remembrance; and the first opportunity that honour allows me, I will be with you. I now bid farewell! for ere the sun gilds the horizon, I shall be fast hastening from the ancient towers of Saragossa, and from my esteemed friend;" taking his hand, and embracing him.

"Farewell! farewell, my son! but why should I not accompany you, for one day at least?"

"I think, my dear sir, you had better not: I shall set off very early, ride very fast, for I have delayed to the last possible

moment; and you will have a solitary ride on returning, without a companion, no one but attendants. My dear don Saragossa, if I may presume to advise, I would now bid farewell."

The never-extinguished, the for-ever-gleaming lamps of the mausoleum threw their perfumed and silvery rays upon the velvet that shaded the silent frame of Elvira, whose pure spirit now reposed in the bosom of her Redeemer, when Rodolfo slowly and cheerlessly approached the unconscious remains. He breathed a prayer for the soul of his death-sleeping wife, though he doubted not its quietude. He confessed his unfitness for, his unworthiness of, the blessing he had enjoyed, and begged the divine benison upon his endeavours to be made meet for the admittance into that eternal home his Elvira now possessed: he kissed the holy emblem of redemption, and vowed never to forget the sacred agonies of redeeming love, or the watchful Providence who guarded him

from evil, and directed him to an infinitude of bliss. The sorrowful suppliant besought Heaven for the welfare of his child; nor could he refrain commingling petitions to the highly-exalted soul of his wife, to watch over the child of their union.

He again bade adieu to the inanimate unconscious; and with a heart occupied with religious feeling, blended with sorrowful emotion, mournfully quitted the chapel, and mounted his horse, which awaited him in the inner court of the castle.

The hoofs of the fiery though generous creature clattered upon the broad pavement, and echoed through the turrets of the castle, as he bore the martial figure of St. Julian from the early tomb of his wife, and the habitation of her grieving parent; the pleased animal knew not his rider's heart of wo, but gratified by the soft stroke of approbation which Rodolfo, from habit, gave his satiny neck, in playful prancing circled the pavement, gently

reared himself erect—again wound round, opening his fire-breathing nostrils, and, proud of his gay trappings, proud of himself and of his rider, pleasedly neighing, flew, as the pale streams of the lightning through the stormy atmosphere, with the unheeding Rodolfo from the home which had but so lately smiled happiness.

St. Julian saw not the scene around—felt not the sublime fascinations of undisturbed nature, whose luxuriance and variety lead the heart to Him, who giveth every good and perfect gift, who setteth no bounds to his munificence, and whose myriads of created beauties call forth the soul's grateful emotions.

The mild breeze of the morning played round the unconscious mourner—the wild music from the branching foliage caught not his ear, nor the golden ray of the glorious luminary of heaven his eye: he journeyed on his mournful way, unheeding the bold-sceneried hill—the bashful simplicity of the fruitful vale—the discous unsheltered

plain and embowered glen—the magnificent forest, whose natural arches formed living and growing temples, and whose vistas presented over the verdured glade an extensive diversified track of country, which at any other time would have awakened praise to Him, who delights the eye and softens the heart to religious affection, with the beauties which his hand alone diffuseth, as the copious dews of heaven through the vast creation, and who brightens the universe—the diminutive and the immense—the secluded wilderness and the joyous vale, alike with the radiant beams of his love.

Singularly interesting as was the surrounding scenery which broke upon the sight through the dispersing mists of the morning, as now only issuing into being, yet it awakened not his sensibility—his thoughts, his ideas, and his feelings, were in the tomb of Elvira.

“ Oh! as to withdrawing the troops, they certainly were of no use there: the inhabitants, as well as the army, were upon their guard; and now they are careless, unsuspecting of danger, and may be easily surprised.”

“ And in what way do you think the surprise can be made? and why is your lordship so assured of success?”

“ Since the withdrawing of the troops I have frequently thought that surprise might not be impracticable. In the costume of a minstrel I entered the city. I play very well, you know; and you likewise know that I had nothing to fear on account of the language, being so perfectly acquainted with it, and speaking it so fluently, that it would be impossible to know that it was not my native tongue. So I fearlessly wandered through every part of the city, made my music particularly acceptable to the soldiers, by the martial airs with which I saluted them—in fine, I saw all that I wished to see, and

there is not a part unknown to me. I will give you a plan of the city, and point out where the ascent is to be made; for we must be in the city ere we attack it. There are not many troops. I will shew you the account. The principal have been sent to reinforce the main army, which I suppose we shall soon engage."

St. Julian examined lord Medina's plan, his list of troops, and the disposition of them.

—"I think, my lord, the reduction of the city may be accomplished; and great praise is due to your lordship for your indefatigable exertions, and military talent. You have not been idle, my lord; but, on the contrary, made the best possible use of every moment for military improvement. Your lordship had better see the marques de Palencia immediately; and you will inform me of the result."

It was not long ere Medina returned.—

"I have seen the marques, St. Julian, and you are to have the command."

"Then on the evening after the mor-

row we will commence our operations," replied Rodolfo.

The two friends agreed upon the plan they intended to pursue, and separated until the hour of departure.

"We will halt in this defile," said St. Julian, "till the shades of evening conceal our nearer approach. This is a warfare, my dear Medina, I never admired; it was never consonant to my feelings. When we enter the field, we engage with men who are every way suited to engage with us; men only oppose us—men only meet our sword; but when we enter a city, women, children, and the aged, form the indiscriminate slaughter; for though our minds, my dear Enrique, revolt at the unequal carnage, and though our feelings will not allow us to take advantage of the helpless, yet the soldiery destroy, or worse than destroy all, without pity, without commiseration. But, my dear vizconde, I do not mean to attach any thing blamable to you; I do not mean

to infer any want of feeling in you, or that you in anywise are culpable; on the contrary, you have performed your duty, manifested your love of your country, and desire of its interests; and it is a warfare that has at all times been allowed and considered necessary; and particularly is it so in the present instance. The city of — will be an acquisition the most desirable; it will be a strong-hold, and a rendezvous for our troops; it will forward the marques de Palencia's views in further entering the country, and of consequence a great loss to the enemy. Our possessing it will dishearten them, and give us great advantage in our future warfare; upon the whole, I do not know any thing that could be of so much advantage to us at this moment; and the idea and the skill with which you have performed so extraordinary an enterprise is truly admirable, and does your lordship great credit.

“ Yet I really do wish, my lord, that you were not of the party; for the service

is a particularly dangerous one; and if you were to fall, what grief would it occasion the conde, the condesa, the vizcondesa! I wish you would relinquish it. If I fall, who will lament it? My child is too young ever to regret it. You will be her father, Enrique? But you, my lord! Permit me to appoint you to the command of some men, to reconnoitre, or to an ambuscade to cut off the advancing reinforcements for the out-posts?"

"You surprise, you astound me, St. Julian! Who do you take me for? What do you take me to be, that you should imagine, even for a moment, that I will relinquish the service I am engaged in, because it is a hazardous one? I do not fear death any more than you; and if I die, can I die better than in the service of my country? and if my parents, my sister grieve, can they possibly lament over a more honourable grave? No, St. Julian, a soldier should be ready for every service, and ever ready to die in it, though

relations innumerable should deplore his fall. And is not this a service which I myself have chosen? an assault which I alone have proposed—have made practicable? and shall I meanly, cowardly desert that in the moment of execution which my own exertions have prepared for completion? No; though there were ten thousand dangers in view, and death inevitable, I would most certainly persevere.”

“As you please, my dear Medina; though I would rather that you were not here, for I know the conde's life is bound in his Enrique's.”

“Ah!” exclaimed the youthful warrior, full of the spirit of enterprise, his fine eyes sparkling with delight, “the sun is fast declining—it but just gilds the tops of the mountains; we shall ere long begin our work.”

Evening invested herself in her shadowy mantle; every thing was prepared—the impatient warriors waited but the thicken-

ing gloom. At length arrived the desired moment they were to leave their umbrageous shelter, the quiet of the concealing glen, for the devoted city, in which they were to plant horror and despair; and all were eager to begin their direful work. The greater number of the troops remained about a league from the city, in a grove of chesnuts, which they passed through. St. Julian, as he proceeded, left piquet guards to give notice to the principal troops when to enter the city, who, if the evening continued dark, were to advance, that they might the earlier render assistance; but if the clouded atmosphere brightened, they were to remain under the covert of the grove until the attack was made.

Not a word was spoken—not a sound was heard; in solemn silence St. Julian and his brave column advanced. They arrived at the walls of the city—the spot chosen by the vizconde: they scaled the stony barrier: the fearless St. Julian first

descended; Medina closely followed him: the unconscious sentinel was for ever silent ere he could give the alarm to his comrade, who met the same unthought-of fate. In an instant they lie prostrate; the blood, still warm with life, fast flows from him who the moment before stood erect in security, laying plans for future years; the hopeful prospect fades with the eye which closes for ever.

In the silence of death the death-giving soldiers proceed: they enter the guard-room: the astounded guard no more relieve their fellows—their scattered limbs, their manly bodies, strew the pavement. The gates of the city are thrown open, and the trumpets, whose strains strike dismay into the hearts of the inhabitants, bid the expecting soldiers advance. St. Julian leaves a small guard to cover their entrance, and proceeds on his work of slaughter, while the groans of the dying, and heaps of slain, give evidence to the conquerors' swords. The Spanish war-

rions having taken advantage of the darkness, and closely followed the advanced corps, immediately enter. The terrified citizens fly before them, or take shelter in their habitations, which are no longer their security; their doors and windows, though barricaded with their furniture, prevent not the entrance of the infuriate plunderers.

The Spaniards soon overrun the city; and ere the sun burnished its towers, the arsenal, the store-houses, the castle, the citadel, were in the possession of the conquerors, and their flag waved upon the walls.

Rodolfo sent the delighted, the gratified vizconde with the important information to the commander-in-chief, whose commendations rejoiced the heart of the young soldier, and who appointed him bearer of dispatches announcing to the sovereign the surrender of the city, and the part the vizconde Medina had taken in its capture. The dispatches further stated how impor-

tant was the possession of the city, for the quartering the Spanish troops, the weakening the ardour of the enemy in the expected engagement, and the destroying their hope of compelling Palencia to fall back, or to give up his footing in their country; and that eventually it would accelerate the marques's further advance into the country; and, it was not improbable; even to its capital.

Medina returned from his embassy, laden with honours which the royal hand had conferred, a few days only preceding the long-expected engagement.

CHAPTER XVII.
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THE day awakened in all its brilliancy that was to be stained with the blood of thousands; nor lurid sky, nor clouded sun foretold the vast destruction; the radiant east more than gave its brightness; its broad streams of splendour, in magnificent shining, shone upon the anxious wives and children who were that day to be mourning widows and helpless orphans; shone upon those husbands and fathers whom the scourge of war, as with the besom of destruction, was to sweep from the land of the living; and shone upon those invincible warriors whom glory awaited—those unsubdued heroes who should survive the sanguinary contest.

General St. Julian was second in command; the order in which he brought up

his division, and made the attack, led the enemy to expect that which followed—an almost total annihilation.

How welcome was the darkness that shaded from the view the field of carnage, where the friend and the foe lay blended in one common death—their severed limbs, their mangled bodies, promiscuously heaped, and blood commingled with blood!

The military talent and the good generalship of St. Julian were eminently conspicuous, and he received the thanks of the marques de Palencia, who requested him to be the bearer to the sovereign of a victory so signal, and so glorious to his majesty's arms.

Rodolfo flew with the welcome tidings; he outstripped the wind, and ere it could have been expected that he had made half his journey, he was in Madrid.

The king received him most graciously, and read himself the pleasing intelligence. He conversed familiarly with St. Julian upon the engagement, the state of the

enemy, the state of the Spaniards, and inquired what he thought of the war. He returned to the battle, of which he held the account, and requested Rodolfo to describe the whole—from the preparing for the field, to the removal of the dead. He regretted that the want of health incapacitated him for a military life—"a life the most glorious and the most worthy of man."

His majesty then adverted to the death of Elvira.—"The deprivation you have sustained in the translation of her to higher and greater felicity, who constituted yours, did not pass unheeded by me; I felt for your great misfortune — your grief. I understand that you are to inherit, at the decease of don Saragossa, the castle, the domain, and the whole of his immense property?"

St. Julian bowed his affirmative.

"I have ever been much pleased with don Saragossa; he is a good subject, and a very worthy man, and has very excellent traits in his disposition and character;

and though he frequently displays the unique, yet the originality pleases."

His majesty again referred to the dispatches.—“ We find by Palencia that we are greatly and chiefly indebted to you for so decisive and so glorious a victory, and in consideration of the high sense we entertain of a conduct so meritorious, and to shew our regard of general Rodolfo San Julian, we command and appoint him and his heirs for ever to bear the title and honours of conde de Saragossa.”

Rodolfo kneeling, kissed the hand of his sovereign, upon this marked and honourable approbation ; but the gracious and generous monarch folded him in his arms, and pressed him to his bosom.—“ Henceforth be the friend of thy sovereign, in whose heart will ever remain affectionate remembrance of the conde de Saragossa.”

On quitting the palace, Rodolfo found that the conde de Arno was in the capital.—“ I must see him then,” he thought. But Camila ! the long-drawn sigh con-

vinced him that he had not yet learned to consider her as his sister. He wrote to the condesa de Arno—

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“ MY DEAR CONDESA,

“ I this morning arrived in the capital with dispatches. The conde de Arno will expect my presence, and I dare not quit Madrid without paying my dutiful respects to him. But my wayward heart is still rebellious: may I beg the indulgence (good Heaven, that I should say so!) of the absence of her who, my dear madam, I am convinced, will ever be too dear to your

“ RODOLFO ?”

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The vizcondesa was already absent when the condesa received the note.

“ How are you, my dear madam ?” said the conde de Saragossa, on his entering the drawing-room in the palace de Arno.

“ My dear St. Julian, how are you ? you look charmingly ; on re-appearing you seem always to improve, though on quitting that seems impossible.”

“ My dear condesa, you are ever most affectionate. I hope you and all whom your ladyship esteems are well, and have enjoyed an uninterrupted happiness since I had the honour, the pleasure of seeing you ?”

“ Yes, I think, my dear St. Julian, I may venture to reply in the affirmative ; and your little Elvira grows charmingly interesting : but, my dear general, I would, if possible, shew my displeasure, for I am seriously angry with you ; I allude to the subject of your note. How different is this—how opposite to that which I expected of St. Julian !”

“ I am, my dear madam, aware that I deserve your censure ; I am self-condemned. In this instance I have entirely lost the command of my own heart.”

“ I regret to hear you say so. I fear



you do not attempt to conquer that which let me say is unworthy of you. If Camila were so very, very weak, it would grieve me indeed." The conde sighed. "The duque de Castello has been very importunate lately, and I trust the vizcondesa will shortly consent to become his wife; for I really do not see any thing objectionable in the duque, nor can I find a reason for Camila's not admiring him, especially as her father so much wishes the union. The marques de Seville is very attentive, but certainly not favoured by the conde de Arno, as he is so interested for the duque de Castello.—Our dear Enrique is quite a soldier. We saw him but for a few hours. We have always had very favourable accounts of him from the marques de Palencia."

"He is indeed worthy of the commendations of the marques. I never saw one more determined to excel in his profession, or whose whole conduct was more commendable."

The conde de Arno made his *entrée*.—  
“My dear general St. Julian,” extending his hand—he drew back with great emotion; recovering himself, he embraced him affectionately—“how glad I am to see you! you look well.”

“I am so; and most happy so to find your lordship.”

“How is our dear Medina?”

“Quite well, and in the best spirits. We have had an engagement, and he has escaped without a wound; he would not allow of fatigue, though we had twenty hours hard fighting. He acquitted himself admirably; that is to say, as every one who knows his lordship would expect of him—he equalled the first warrior in the field.”

“It is a pleasure to hear this; yet it brings its alloy. I even now wish, though Medina has gained a reputation so desirable, so honourable to a soldier, that I had not consented to his being one. And now, St. Julian, inform us of the engagement.”

“ Well then,” said the conde de Arno, after Saragossa had finished his narration, “ I have to congratulate you on your so gloriously gained honours. May you, my dear Saragossa, long, very long enjoy them !”

The lady de Arno joined in the friendly congratulations.

“ You will be able to remain with us some time I hope,” said the conde de Arno; “ for you cannot have any thing that can particularly require your lordship’s presence, after what has so lately passed. Palencia cannot, I imagine, be in a condition to pursue, nor the enemy immediately to take the field ; of consequence, the operations can be but very unimportant.”

“ I am indebted to your lordship for the kind hope,” replied Saragossa, who wished to avoid seeing Camila ; “ but I do not possess a moment’s absence exceeding the time required for the delivery of the dispatches. I must set off on my re-

turn immediately. I have even now trespassed, and entreat your lordship's indulgence for my so hasty departure." He bade the conde and lady de Arno farewell. —“ I will just see my Elvira for a moment,” and quitted the room.

“ You are thinking of our Enrique, my love,” said the conde de Arno, observing the straying tear.

The condesa blushed as she gave a bow of assent. She had observed the very strong and frequent emotions of the conde in the interview with Rodolfo; those emotions, at all times affected her, though she had for so many years been accustomed to them; but to-day she was predisposed to feel; she was hurt at the continuance of a passion that Rodolfo ought to have forgotten; she was affected at hearing of an engagement in which the life of her son and of Saragossa might have been terminated; and an engagement might arrive when she should have to deplore the loss of two persons so dear to

her.—“What could be the mystery,” she thought, “for a most extraordinary one there certainly was, that could for such a length of time occasion the conde de Arno sensations so unpleasant, and so observable?”

She had often essayed to make the inquiry; but the attempt had died upon her lips, and sunk in aching tremours to her bosom.

The conde de Saragossa pressed his child to his bosom, and bathed it with tears; he again and again embraced it, wishing yet a little longer to retain the beautiful little creature. At length he reluctantly restored it to its nurse; and with his eyes still moist with paternal affection, entered an apartment which he had to pass through, and was slowly making his way out of the palace, when he heard a step, light as the airy sylph's; the measured grace could not be forgotten; his palpitating heart acknowledged the recognition.

The vizcondesa hastened to him,—“My dearest St. Julian, my dear brother, how happy I am to see you!” kissing his now cold, now burning cheek. “When did you arrive? How unfortunate that I should have been from home! How is Enrique? Is he with you? You have seen the lovely Elvira?”

She might have continued her inquiries; Rodolfo, incapable of answering, leaned against the side of the apartment for support, his fixed eye in vacant gaze upon the interesting and beautiful being before him.

“Merciful Heaven! St. Julian, you are ill! Lean on me to a sofa, and—and I will seek assistance.” She attempted to move him; she passed her hand over his eyes, shading the continued gaze of the motionless orbs. “My dear St. Julian, do speak to me! why do you thus distress me?”

She feared to leave him, yet feared to remain; she made an effort to go for as-

sistance; it roused him—he burst into tears—his speech returned.—“ Camila !” he faintly exclaimed.

She turned.—“ My dear St. Julian, are you better ?”

“ Yes, yes, I am better; I am well; do not leave me. Oh Camila ! beloved Camila ! ever to be beloved Camila ! Oh ! oh ! oh !” he hid his eyes with his hand—“ I must see you no more, Camila ! I dare not, for, unlike Camila, I cannot forget the past !”

“ My dear brother——”

“ Brother ! can I ever——”

“ My dear brother,” repeated lady San Valos, “ you certainly do not rise in my esteem, by being so deficient of fortitude; and not a deficiency of fortitude only, but the possessing, the nourishing of a passion no longer innocent; and, if you cannot press to your bosom with a brother’s affection, and with a brother’s affection alone behold your Camila, you must indeed see her no more. Go, St. Julian,

and learn of your sister to subdue the ardours of affection within that demarcation which relationship prescribes, and which it has so unequivocally impressed." With a look of compassion the indignant beauty left him.

Her anger quickly vanished in her pitying tears; she regretted his weakness, as she termed it—"For does it not prevent us enjoying a society so beloved?" She thanked Heaven, who had given her no such stormy passions, and besought its mercy for St. Julian.

The eye of Saragossa followed the emotioned Camila as she quitted the room, and he mentally exclaimed—"Oh Camila! if possible more beautiful than ever—thou soul-harrowing beauty! the destroyer of my peace! the awakener of a passion which, if it were not dormant, at least was lulled in something like the stupor of sleeping forgetfulness! Alas! now, now it is roused to all its infuriate commotion! Oh Camila! the very bane of my exist-



ence, and yet I cherish thee! The more thou poisonest, the more I crave the venom! Oh that the intoxicating delirium would annihilate me!"

Exhausted with the high-wrought work his ardent imagination had created, he threw himself upon a sofa, and gave way to his tears, which relieved him. He became calm; and was vexed with himself for the delirious sally, and resolved not again to give way so unbecomingly to his feelings, resolved not to be enslaved by his passions, and the sport of their infuriate vehemence.

CHAPTER XVIII.  
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THE conde de Saragossa had not ridden far from the palace De Arno, when the duquesa de Tarragona's carriage came up. He hoped it would pass without his being observed by the duquesa; he was disappointed—she waved her hand to him, and stopped the carriage. He rode up.—“My dear St. Julian, how glad I am to see you! how fortunate! you were going to the palace de Tarragona?”

“I beg your grace's pardon, I must say that I was not—I was hastening out of Madrid, to rejoin the army. I hope I have the happiness of finding your grace well?”

“Oh, quite well, I thank you! but you must do me the honour of a few days' sojourn?”

"I regret to say that I cannot."

"My dear friend, indeed you must!"

"Really it is impossible."

"My unbending friend, take a seat," pointing beside her, "and let us dispute as we ride."

He leaped from his horse, was seated by the duquesa in an instant, and the carriage whirled off.

A sigh from an opposite window would have shewn, had its language been understood, that he was not unobserved.

"Wherefore that sigh, lady San Valos? would to Heaven, the marques de Seville occupied the tenderness of your ladyship's thoughts at that moment! may I hope that——"

"Indeed, my lord, I can give you no hope," interrupted the blushing Camila, not venturing to turn from the window.

He sighed.—"May I then inquire who was the happy object of the vizcondessa's meditation?"

"Most certainly your lordship was not."

The marques again sighed, and advancing took the reluctant hand of Camila, pressed it to his lips, and returned to his seat.

While Saragossa was reasoning himself into a calm, a young friend of the lady San Valos, with whom she was to dine, had called for her, and from whose residence she saw the martial figure of Rodolfo—the salutation of the duquesa—his springing into the carriage—the swift pace it drove off—and, when it faded from her view, the sigh fluttered in her gentle bosom.

“I have not met with so ungallant a man!” said the duquesa, when they were seated in the drawing-room; “let me see—eighteen minutes, and you have not yet given way: for once suppose that I command the enemy’s army, and that you are my prisoner—of no consequence whether you were taken by force, by stratagem, or accidentally, without design, yet——”

“My dear duquesa, pardon the inter-

ruption; I acknowledge your power—my imprisonment; and if your grace will permit me to be without the city ere the sun has gilded its spires, I will not even request, in the mean time, other than close imprisonment.”

“ My inclination ever leans to mercy; with the first ray of the awakening sun you shall enjoy the blessing of liberty. I have a party this evening, of which I am very glad, as it will be a change from the society of fighting men, the battle’s rage, and the noisy din of war.”

“ I would rather there were no party, for the conde de Arno imagines that I am at this moment some leagues from Madrid, and probably will be offended that I remained not with him, particularly as he very much pressed me.”

“ I will send a card with—‘ a headach incapacitates me for society, and obliges me to postpone my party.’ We shall not suffer from ennui—you shall relate your military anecdotes—I will pleasedly listen

to sieges and battles innumerable; then you shall read to me, and I will read to you; and music, sweet music, shall give its charm—you excel in eliciting golden strains of melody, and my vanity will not allow me to think otherwise of myself: but from what happy cause has Madrid this day been so honoured, and yet has to regret so short a visit?”

“A battle, which your grace so much admires.”

“A battle! you have then seen the sovereign?”

“Yes.”

“And with what new order has his majesty invested you,” examining his orders—“they already blind with their glistening glare?”

“Not any.”

“What honour then has his majesty most graciously bestowed?”

“The condado de Saragossa,”

“I entreat pardon for wounding the ears, if not the feelings, of the conde de

Saragossa, by addressing him as general St. Julian ; your lordship should have prevented the unpleasant occurrence by an earlier information of the event of the morning. But seriously, my dear conde, I am most happy to congratulate you."

Ere the glorious luminary of heaven had lighted the east—its fiery ray crimsoned the ocean's argent field—its golden beam played upon the mountain's brow, Saragossa was pursuing his way towards the ensanguined plain. The mist gradually cleared around him—the lark tuned her matin song—the shepherd's pipe resounded in the grove—the sublimity of the surrounding country—the peaceful calm that reigned—the smiling scene, imparted a corresponding serenity.

Day after day passed, unmarked by change, except the landscape through which he journeyed, whose prominent features and retiring perspective, with tints not less beautiful, veiled in distant grey, ever varied—the tops of the mountains

clad in eternal snows, or luxuriant vineyards crowned their summits, and clothed their ever-virent sides—the lengthened vales, whose blooming scenery charmed the wanderer's eye—the meandering rivulets, rolling their silvery waves through fruitful groves, whose blossomed branches scented the air, and glowing pomes delighted the sight; and without any particular incident he arrived in the Spanish camp.

He found the duque de Castello had resumed his command; and to prevent a coalition of the enemy, was preparing to depart with a select corps to meet a column of the enemy, which was hastening to join that which the marques de Palencia intended to attack.

On the duque de Castello's arrival at the spot on which he intended to encamp, he sent to the commander-in-chief for more troops, as the enemy's force in that quarter exceeded that which he had been led to expect; and he wished a general,

whom he could intrust with a command, if it were necessary to divide his army, would be sent with the reinforcement.

The marques de Palencia appointed Saragossa to command the forces that were destined to supply Castello.—“ I wish always,” said the marques, “ to have you near me, my dear conde; but I know that you will be such an acquisition to the duque de Castello in this arduous service, that I relinquish you, though not with pleasure, for I already anticipate the regret that will succeed your departure.”

Rodolfo commenced his route immediately, and after hasty and fatiguing marches, joined Castello.

“ You will spend the evening with me, conde?” said the duque.

Saragossa was excusing himself.—“ I have something particular to communicate,” urged the duque, and the conde bowed his acquiescence.

The duque de Castello passed the wine freely, and from the constraint of his man-

nier, appeared as if he really had something particular to communicate: at length he said—"You were, conde, early made acquainted with my attachment to the vizcondesa de San Valos, and you have presumed, though knowing that attachment—you have dared to prejudice the lady San Valos—it is from your interference that she delays becoming my wife. I thought you the son of De Arno; but if I had not, I should not have scrupled to inform you of my passion: could I imagine that it were possible for you to aspire to the vizcondesa de San Valos, or that you would dare to cross the line I had marked for myself—and could I imagine that the lady San Valos would so forget herself, or be so ridiculously singular as to prefer the boy Rodolfo St. Julian to the duque de Castello, whose power could shake the kingdom! and shall you offend with impunity? no, no; though I have been informed, yet am I most willing to believe, that the information that the lady

San Valos possesses a preference for him who had the daring to sue for her tenderness is incorrect, and that it was by disingenuous means only that he entangled her ladyship, and her consent to a plebeian alliance was obtained through a surreptitious manoeuvre, which deserves the greatest contempt; and that in reality she scorns the presumptuous boy, though she condescends to listen to his poisoned slander, with which he blights Castello, and exiles him from the heart in which he alone should dwell. Yet though I fear not that the conde de Saragossa should ever possess the heart of the vizcondesa, I would punish his most audacious and unparalleled presumption: and, my lord, unless you this instant renounce all claim to the lady San Valos, and pass your honour not farther to interfere, my weapon shall seal my vengeance!" drawing his sword, and his dark eyes now shooting their lightnings upon the glancing steel, now upon the conde.

"Be calm, my lord duque!" rising and falling back a step or two; "surely your grace will not so far outrage hospitality! You invited me under your dome, and will you withdraw the security ever imagined to exist where invitation sanctifies? will you break the confidence a guest reposes in his host, and turn assassin?"

Castello sat down without sheathing his sword.—"Come, conde, give me the required assurance."

"Your grace must excuse me; I shall certainly not enter into any engagement."

"You will not?" brandishing his weapon—"you will not?" he made a plunge, which the conde, seeing his intention, avoided, and drew his sword.

The duque became more enraged as Saragossa guarded his thrusts: at last it became necessary not only for the conde to defend himself, but to attack the duque, who, from his ungovernable rage and desire of revenge, laid himself open to his antagonist, and received a slight wound.

The sentinels hearing the clash of swords, hastily entered; the combatants stopped in an instant.—“Wherefore this intrusion?” angrily inquired the duque—“leave the tent!” waving his hand. He was immediately obeyed.—“Curse the interruption! but you shall not escape me,” he chokingly said in his exacerbation; “know the duque de Castello’s vengeance is sure!”

“And know that the conde de Saragossa fears no man—not even the duque de Castello!” sheathing his sword; and with a look of contempt he quitted the tent.

When Saragossa accidentally met Castello, or consulted with him on duty, his demeanour towards him was exactly the same as to the other officers; but he knew Castello too well, not to know that he only waited an opportunity to gratify his revenge.

The duque de Castello had absented himself from the army, particularly to visit De Arno, as his passion for the lady San Valos daily increased. He knew that

the conde de Arno was ambitious, and he thought it probable that he could induce him to prevail upon his daughter to become the duquesa de Castello. Though his pride was hurt that he should sue for her love in vain—he, who he had thought need but to mention his intentions to any lady to be received with pleasure, yet it was necessary to his existence to possess the lady San Valos, and he was determined to do so, with or without her affection; and with this idea he appeared before her, and smothering his hauteur, besought in the most humble terms her favour, till exasperated at her coolness, and having observed her commendations of St. Julian—though he could not account to himself for his, what might be termed jealousy, as he could not imagine that she could prefer a man of St. Julian's rank to himself, even if the relationship were sufficiently distant to warrant uneasiness—he inquired of her if she would point out that she wished him to be which he was not, or what he could

do that he did not do, to gain her good opinion; and if her affections were not disposed of, had he not a right to expect, to demand them, in return for his own, as he was every way unexceptionable?

“Indeed your grace astonishes by thus presuming to question—by your very peremptory behaviour you astonish, more than astonish me, so unlike that to which I have been accustomed—so unlike that with which I have ever met!”

“And with whom has your ladyship met—to whom has your ladyship been accustomed—who is more gentlemanly than Castello? Let me tell the lady San Valos that the duke de Castello need not entreat, even for royalty!”

CHAPTER XIX.
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IN the evening the doña Elvira was brought in, to receive the caresses of the conde and condessa de Arno, and the lady San Valos, who took the infant, and repeatedly embraced it, pressing its ruby lips to her own.

"Elvira is a great favourite; if possible, more than a favourite!" said the conde de Arno.

"So I see," replied Castello, observing Camila with an earnestness which drew the crimson to her cheek.—"Ah!" exclaimed he mentally, on seeing the mantling roses, "this child is San Julian's!" A ferociousness rose to his countenance, while he still gazed upon the conscious Camila, till her heightening blushes compelled her to conceal them in the bosom of the child.



The duque hastily quitted the saloon to ruminate on the blushes of Camila.—“Ah! this is a solution to the indifference with which I am treated! she loves the boy St. Julian! But how is it? I never doubted his being the son of the conde—the resemblance, too. De Arno never said that he was—never said any thing about him: he may be the eightieth cousin! destruction seize the subtle villain!”

The chaplain to the convent de Arno overtook him, bowing very low as he passed: he was at first unheeded; at length the duque scrutinizing him, said—“Father Alfonso, is it you?”

The father again bowing very low, replied in the affirmative.

Father Alfonso was one of those men who would disgrace any order or profession, and bring discredit upon his more worthy and discreet brethren; he was covetous, that he might have the more certain means of gratifying his licentiousness without discovery; and under the appear-

ance of sanctity, he imposed upon the unwary; but he imposed not upon the duque de Castello—he was too great an adept in fathoming the profundities of the human heart; he had long known the father for what he was, and despised him for his duplicity.

“I hope, my lord duque, I have the honour, and the pleasure, of seeing your grace in good health,” said the fawning priest; “and may I presume to inquire of the duque de Castello after the health of the duquesa and the lady Isabella de Castello?”

“Very well. It had quite escaped my memory that you were in the convent de Arno.”

“Your grace appears thoughtful—I hope nothing unpleasant has occurred to ruffle the calm of a bosom that is always deserving of peace?” bending submissively toward the earth.

“You are very sharp-sighted, father; you appear to know more of my bosom than I know myself.”

"I most humbly beg pardon of your grace; it was my anxiety for your grace's welfare, that betrayed me into the inadvertence of inquiry."

"Oh no, it does not signify!—What is the news around? I know men of your profession know every thing that is going forward in the neighbourhood."

"At present I know of none, excepting that which must delight every body who knows your grace and the beautiful vizcondesa de San Valos."

"And what is that?"

"I—I—may be misinformed."

"Misinformed about what?"

"I have heard that the most renowned warrior and the most beautiful lady in Spain are to be united; which union will give joy to thousands, and not to one more than to him who has so long had the honour of observing the virtues of both."

"Do you know colonel San Julian?"

"Very well, my lord duque."

"And what do you know of him?"

The father wished to know the duque's opinion of Rodolfo, and evaded a direct answer.—“I do not—that is, I believe, nothing particular.”

“You priests are so close. I dare say such a fine young fellow has made some eclat in the neighbourhood, especially one who lives in the style he lives in, and who by his princely magnificence catches the gaze, and awakens the curiosity of the multitude. Who is he, and whence did he come?”

“The father was determined not to appear ignorant of any thing of which the duque de Castello wished to be informed, and he put together all that he had heard, and all that he could invent, for his purpose.—“He is of the De Arno family, which his resemblance to the conde proclaims.”

“His son, is he not?”

“No, no, my lord duque, not his son; but certainly a person of immense fortune; we may infer from his magnificence; his

munificence has always equalled, nay excelled, the conde de Arno's. What I believe may be understood is, that a female of the house of Arno married a very rich, or a very successful merchant; and though she degraded the noble house by her alliance, yet she left wealth enough to her son to greatly enrich the whole family, who were already sufficiently wealthy. He is very generous, consequently very much beloved."

"I wonder he never thought of the lady San Valos—hey, my good father!"

"Very true, your grace."

"Have you never heard that he has?"

"I—I—have heard something—something of the kind."

"And so have I; and I must know all that you know about it—so no more trifling."

"I beg—I crave your grace's pardon; any thing that I can possibly inform you of, my lord duque, your grace has a right to demand, even though I ought to bury it in my own bosom."

“Come—to the point!”

“I have understood that colonel San Julian had always a very great affection for the vizcondesa de San Valos, and at last persuaded her to a private union.”

The duque gasped for breath, vowing in silence the destruction of Rodolfo.

The father continued.—“I was requested to be ready in the chapel at a certain hour, to perform the ceremony. It was put off by the lord Medina, who bade me attend on the following evening, which I did, when the vizconde again entered, and informed me my services were not then required; and a short time after colonel San Julian married the doña Elvira Saragossa. I do not know, I never could learn why the union took not place—I suppose it was for want of affection in the lady. Colonel San Julian behaved generously upon the occasion; he presented me with a sum as munificent as if I had united him to the beautiful vizcondesa.”

“And is this all that you know?”

"Yes, my lord duque—all."

"And have they not been married since the death of the doña San Julian?"

"I do not know—I really cannot say; I understood his grace of Castello was going to espouse the lady San Valos."

"What does it signify what you understood! do you *know* whether a union has taken place?"

"I do not." The father had heard of the duque's affection, and he now by his earnestness saw it, and said—"But I think I may safely aver, that there has no union taken place—for the vizcondesa de San Valos never possessed any partiality for colonel San Julian; she was, by my lord Medina, of whom she is particularly fond, persuaded to the union, from which she afterwards withdrew her consent."

"I know you fathers are charitably inclined, and that you ever crave the means to gratify the inclination," presenting him with gold.

"I most humbly thank your grace,"

bowing repeatedly to the ground; "I will impress upon the minds of those relieved by your grace's munificent bounty, to most earnestly pray for the completion of his grace the duque de Castello's every wish."

"Well," said the duque mentally, "this St. Julian shall be got rid of. I must, as David with Uriah, send him to the thickest of the battle. But can it be possible that the heart of Camila is disengaged! and can it be possible that Castello should have given his affections to a woman who disdains the gift!"

The first moment in which an opportunity offered, the duque de Castello renewed his importunities.—"Am I never to find an end of this coldness? is my ardent affection never to meet with a return? surely that heart is occupied, or it would not be thus closed against Castello!"

"I have so frequently assured your grace that I am perfectly disengaged, that



I am fatigued with the so often-repeated assurance."

"Then what does the lady San Valos term that which she feels for St. Julian?"

"For St. Julian! is he not my—my ——" brother, she was on the point of saying, but the word died upon her tongue.

The astounded duque thought that she inadvertently, through surprise, had nearly betrayed herself, and that "husband" was the word which, so opportunely for Camila, was not pronounced; or why that strong feeling—that confusion? She was then certainly married; but was she married without affection? had her brother so much influence as to persuade her to a union in which her heart participated not? Though her present confusion might proceed only from the discovery of an alliance which might bring upon her her father's displeasure, yet her fondness for the child, and her blushing vexation at the discovery, betrayed affection.—"I see, madam, that I am master of your secret! but

know, that it is impossible for the duque de Castello to betray the vizcondesa de San Valos!"

His absence relieved her; she no longer suppressed her tears; she regretted evincing so much emotion; but the consciousness of the passion she once felt for St. Julian deprived her of self-command; and she was vexed that Castello should imagine that she had a preference for Rodolfo. She now beheld him as a brother—she knew not that she felt more affection for him than for Enrique—the only difference she experienced was a greater degree of admiration.

The duke was determined that her affection for St. Julian, even were he her husband, should not prevent her from becoming his wife—he could soon get rid of him. He again besought her father to insist on the nuptials, or to fix a time for their celebration, and he would now join the army, and return to receive the lovely lady San Valos from his hand.

The conde de Arno wished nothing so much as to see her the wife of Castello; yet he could not think of compelling his beloved child to the union; at least it must be his last resort, if time and entreaty failed of changing her opinion.

The duque was surprised that the conde did not exert the parental authority at a time when it was so necessary.

“ My dear duque, if in a few months the lady San Valos does not accede to your wishes, I will do all that a father can do—she shall be yours.”

The duque was satisfied.

Camila took the earliest moment to explain to Castello that she was not engaged to St. Julian.—“ Though, my lord, my heart cannot in yours find its fellow, yet be assured that I am not, that I never can be engaged to colonel St. Julian: and let me again repeat, what I have so often so truly informed your grace, that I am perfectly disengaged, yet cannot my heart assimilate with yours.”

The duque appeared satisfied with the assurance that she was disengaged, though he did not believe that she was so, and he was determined to put Rodolfo out of the way. With this determination he bade her adieu, and set off for Castello, as his mother was considered dangerously ill. He remained only a few days with his sick parent, as the marques de Palencia informed him that the enemy were upon the move.

To have an opportunity of getting rid of St. Julian, in his application for more troops, he begged of Palencia to send him an officer in whom he could confide, in case he found it necessary to form his army into two divisions, or that could take the entire command, in the event of his falling, as he did not think it prudent to so far trust either of those he had at present with him. He was not surprised to see the conde de Saragossa, though very much gratified, as he expected Palencia would appoint him.

CHAPTER XX.  
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RODOLFO trembled as he unfolded the envelope of a letter from the conde de Arno. He imagined was written therein the beloved name of her who had occupied all his thoughts since the unexpected interview at Madrid—to whom he had so early given apotheosis, and sung his amatory hymns.—“ Would I could cease to think of one so fascinating and so idolized! one whom it has long been a duty to forget, or to remember as a being whom consanguinity has sanctified—has separated!”

The conde de Arno, after having finished the subject which occasioned his writing, continued.—“ So I find, my dear conde, you remained the night in Madrid, after the so repeatedly assuring me that you must immediately commence your

journey. If any other person than the duquesa de Tarragona had prevailed upon you to alter your intention, I should be seriously angry ; but we all know the despotism of the duquesa—she will be obeyed ; she does the most unaccountable things without blushing, merely to shew her power and her contempt of the world ; she knows the influence of her beauty, and the strength of her fascinations, and she takes advantage of their supremacy. Much as I enjoy, for I really do enjoy, the society of the duquesa, I thank Heaven that it has blessed me with a wife and a daughter, not only not so desirous of power, but diametrically opposite to her grace.

“ I was at a party the other evening, when the conde de F—— congratulated me on your accession to the peerage, and said he thought he saw you with the duquesa de Tarragona the day that you presented the dispatches to the sovereign ; but, at the time, he thought he must be

deceived, as he had not heard of your being in Madrid. The prince de L—— joined us by saying, that he saw you as he was returning from a party the following morning, hastening out of the city.— ‘Pardon me,’ I replied, ‘your highness must have been mistaken; he——’—‘I dare say the prince de L—— was not,’ said the duquesa de Tarragona, ‘who had been within hearing, ‘for he spent the evening with me, and I have since understood that he quitted Madrid with the earliest dawn.’ The condesa, the vizcondesa, and the lady Elvira, are in the best health. Adieu, my dear conde!”

Castello, who really was a brave soldier and a skilful commander, moved forward to meet the enemy, who were advancing, though they greatly exceeded in number. He took the field, and a fierce and sanguinary contention commenced.

In the heat of the combat, one of the cavalry, who had been engaged not far from Saragossa, had been badly wounded

in the leg, which bled profusely; he fell back, in order to bind the wound with his handkerchief, that he might not through loss of blood, which he felt was weakening him, be incapable of continuing in the action. In retiring his horse made a slight trip over some slain, which occasioned him to turn his head; when he beheld behind Saragossa two soldiers, one with his battleaxe upraised, with the intention of hewing him from his horse. In an instant the brave fellow forgot his wound, and severed the head of the assassin from his body, whose battleaxe fell from his nerveless arm—reached not its destination—drank not the blood of Rodolfo! its cowardly owner reeling from his horse, fell, to be trodden under the feet of the brave; and his iniquitous companion galloped off. The dragoon immediately recognised them for two of Castello's own regiment. —“Good Heaven!” exclaimed the man mentally, as he bound up his wound—“good Heaven! that a Spaniard should be

such a villain! none but a Castello-man but would have died for so brave a soldier, and so kind a general! Heaven preserve him!" and he rode off to renew his work of death.

Of the vast number of the enemy that entered the field, few remained, and those fell back; and though victory was on the side of the Spaniards, yet they had suffered considerable loss.

Saragossa had but just retired to his tent, when Castello entered with some soldiers, creatures of his own, who were devoted to his service.—"I put you, conde de Saragossa, under arrest for neglect of duty, for holding a correspondence with the enemy, and for the loss of part of the second division."

In the impulse of the moment, Rodolfo, with an angry look at Castello, put his hand to his sword, resolving to sell his life dearly; but recollecting, that as a soldier he ought to submit to martial forms, and this was one, unjust soever the arrest

might be, and if he were brought to trial, he doubted not of his honourable acquittal, he withdrew his hand, and with a second look of ineffable contempt, suffered the guard to surround him, and presenting his sword as their prisoner, marched off with them.

The duque de Castello, in making his returns to the commander-in-chief, inserted him as killed; and the marques de Palencia wrote to that effect to the conde de Arno, but begun his letter by saying, that "the visconde was well, and wished him to present his dutiful respects; but I am exceedingly sorry to be the announcer of ill-tidings—the conde de Saragossa is now with my Romano!" He then mentioned his joining Castello, and the account he had received of his death.—"I regret that I did not detain him; but then, my dear friend, he might have fallen in the next battle: a soldier, though he survive the battle of to-day, and see his comrades lying dead around him, yet has he no

right to reckon his life beyond the next engagement. This brave young soldier, who deserves every thing that can possibly be said in his praise, fell covered with glory ! I shall long lament his fall ; it will be impossible for me not to do so—he was healing my wounded heart, and fast filling the vacuity Romano had left.”

The marques likewise informed don Saragossa of the death of their favourite ; and Rodolfo’s attendants supposing their lord had fallen, returned to Saragossa, and confirmed the distressing information.

The vizconde Medina’s grief was almost ungovernable ; he lamented the death of his friend incessantly, though he perpetually sought comfort in repeating to himself—“ Can we expect a soldier’s life to be a long one ? and indeed after any combat, if he survive, it is prolengthened beyond probability. He who now mourns, the next battle may be mourned for. Saragossa died as every brave soldier would wish to die, and yet I lament his death.

His career was a glorious one, and it terminated in glory !" The glorious death of Rodolfo brought not the balm to the grief—brought not the nepenthe to the painful recollections of sorrow ; the young warrior still lamented his friend—his inspirer of martial delights and of martial glory ; and what did he not owe him for the good example he had set him—for planting him in the right way to follow his steps, and for bringing him back when he had strayed from the path of rectitude ?

Horses were prepared, and Rodolfo requested to mount, which he did immediately. The pale lamp of heaven silvered his path—the shadowy scene smiled peace, and the calmness of midnight was uninterrupted, save by the rattle of the arms of the guard, and the clatter of the horses' feet.

Saragossa had been meditating upon the villany of Castello, and the charges upon which he had arrested him, and of which he was convinced the marques de

Palencia would immediately see the fallacy, that he did not perceive, ere they had proceeded some leagues, that they were going towards Spain, instead of head-quarters.—“ You are wrong,” said he to the commander of the guard—“ you are not in the way for head-quarters.”

“ We are not going there,” replied the man.

“ Where then ?”

“ To the castello de Florenza.”

“ For what are you going there ?”

“ To wait the duque de Castello’s pleasure : his grace is too much engaged at present, to attend at head-quarters : when his leisure suits, you will hasten to meet him there.”

“ And why is it considered better for me to go to Florenza, than directly to appear before the marques de Palencia ?”

“ I do not know.”

Saragossa almost welcomed the walls which were to incarcerate him. He needed repose after nine days’ severe travel-

ling, which were preceded by the fatigue of a laborious and prolengthened engagement. He threw himself upon a couch, and soon lost in sleeping forgetfulness the busy scenes of the world—its treacheries, and its friendships; and found a relief to his weariness, and a cessation to the unpleasant thoughts that would intrude upon his vexatious imprisonment. He awoke refreshed; and after taking his morning repast, surveyed his prison.

The turret he occupied overlooked the sea, whose billowy surge beat upon the castle's frowning walls, which supported the lofty battlements that commanded the entrance of the creek, which flowed its curling waves in sinuous circuitry some leagues farther. Extending along the strand from the castle, and on the opposite side of the bay, were immense rocks, which barriered the depth of waters in their angry flowing, and whose shapeless points were reared on high, and craggy juts overhung the silvery waves.

The young lord of Saragossa, gently laved by the light zephyr that scarcely fluttered the variegated foliage that graced the picturesque grounds of the castle, silently paced around his prison-tower, and sighed as his eye rested upon the placid scene, or strayed over the extensive tract of country which presented itself to his view.—“Would to Heaven, my beloved country, I was now fighting thy battles!” he thought; “nor thus deprived of liberty and usefulness, isolated from thy brave sons, and all the sweet courtesies of life!” or, as he came round where the sea obtruded upon his sight, and the saline breeze, in rough salutation, beat upon his manly bosom, and invigorated his graceful limbs, he watched the whitened sail from a small speck in the horizon, till, gradually perfected by approach, the stately bark, in royal magnificence, gracefully cut the wave, and proudly passed the frowning turrets, armed with death; nor would the stately beauty enter the creek, but in

wider waters make her sweeping range; and would attract his notice the little fishing-boat, with broad canvas, in single sheet, expanded to the gale. The humble skiff would skim the billowy field, rise the curling wave, or half buried in the watery chasms, would make its unequal way.

The time, in spite of his efforts, passed heavily. He had leisure to meditate on the revengeful Castello, and on his own unfortunate passion for one, who now (he acknowledged properly) thought of him with a sisterly affection only—an example he in vain wished to follow. This solitude, this idleness, nourished an affection, that might have vanished in society and activity; it recalled to more forcible existence a passion that had been nearly exiled by the bustle of the world, and partially forgotten in the busy hours of employment. It was now more tyrannical than ever; he appeared but the creature of its will, and but to live under its influence;

his only solace, meditating on the lovely being that so despotically reigned in his bosom.

CHAPTER XXI.

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"A VERY unquiet morning," said the lieutenant of the guard, as he met Saragossa in his usual promenade on the battlements.

"Yes; every appearance of a rising storm."

The portentous omens rapidly increased; hurricanous winds swiftly succeeded each other; the black and thick clouds floated in hurried succession. Thunder in tremendous peals wound round the perturbid sky, followed by momentary gleams of sulphurous fire; nor fishing-boat, nor bark were to be seen; they had hastened to port, to escape the threatening destruction.

Saragossa was viewing the awfully-majestic scene, contemplating upon the war-raging elements, observing the furious winds sweep the foaming ocean, raise the liquid mountains, and curve the gaping abyss, the lightnings play upon the surge, or strike into the thickening waters, listening to the tremendous thunder, which reverberated in appalling echoes among the rocky caverns, and shook the foundations of the castle, when, through the gloomy atmosphere, he indistinctly saw a something, which he imagined to be a vessel, that was the sport of the infuriate blast. On its nearer approach (for it did approach, and was sometimes forwarded with the greatest rapidity, though frequently it was driven back, or blown from its course, or whirled by sudden gusts, as the changing winds hurried it along), he perceived that he had been right in his apprehensive conjecture.

He anxiously watched its perilous state—sometimes engulfed in the mountainous

billows, or borne upon their frightful height, sometimes hurled into the abyss of waters, or violently thrown out of the tremendous depth.

“How many,” he exclaimed, “in that shattered bark are expecting an instantaneous and distressing death! how are their bosoms torn with anguish for the beloved friends they must see no more! how appalling the storm, thus hurrying them from life! a thousand deaths appear to encompass them; every moment brings its terrors; their tortured frames writhe with mental fears, and the awful horrors of sudden destruction amaze and agonize their hearts!”

The severed masts floated upon the stormy ocean, while the bark that so lately bore them was equally at the mercy of the enraged elements; nor could the sailors any more restrain its motions, than those of the shattered timber that whirled around them. Again the ship appeared buried in the vale of waters, formed by the rising

mountains of blackened billows which surrounded it; or it seemed the lightning's vivid flash would enkindle the shattered hulk, and in the fury of its conflagration snatch it from the gulf of waters, to be consumed in, if possible, a more horrible destruction.

"I would to Heaven," said the compassionating Rodolfo, "I could render some assistance to the poor creatures, who, in all probability, are about to perish! How unfortunate that I should be a prisoner at this moment!"

His anxiety became extreme; he quitted his solitary and distressing employment, and requested one of the sentinels to attend him to the captain of the guard. — "Will you permit me to put off a boat, to endeavour to save some of the lives of those who are in momentary expectation of death? Their destruction appears inevitable, and if one only were saved, it would more than repay the effort."

"I regret, as you wish it, that I dare

not take upon myself the responsibility of your quitting the castle ; and really I cannot see that any person singly can be of service. I should imagine it would be impossible for you to get the boat off, and if you did, that it would defy all your efforts to manage it."

Saragossa returned dejectedly to the ramparts, to renew his soul-harrowing employment.

The sergeant of the guard that had conducted the conde de Saragossa to the castle heard his request to the officer on guard, and supposing it unlikely that he should ever return from so hazardous an undertaking, and that it would be a very good way to get rid of him, advised the commandant to accede to his wish, as he knew it would be acceptable to the duque de Castello.

He immediately complied.

Rodolfo thought—" Surely I shall find two or three brave fellows possessing sufficient humanity to accompany me ;" and he made the inquiry—but he found none.

“ Well, then I will proceed alone on my errand of mercy.”

He leaped into the boat which he had selected, and which was very narrow and very light; yet he with difficulty got from the shore. He feared he should not be able to reach the distressed sufferers, or if he were, that he could render them no assistance, the storm continuing to rage in all its fury.

The thunders echoed horridously in the unfathomable deep; the lightnings' lengthened streams perpetually glared, and darted their blaze into the briny bosom of the ocean, whose reflecting waves seemed liquid fire; the howling blast, winged with devastation, had not exhausted its vehemence; and the tempestuous ocean, it would seem, in its infuriate rise and fall, vied with the vengeful winds, the nitrous fires, and roaring thunders.

Sometimes Hope beneficently smiled; again she disappeared. It would be impossible to reach the dismasted bark, the shat-

tered hulk: anon he thought a few more strokes would bring him sufficiently near to throw a rope, and in an instant, in opposition to his most strenuous efforts, he was driven back.

Saragossa continued his toil, though so hopeless, and at length thought to accomplish his purpose, when, in a moment, all that remained of the bark was hurled by the desperate fury of the unpitying storm upon a rock, whose craggy spires were left bare by the separating waters, and severed to atoms, and the helpless crew buried in the closing billows. The awful, the appalling sight amazed his heart.

“My every effort then has been in vain!” exclaimed the despairing Saragossa; yet he carefully looked around, and solicitously viewed the surgy foam, in the hope of its bearing some poor unfortunate.—“Ah! Heaven prosper me!” seeing what he supposed to be a female. Another floated upon a curling wave.—“Ah! they are for ever buried! No—Oh yes! for ever

gone! No; again they rise!" With all his strength he forced his boat forward; he caught the habiliments of a female, and pulled her into the boat. "The other—alas!—the other!" he feared it would be impossible to save. "Ah! thank Heaven, she too is safe!"

Again he watched the mountainous sea, that seemed to blaze with the sulphurous fires emitted from the opening horizon.—"Assuredly," he said, hopelessly, "there are no more driven this way?" and with a strength which appeared supernaturally extended, he attempted to make his return. For a while he made towards the shore; on a sudden the varying winds drove him back, as in scorn at his presumptuous efforts, and to convince him that the utmost strength of man is but feebleness before the strong gales of heaven.

Saragossa was apprehensive, though he had snatched two fellow-beings from the vast sepulchre which entombs thousands, that life would be totally extinguished ere he could reach the castle.



Every nerve was stretched, every exertion made by the strenuous, the persevering Saragossa. Evening was drawing on; he knew in a short time a sudden darkness, save the lightning's vivid flash, would envelop him. For a time he approached the strand; then as swiftly flew from it; but after being repeatedly driven back, his perseverance was crowned with success. He leaped ashore, drew the boat up the pebbly beach, took out one of the rescued females, and bore her to the castle, and immediately returned, and soon deposited his other burthen with her companion. He returned Heaven thanks for his own preservation, and begged its mercy for the two unconscious beings before him.

The female domestics were summoned; Saragossa gave some directions respecting the treatment of the drowning females, and left them to their care.

He ascended his prison with difficulty, as his fatigue almost incapacitated him for farther exertion; while the stimulus re-

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mained, his strength was sufficient for the exertion, though the arduous endeavour pained him ; but when the happy end was accomplished, he felt, more than felt his inability ; he was incapable of moving his heavy and stiffening limbs. He threw himself upon the couch ; but weariness, exhaustion, and pain from over exertion, prevented him from sleeping for some hours. Towards morning he found repose, and did not awake until the sun, in all the majesty of day, entered his lattice.

His matin adorations being ended, he promenaded the ramparts. No vestige of the late storm remained : the sea was calm, scarcely a rising billow—the light breeze played over its surface, nor ruffled its peaceful flood : the fishing-boat remained stationary while the men unladed their full nets : the little barks lightly skimmed the briny wave ; and the larger vessels had raised every whitened sail to catch the gentle gale.

Rodolfo raised his heart to Him who

had restrained the fury of the tempest, who had rebuked the winds and the waves, and stayed the ocean in its ragings. He turned to the land: the scene, excepting the immediate grounds of the castle, was as luxuriantly wild as to-day from Nature's hand: the animated world, the whole creation appeared to smile their grateful thanks to Him who had restored serenity, and again blessed them with the enlivening smile of Heaven.

Saragossa had sent, on his rising, to know whether those whom he had rescued from the ocean were restored to life. The messenger brought the gratifying intelligence, that from their having been so short a time in the water, they almost immediately returned to animation: they were not well enough to leave their beds, but it was expected that they would in a few days be perfectly recovered.

The accustomed exercise on the platform had been enjoyed, and the solitary Rodolfo had returned to his prison-room, and taken a book to relieve his ennui, when

he was surprised by the unexpected entrance of a lady and her female attendant. The lady appeared verging toward forty ; her fine face and figure led the beholder to imagine the beauty of her youth, for she was still exquisitely lovely.

Saragossa was not long in recollecting those whom he had preserved from the wreck. They came to return their thanks. The lady informed him she was on her return from the tour of Europe, with the whole of her suite, who had shared the fate of the sailors, with the exception only of her attendant, who, with herself, through the humane exertions of one to whom she was so much indebted, escaped a fate so distressing, and for which preservation she was extremely grateful.

“ Excuse my earnest gaze,” said the stranger—“ you remind me of one—and—may I be favoured with the name of my preserver? I made my inquiry in the castle, but could learn only that it was a young officer.”

Saragossa was unknown even to the castle-guard, as the men who brought him had carefully avoided mentioning his rank; and Castello, in his communication for the admittance of the conde, had purposely omitted it: the omission prevented not his entrance into the castle as a prisoner; the signature of Castello was sufficient for any thing he wished, and Saragossa had no inducement to make himself known; he thought, as the world could not know that he was imprisoned unjustly, he might suffer unjustly in the world's estimation; and for this reason, instead of the conde de Saragossa, he answered—"Rodolfo St. Julian."

"Rodolfo St. Julian!" exclaimed the lady, and fainted.

The attendant applied a restorative, and returning consciousness soon relumined her fine countenance, and shone in the brilliants which bedewed her cheeks.—"Ah!" she said, "how extraordinary that you should be the very image of one—and—and the—oh!"

Saragossa fell at her feet—he pressed her hand to his lips—he was incapable of speaking; but he thought—“ Surely she is my mother !” Pressing her hand again to his lips—“ Oh, my mother !” he was on the point of saying, when he timely recollected—“ Shall I not wound her feelings, if indeed I am her son ?—May I not inquire the name of her who so strangely interests me ?” resting his eyes upon the countenance of her whom he doubted not gave him being.

“ St. Julian.”

“ Lady Clara St. Julian ?”

She bowed.

Again he was on the point of addressing her as his parent, when he recollected that the acknowledgment ought to proceed from her ladyship; but in the conviction of his fancied relationship, he embraced her with ardour, repeatedly, with the greatest emotion, pressing her to his bosom. Astounded at his so unguardedly giving way to his feelings, without a dis-

covery to warrant such freedom, he suddenly released his captive, on whom he was bestowing such affectionate caresses, and hastily quitted the room.

He soon became calm; and convinced of an apology being necessary, he returned: but lady Clara had left the tower. He was vexed at her so hasty departure, as an *eclaircissement* might have taken place; and he immediately wrote his regret that he should have had so little command of himself, as to so violently give way to his feelings, though he imagined her ladyship to be a very near and dear relative; and begged her to pardon, if possible, the unwarrantable freedom.

The comde received in answer—"Lady Clara St. Julian, in consideration of the vast and almost unparalleled service rendered to herself and to her confidential attendant, (whom she greatly esteems), and as she believes the freedom was the result of supposed relational affection, she condescends to pardon Rodolfo St. Julian;

and to convince him of the high opinion her ladyship has formed of him, and of her perfect reconciliation, she will take the earliest opportunity of again calling upon him."

Saragossa was gratified with the idea of again seeing the lady Clara St. Julian; his inquietude from the anticipation of the result of the expected interview became distressing; his waking and his sleeping visions were alike of lady Clara St. Julian, the beloved parent, the adored, though frail mother: her tears of affection and of penitence bedewed his bosom as he circled her in his filial arms. Even the beloved of his soul in this hour of solicitude was forgotten, or the reminiscence was but as the morning dew, that vanishes at the sun's approach, and as the passing cloud, which for a moment overshadows.

Saragossa found upon inquiry, that the lady Clara St. Julian was not unknown to the Florenza family, and that her ladyship intended to spend some time with them.



“ She is certainly my mother,” he thought; “ but what a wretch my father must be! Good Heaven! I fear lest I should avenge the wrongs of my mother upon the head of my guilty father!”

END OF VOL. II.

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